

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1987

BLACK LABEL
E D I T I O N

**BROTHEL
BUSINESS:
INSIDE A
TOUCH OF
CLASS**

**WHITE TRASH:
GLAMOR IN
THE GUTTER**



F O R S U B S C R I B E R S O N L Y

Fresh is Alpine



Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 5/May 1987



Artistic Licence



The Great Rugby Round-Up



White Trash



Pocket Rockets

REGULARS

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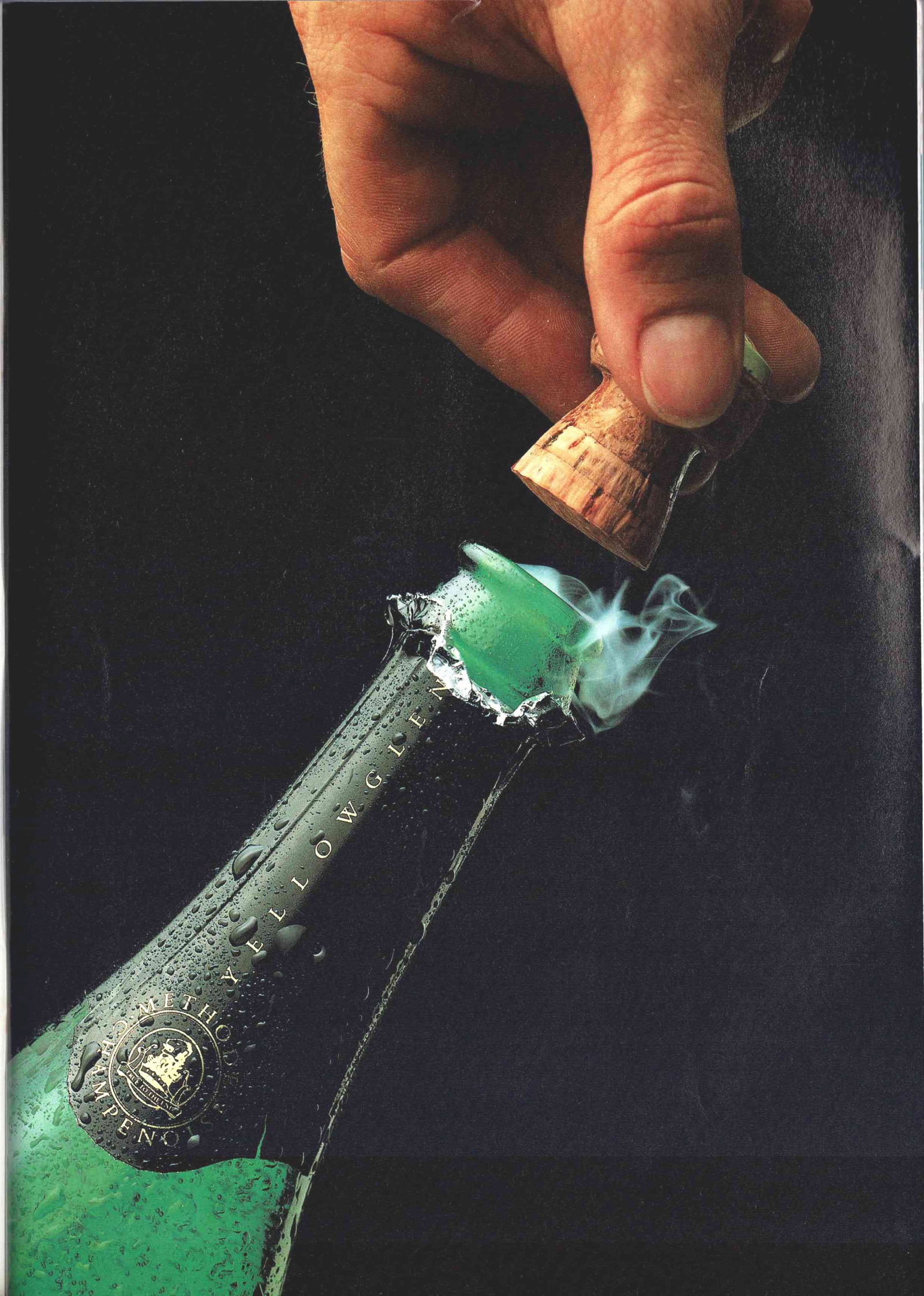
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PENTHOUSE
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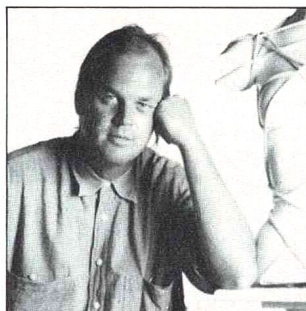
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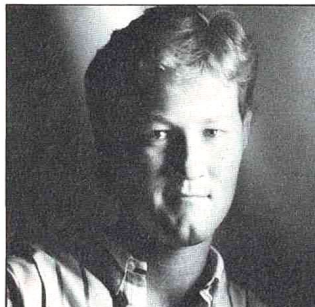
DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH



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ROBERT MARSHALL



GEOFF HOWDEN



PETER FITZSIMONS



ROSALIND REINES

HOUSECALL

THE BROTHERHOOD

Every Freemason in this country has sworn on pain of death and ghastly mutilation not to reveal to outsiders the secrets of the "Brotherhood." Just what do these pillars of society have to hide? Are they nothing more than overgrown boy scouts, or are they pawns in a covert army wielding immense power and influence in our society? Dr Geoffrey E. Smith presents some bold insights in a fascinating investigation starting on page 32. Robert Marshall contributed the illustration.

THE GREAT RUGBY ROUND-UP

There's going to be some *real* thunder Down Under next month when the world's top rugby nations meet in the greatest event in the game's history: the inaugural World Cup. Rugby globetrotter Peter Fitz-Simons, an Australian rep who's packed down against nearly every team from France to Fiji, rates the chances of all the contenders. His inside tips, accompanied by a Chris Payne illustration, begin on page 80.

WHITE TRASH

Want to see some filthy pictures? Photographer Nick Brokensha presents by far the dirtiest pictorial ever published in the pages of *Penthouse*. If you think we're kidding, turn to page 84 and feast your eyes on Brokensha's definitive study of sensual sleaze.

THE TOWN BIKE

Thinking of swapping your four wheels for two? There are heaps of practical advantages in owning a bicycle, and just as many pitfalls for the unwary. Senior Editor Greg

Hunter reveals everything you need to know about buying a bike — and about staying alive — in a comprehensive service piece starting on page 74. The photos were shot by Geoff Howden.

ARTISTIC LICENCE

Humorist Colin Bowles takes a sophisticated tack with the diaries of Marcel Poseur, an unknown French painter whose hilarious brushes with fame lead him to forsake the Impressionist School for the Girls' School down the road. Turn to Bill Leak's illustration on page 60.

ZARA POWELL INTERVIEW

Ever heard of A Touch of Class? Come on, admit it. Australia's most famous bordello, long the subject of some outlandish rumors, was managed for ten years by Zara Powell, an extraordinary woman who has become the public face of high-class prostitution in this country. For a glimpse behind the green door turn to Rosalind Reines' interview with the opinionated madam, starting on page 94 with a photo portrait by Nick Brokensha.

DARYL HALL'S MAGIC

Do you believe in magic? Daryl Hall does, and he's prepared to argue the case that his mastery of supernatural forces has propelled himself and John Oates to the top of the rock pile and enshrined them as the most successful duo in the history of the record charts. Whether that's true or not, Hall is clearly a very sharp intellect and a man firmly in control of his destiny. Timothy White penetrates the complexities of the Hall persona in an insightful profile beginning on page 50. 



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sweet youth

I'd like to congratulate and thank you, *Penthouse*, for bringing me Earl Miller's photographic presentation of the Sweet Bird Of Youth, Jill Shawntai, in the February edition. Her stunning, natural beauty and the style in which she was photographed reflected an alluring essence of innocence and intellect.

Her appearance has brightened up my whole month — and if she appears again I'll melt for sure. Keep on outdoing yourselves, *Penthouse*. — D.B. Star, Adelaide, SA

Heavy metal

I am writing in response to your hilarious article on heavy metal, The Devil's Disco in February *Penthouse*. I wish to clear up a number of points, though.

Real death metallists don't believe in stupid shit like secret handshakes and rolling around on the floor. We've got some pride and we're not kids.

If anyone pissed on me I'd kill them.

Real death metallists have enough sense not to mix with bikers and not to cause hassles with them.

You can't be a death metallist and not be violent. You must be prepared to fight when you have to — not wimp out and let the bouncers babysit you.

I'm 21 and my girlfriend's 19, and we're right into death metal, but we're not possessed. That only happens if you're dumb enough to let it. We've been practising black magic for years and we don't make mistakes. You can't afford to or you get possessed by a demon — and that's dumb. — Rohan and Rebecca, "Two death metallists with sense", SA

South specifics

I have just finished reading the article Gaddafi's Folly in your February issue and wanted to write to say how informative it all was. It put into clear perspective for me the situation in the South Pacific in many ways. For all the stuff we hear about how important the Pacific region is to Australians and how vital it is to our security, this was the first time I'd read the specifics of the threat.

I found particularly interesting the references by James Crown's subject to Australians — that "Australians are too greedy to be bribed" and that "Hayden, Hawke



Deborah Lee: the natural

and all their associates are out of their league" dealing with the Americans and Russians.

How much longer can this government maintain the facade of active involvement in Pacific stability, and how much longer can Australians be as profoundly ignorant of their neighbors' interests as they obviously are now? Great article. Every politician in this country should read it. They're probably too busy stabbing each other in the back to know what the hell's going down. — N.F., Port Macquarie, NSW

Hit and giggle

I wholeheartedly agree with the gorgeous Deborah Lee, your February centrefold. She definitely is no Martina Navratilova, and she's right that "most men wouldn't want to play against her type anyway, if you get my drift . . ."

Yes, I get her drift. Deborah's gorgeous, she's sexy — she even comes across as a little bit "dirty", if you get my drift. I firmly believe that she is the *cutest* woman ever to appear in *Penthouse*, and if she ever feels like a solid bout of hitting and giggling, then I am an absolute pushover. — D.F., Glen Innes, NSW

Tight control

I have just finished reading Part 2 of your series on the New Conservatism (Decem-

ber) and it reflects my own concern about the direction censorship is going here in New Zealand. I believe there is a very real reason for alarm as groups of moral campaigners and feminist pressure groups push for tighter controls on censorship. Magazines, videos, films and television advertising have all experienced increasing pressure from such groups. A visit in 1986 by the photographer David Hamilton aroused the morally conservative sensibilities of the feminists who labelled his work pornographic.

Groups of conservative moralists, fundamentalist Christians and the political Right threaten our democratic traditions, including the freedom to make a personal choice concerning the material we read and view. I value that freedom. The greatest danger for New Zealand is that any coalition of "conservative moralists" could influence the political decisions made in this country and that would seriously affect the rights and freedoms we now enjoy. Something must be done. — H. Bourke, Auckland, NZ

On Death Row

Just received your February issue and felt compelled to comment on the article by Patrick Carr entitled Death Row. Carr handled the topic — one which is seldom discussed in such detail — with extraordinary sensitivity and insight. The man is a superb writer and I look forward to seeing more contributions from him in the future. — Ronald Richardson, Potts Point, NSW

Blonde essence

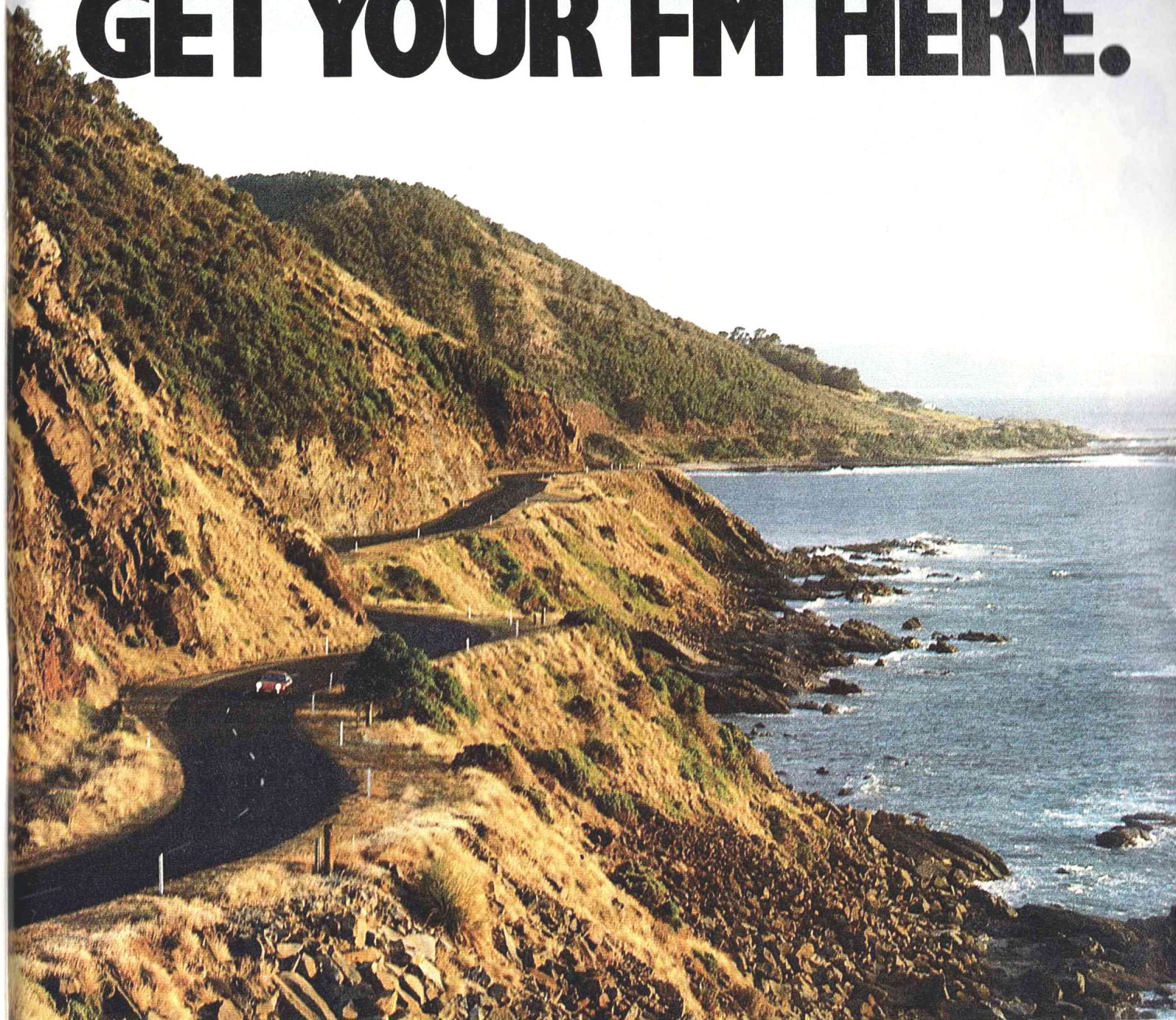
Absolutely gorgeous! No other words adequately describe Nikki Downey (February *Penthouse*), a blonde who could have more fun with me any day of the week. Come to think of it, she's probably out of my league, but I guess where there's life there's hope. I challenge you to produce a sexier pictorial than that one. — P.S., Cooma, NSW

New order

Congratulations on a much improved magazine. I was a subscriber under the "old regime", and ceased being so due to poor content and unreliable distribution.

Both factors are markedly improved. Do keep up the good work. — S.D.H., Sydney, NSW

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Family games

I'm an extrovert and I love it, however the sexual side of this only comes out when my brother-in-law is around. He's happily married to my older sister, whom I've always competed with. This may be why I got started playing with him. She's got the hunk husband but I've got the family looks and body. I can abuse my body totally but still not put on an ounce in the wrong places. I've even done a bit of photographic modelling, so I knew from the start that he'd appreciate the show.

What makes it so good is Peter's enjoyment of the game. Let me elaborate.

They're around my place often, as we all share babysitting duties with each others' children. When my sister isn't within eyesight or in danger of catching me, I expose myself to him — supposedly innocently. I'm always prepared for this. At first I'd have sexy undies on underneath, either G-strings or panties pulled up between my cheeks. Then I started doing away with everything and just wearing short skirts — not mini skirts, as that would give everyone the views that I save for him.

When he is behind me I find a reason to bend over for the kids; other times I sit in front of him with legs agape, my blonde bush and pink slit smiling vertically. He used to pretend to be looking elsewhere, but I could see his eyes almost pulling out of their sockets to the left or right as he'd take in my performances, but now he's only sneaky when someone else is around.

On one hot summer's night when my always-dead-to-the-world husband was asleep in our far off bedroom, I saw Peter motoring up the driveway to pick up their share of the also-sleeping kids. I raced into action. Stripping off, I lay on the lounge with one leg slumped over the back of it, and feigned that I, too, was asleep. This was in full view of the verandah windows he had to pass by, and through half-closed eyes I saw him do a double take and stop. I was turning over and over inside as he stared and stared at me. I didn't know what to do next, but my sexual impulses took over.

I couldn't control myself, I had to keep



going. I ever so slowly moved my hand down from behind my head, softly caressing my breasts. Then I slipped it over my tummy and began to slide my finger, then fingers, in and out of my by now climaxing pussy.

Outside in the reflected light I could see that Peter had his hand down his pants too. He was smiling knowingly, aware that this was all planned for him. He ripped down his pants and worked that cock over so furiously he finally grabbed a handkerchief and, placing it over his enlarged knob, caught the proof of his shared lustings.

By now my multiple orgasms had receded, so as he was tucking himself away, I looked up at him with a smile. As we both walked for the entrance hall I wondered how we would handle this, as we both obviously didn't want to get too involved. I opened the door, still naked, to be greeted with a big smile, a whispered "You must be more careful", and a quick brushing of the lips. It was almost a brotherly kiss, but the touch of my hard nipples across his shirt I knew carried a lot more electricity. He watched me carefully as I walked to my clothes, pulling them on as seductively as I could to his rapt attention.

And when the sleeping kids were safely tucked into his car, out of sight of all, he pressed me against the back of his car and kissed me long and full, rubbing himself hard against my pubic bone, sending bolts

of indescribable pleasure up through my body, actually making a truism from the old "weak at the knees" line. But just as quickly he said a simple "Good-night", again with a huge grin, and was gone.

I wasn't sure what the next move would be, but then he joined in the fun. Whenever we'd have swimmers on and no-one was around, or even if I wasn't showing myself off, his trunks would bulge and bulge, the outline of his penis totally revealed to me as he no doubt relived our private and secret moments.

Another time when my sister was out but the kids were around, he called me into his "den" where he stood smiling with a huge hard-on. I glanced back down the hall and made sure there were no imminent intruders.

Then I took him inside my mouth. Within 30 seconds of divine sucking as he slid its warmth and strength between my lips, he released his juices. He tucked himself away as I slid down my pants, lay on his desk and let his tongue bring me almost instantly to ecstasy.

Maybe one day things will be safe enough to feel him way up inside me, but until then we'll continue to play very carefully. — J.B., Kurnell, NSW

A room with a view

Recently I had to go on a business trip that involved several stops in South Australia. By the third night of the trip, I was totally bored, having watched every video my hotel had to offer. Feeling tired but unable to sleep, I shut off the lights in my room and gazed quietly out my window. By a stroke of luck, the window faced the second floor of a nursing college. My view was of a small study room, the only furnishings being a typewriter, desk, and copy machine. As I daydreamed about nothing in particular, I noticed a well-endowed blonde enter the room, accompanied by a rather boyish-looking woman with very short brown hair.

I was a little surprised to see them lock the study-room door behind them, but I was astonished when the baby-faced blonde hitched up her skirt and sat on the copy machine. She leaned back and

FORUM

spread her legs while the brunette knelt down before her and began to caress them, very slowly, all the way up. The dark girl touched Blondie all over, finally reaching her chest. She unbuttoned her blouse, letting two huge tits fall out like heavy, over-ripe grapefruits. Judging by the reaction of her rosy nipples, Blondie must have been pleased to have them freed from their restraint.

The brown-haired girl touched them gently with her hands, rubbing them up and down while kissing and licking the nipples. I could see how much the blonde was enjoying that. As they started to tongue each other's mouths, it was the blonde girl's turn to help her partner out of her leather pants and t-shirt. I was interested to discover that what at first had given me the impression of a boyish figure turned out to be a shapely female body. Her tiny tits were crowned by two dark, erect nipples, and her bottom was composed of two firm cheeks. Her suntanned body contrasted nicely with the light flesh tone of her companion.

I could hardly believe what happened next. The beautiful blonde got up on the desk, pushed the typewriter to one side, and positioned herself on her knees, giving me a first-rate view of her well-rounded rosy behind. She was already quite

aroused and started finger-fucking herself right in front of my eyes. Her suntanned friend soon joined the game, and they got into a passionate sixty-nine position. I could see them moaning excitedly. They were kissing each other's pussy lips and clits, drinking in each other's juices, and tonguing and finger-fucking each other. I couldn't take much more. By this time, my rock-hard rod was in my own hands and I was choking my chicken like there was no tomorrow. When the blonde's long, red fingernails clutched her friend's, shoving her whole slit into her mouth, I could hold back no longer. I spurted my hot jism all over the hotel window just as my two beauties quivered and quaked in mutual orgasms.

Unfortunately, I had to leave the next day, so I never got a chance to see a repeat performance. I am happy, however, to have found a new way to relieve the boredom of business trips. Video was never as good as this! — *Name and address withheld*

Royal wedding

I met her in a bar the night before the royal wedding. She was a beautiful girl with red hair and green eyes that sparkled with what I thought at first was amusement; but upon taking a closer look, I noticed she was crying.

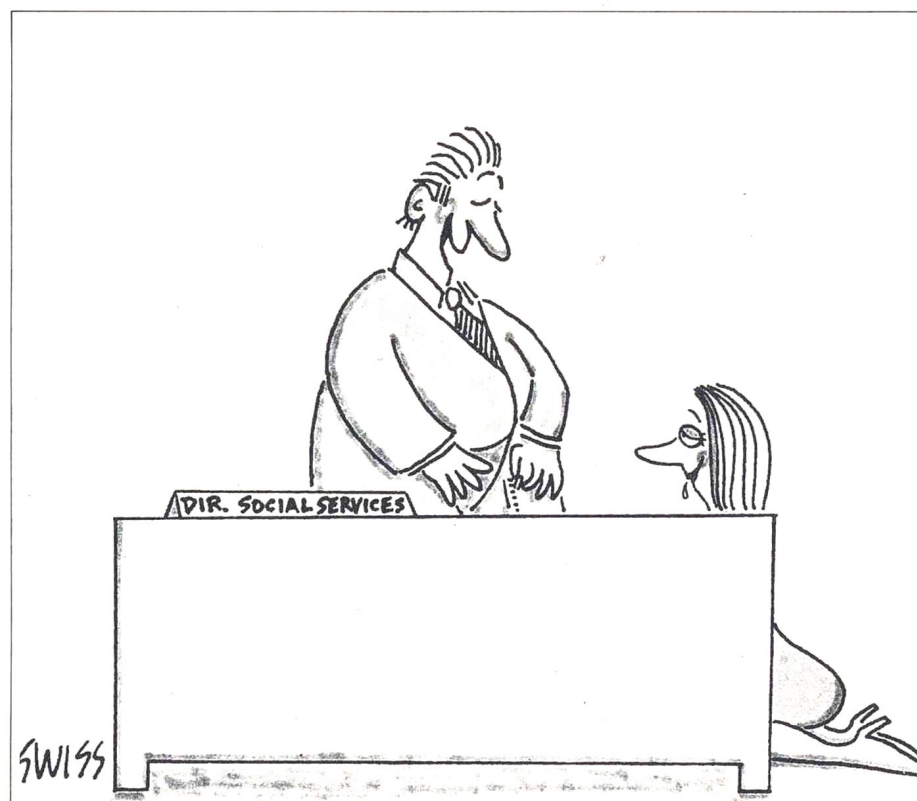
The silent tears of this beautiful angel moved me so much that I approached her

rather boldly, asking her why she was so distressed. With a small smile she explained that the royal wedding was being broadcast the following evening on TV. At first I was puzzled as to why such a distant occasion would affect this beautiful lady, but as she continued her story I started to understand.

I finally got her to tell me her name. Lila was distressed because her boyfriend decided to take a fishing trip instead of watching the royal wedding, a romantic and lovely event that she wanted to share with him. As I calmed her down with a drink and some soothing words about her problem, she really opened up to me and our discussion lasted well into the night. She sheepishly told me how she always fantasised about being a princess and making it in a castle with a dashing knight. A little embarrassed, she thought I might find her fantasy a bit corny. I told her it was a wonderful and unique dream, and being a bit of a romantic myself, I agreed with her insights. I pointed out to her that although I didn't own a castle or a title, I would love to fulfill her fantasy to the best of my ability.

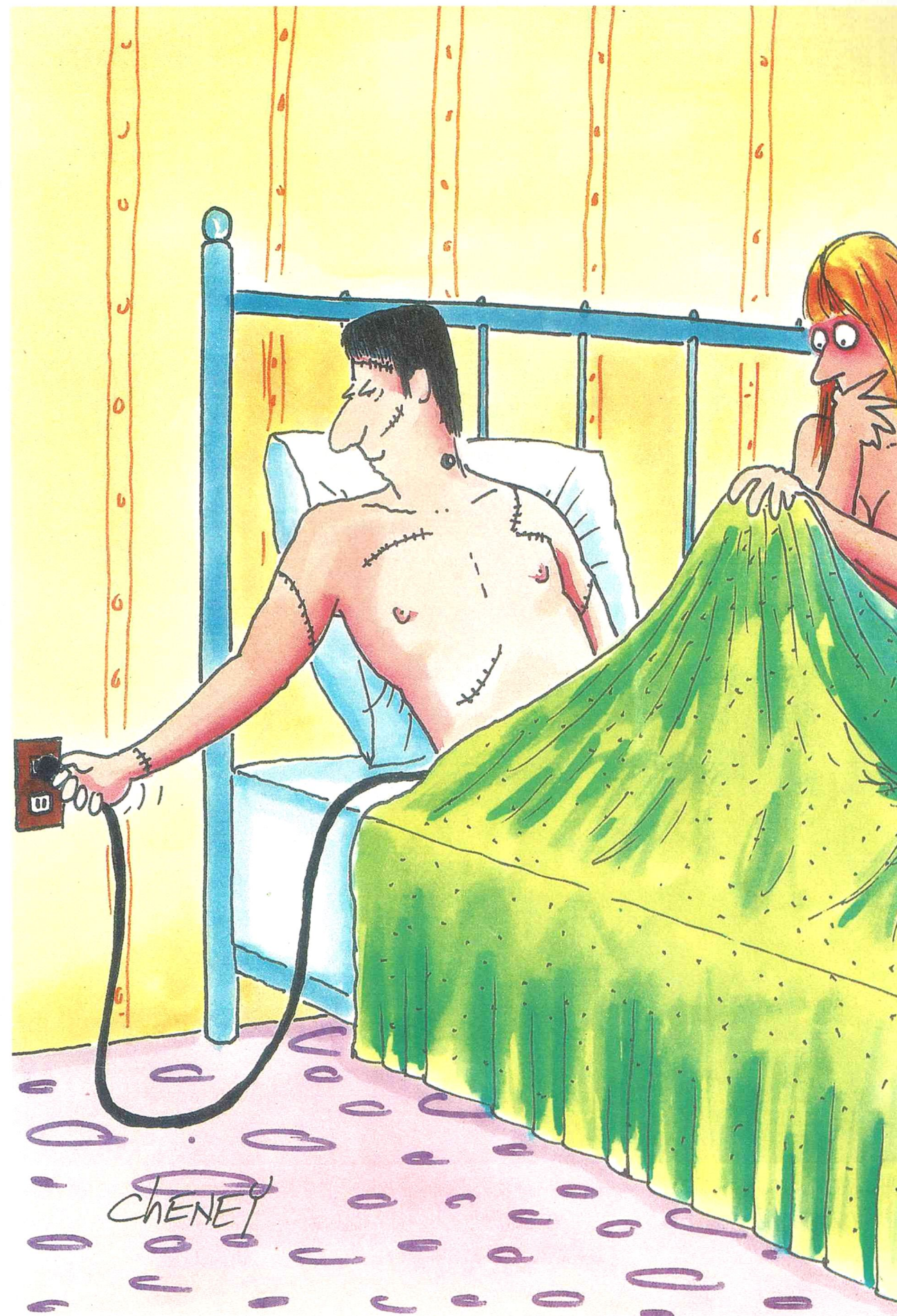
We decided to meet early that next evening in front of the local shopping centre. As I pulled into the parking lot on my motorcycle, I noticed she was already there, patiently waiting for my arrival. She hopped on the back with a dazzling smile and a hot kiss placed on my lips. I knew right then and there that our planned encounter was going to be one to remember.

I chose a secluded lake for our rendezvous and pulled the bike next to my van, which was already parked there. I guess the bike already turned Lila on, because she kept touching me in suggestive ways even before I opened the van's doors to let her in. As she stepped into the back of the van, my little princess gasped in amazement. I had filled the entire back of the van with flowers and candles. Lila turned on the small television that was also there. I turned to my lovely captive and embraced her with a lustful hug. I then poured some champagne for the both of us and commented on how Lila's green eyes flashed in the candlelight and how she even resembled Fergie a bit. As the royal couple appeared on the screen, I gently caressed Lila's beautiful face with a flower. As we both removed our clothing in anticipation, we became hotter and more excited. I started to caress her firm breasts and she moaned in reply to my touch. I took the almost full bottle of champagne, poured it over her body, and lovingly lapped it up while I continued to work my way down. By now she was working herself into a frenzy and took my hand and placed it on her mound. As I was gently rubbing her cunt, to my surprise she playfully poured some champagne on it. My own pleasure was mounting as I plunged my tongue deep into her and sucked the mixture of wine and her love juices. Lila, who by now was having orgasm after



SWISS

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And for those who need a MasterCard, the Commonwealth Bank gives you up to 55 days interest free.

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And watch your finances take off.

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FORUM

orgasm, cried out, "Love me, my prince!" Playing the part of chivalrous knight to his lovely lady, I took that royal command and plunged my hardness deep inside of her.

With the rise and fall of our bodies in perfect unison, we were together as one. The moment her heaving hips bucked uncontrollably, my passion rose to its zenith, and together we exchanged the most intimate pleasure bestowed on human beings since the beginning of time. I took her back to the real world as soon as our pleasure was spent, and as the royal wedding ended, so did our own fairy tale in its sweet completeness. — *Name and address withheld*

Three-lock box

My job as a locksmith has me working in all kinds of unusual situations and places. I am six feet tall, in good shape, and have recently been divorced. I never thought I would be writing to Forum, but what happened on a job last summer is just too good to keep to myself.

I was called to unlock a van stuck by a remote lake. When I got to the site, I could hardly believe my eyes. There stood an expensive-looking campervan with two tall beauties standing next to it. Both of them were clad in soaking wet T-shirts and nothing else! Trying to maintain my composure,

I asked for identification, and the brunette explained that all their papers were locked inside. The redhead said she had proof of ownership, and pointed to the personalised licence plate that read BIG 40D. To erase any doubts in my mind, she pulled off her T-shirt. Not to be outdone, her friend followed suit. Now I had two tall, totally naked lovelies standing in front of me, smiling, and their eyes didn't miss the bulge it made in my pants.

I acknowledged that they were the owners and started to unlock the van. Edie, the redhead, and Robyn, the brunette, were enjoying being naked in front of me and kept jumping up and down and giggling while I worked. Once I got the van open, Edie and Robyn told me that they'd like to show their appreciation for a job well done. I didn't argue when they said it would be more fun if I were naked too, and they proceeded to strip me. In less than a minute, I was eating some of the best pussy in the world and getting a first-class blowjob at the same time. After a few minutes, Edie let out an animal groan as my tongue brought her to a van-shaking orgasm. I was trying to hold off my own climax, but Robyn wanted — and got — all my come. I'm usually a "once a day" sort of lover, but the girls wouldn't take no for an answer. They changed positions, and Robyn's pussy was every bit as sweet as her companion's. Edie's very talented tongue brought my dick back from early retirement

in no time. Shortly, my face was covered with more tasty love juice, and an avalanche of pleasure was building up in my groin. Edie licked every drop of come off my soft cock.

As we all ran to the lake to clean off, Robyn said she had always been turned on by the sight of a man's penis flopping around. While I was in the water she grabbed me, and with her magic touch I was pleasantly surprised to see myself brought back to attention. Since she enjoyed the sight of a swaying cock, I was happy to oblige her by doing star jumps on the shore. They both joined me, and after only 20 or 30 repetitions, we were all ready to go back to the van for some more games.

It was then that I realised that I hadn't fucked either one of them yet. Edie bent over the table in the van, and I poked my cock into her love nest from behind. She moaned almost constantly as I stroked her and played with her huge tits. Robyn was playing with my balls all the while. I pulled out after Edie came, and Robyn took her place on the table. As she lay on her back facing me, I slid my rod into her tight snatch and slowly fucked her. I sucked her beautiful left tit, with its hard nipple, while Edie sucked on the right one and played with my balls. Robyn and I finally came at the same time.

As luck would have it, my pager went off, announcing another emergency. Believe



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FORUM

it or not, both Edie and Robyn insisted on paying me more than my regular fee, explaining that their insurance would cover it. No two ways about it, this locksmith found the "key to happiness" that hot summer afternoon. — *Name and address withheld*

Popular mechanics

Frank and I run a small garage just outside of Brisbane. It was a Friday night and business was slow, so we decided to close a little early and chill at a nearby club. Just as we were about to lock up the garage, a tow truck hauling a red Triumph pulled up. When it pulled to a stop, a girl got out of the car. She had fire-red hair, tight red pants, and a thin white silk blouse with at least half-inch nipples trying to bust through. She said her car just blew up on her, and she wondered how long it would take us to fix it, if we could. After a short discussion, Frank and I decided that it would take at least two hours to work on it and that since we were about to quit for the night, it would have to wait. She looked at us with seductive emerald eyes and said that she would do anything for us if we would fix her car, because she had to be in Surfers' the next day for an interview. With a scheming laugh, Frank and I said

that we would look it over.

As I helped unhitch the car and get it into the garage bay, Frank went in the back to get some tools. Looking under the bonnet, I kept thinking how nice it would be to get her out of those tight leather pants and on to my pleasure pump. I began to wonder where she went and why Frank hadn't brought back any tools. I decided to get the tools myself. Frank knew damn well that I didn't want to stay here any longer than necessary. When I got to the back, Frank was getting his own tool cleaned. She was deep-throating the entire length of Frank's manhood as her nipples pointed out in excitement.

I thought that since Frank and I have been partners for five years, I should share in this business adventure. Reaching around, I molded my hands around her firm breasts and erect nipples, rolling them between my fingers as she pushed harder against my hands. I removed her pants to reveal her trimmed cunt, sending juices down her long slender legs. Sliding underneath her, I slowly licked and nibbled my way to her steaming love hole, hearing Frank groan as he exploded in her mouth. Still licking Frank's half-limp cock, she moaned breathlessly as I licked and nibbled on her clitoris and massaged her arse with my hands. Moments later she exploded on to my face with what had to be a gallon of juices, as I lapped heartily at her box. She asked desperately for someone to fuck

her. Sliding further up, I sat her down on the tip of my cock. With lustful desire she inched her way down and squeezed my love muscle on every stroke until all seven inches were buried inside of her. When she arched her back, I felt a deluge of wetness as she slumped on top of me. Knowing that I still needed relief, she slid down to my hard cock and licked her juices off. I exploded deep into her mouth, and she let some come dribble from her lips. Meanwhile, Frank was ready again and entered her from behind. He slowly stroked her to another orgasm as he shot another load inside of her.

After everyone had their turn, we all showered and drove her to Surfers', where we got her address and phone number to reach her when her car was ready. That was a week ago, and Frank and I are delivering her car to her tonight. She said that she has a couple of friends for us to meet. Needless to say, that will have to be another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Last fling

One day I heard a knock on my door. When I answered it and found my friend Gary's fiancée Susan, I was a bit surprised. They were to be married in a week, and I didn't expect her to have any time for social calls. I invited her in and offered her some coffee. I was curious about her sudden visit and asked her about it as soon as she took her last sip.

"I came to ask you a big favor," she answered.

"What kind of favor?"

"You know that Gary and I have been going together for many years now." She paused to see if I was listening and then continued. "Well, Gary is the only man that I ever went out with. I never dated anyone else."

"That's marvellous. It must be true love," I remarked.

"Now that I'm ready to commit myself to him for the rest of my life, I'm wondering if I missed something by being with only one man. That's why I came to you."

"I think you are just nervous about getting married. That's why you have all these fears. If there is anything I can do to help you get over this scepticism, just let me know."

She stared at me for a while. Then she took a deep breath and said, "I want you to make love to me."

To say that I was shocked would be an understatement. Susan was asking me to fuck her while she was going to be married to another man in just one week. I didn't know what else to say to her but "Pardon me?"

"I want you to make love to me," she repeated herself. "I don't want to spend my entire life wondering what I missed. I want to know how it feels to be involved

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

MARILYN MONROE TALKS BACK

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the death of Marilyn Monroe. In those two decades and a half we have learned more salacious facts about the dead star's personal life and demise than we have ever wanted or needed to know. Everyone has fed off Marilyn's corpse, from so-called friends in need of a buck to big-name writers like Mailer and Steinem supposedly possessed of a cause. Well, far be it from us to jump on the ghoul wagon, but frankly, we've got big news. This week, a medium in La Jolla, California, made the first contact ever with the departed spirit of Marilyn Monroe! The session lasted about 20 minutes, and fortunately for all of us, the medium had the business acumen to make a tape and sell it to us for almost as much as the profits made on the arms sale to the Iranians. We present the transcript of that tape in its entirety! For the first time since her suicide — Marilyn Monroe talks back!

The Medium: Who is it? No, it can't be. It is. It's Marilyn Monroe! *Marilyn:* Hi. Oh, gosh, I've been trying to break through for years. I wanted to come for Norman Mailer's book party, but they wouldn't let me — they were afraid I'd kill him. I would like to say, though, now that I'm here, that I would not have slept with Mailer, not ever, not even if I was dead, which I was. Is he still short? *The Medium:* Yes. *Marilyn:* I thought so. I mean, can you imagine — what kind of man would dress up his young daughter like a dead sex symbol he was lusting for?

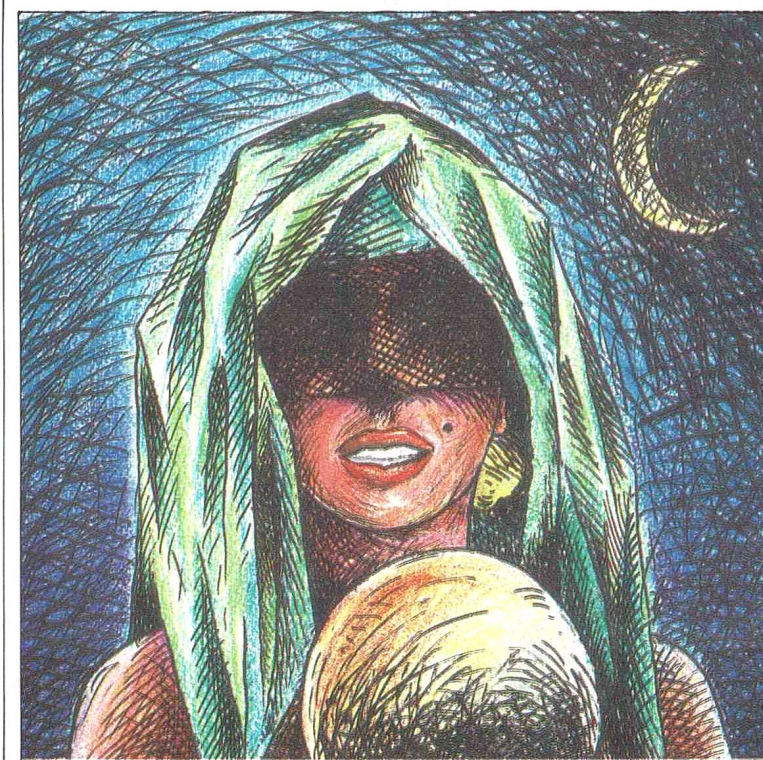
The Medium: Awesirdo. *Marilyn:* You bet a weirdo, and not only a weirdo but a publicity seeker of the worst kind. Do you know why that little creep was so obsessed with me? Because I refused to meet him. Arthur Miller was always pestering me to invite him, and I said, "I have never liked men who leer for a living." As a sex symbol, I could tell that Mailer was the kind of man who did not like sex. Constant physical aggression, stabbing his wife in the stomach — it doesn't take much to realise that his lust for penetration was being played out in nonsexual ways. The word was everywhere: he was a bust in the sack.

Okay. Let's get some facts straight. The Kennedys did not kill me. The Mafia did not kill me. I took too many downs,

and while I was phoning for a pizza, I died. Today, I s'pose, they would have sent me off to the Betty Ford Clinic, but then they just drugged us if we were unhappy, or happy. Like candy. John Kennedy was nice, but he was a bore in bed because of his back. He couldn't move, so what was the big deal? He was sweet but careless of women — like all men of great power. Bobby was adorable, but a fucker. Literally. Always wanting to have children with women, that's what turned him on, and of course we couldn't do that so he lost interest. In all these books, they say I was duped. How silly! I defy any woman to tell me that she would not have made love with Jack or Bobby Kennedy or both if given the chance. I did behave like a teenager, but, you know, I'd do it again.

This woman Steinem, this — what is it — feminist? She's the worst of all. She says that I did not have orgasms with men and therefore that I did not like sex. But I point out: I did not find my clitoris until 1972, ten years after I was dead. Like many women of the Fifties, I didn't really know what I was doing. And men were ignorant, too. Except for Yves Montand — he knew what he was doing, he was French. I remember seeing Miss Steinem at Lee Strasberg's class once. This small-breasted mousy girl with a peevish look on her face staring at me with disapproval. You know, the kind of woman who hates you for your body right away, who wishes all her life that men would like her for her butt — not her

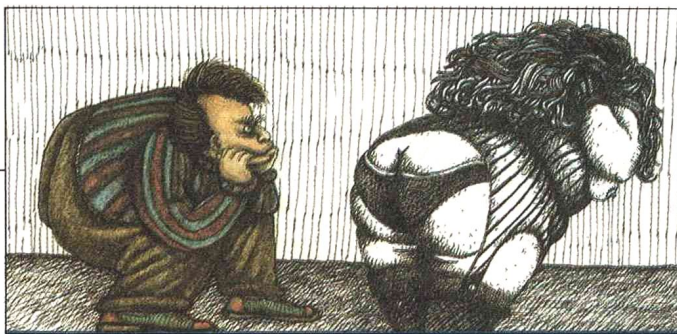
brain? I know this type very well: girls who fear and blame men, who cannot laugh with men, who think that sleeping with men if only for friendship, if only for a night, belies some Freudian nightmare past. I looked over at this Miss Steinem and I remember thinking she looks like there's this old prissy spinster trapped inside her directing her to turn off men, to just dry up. And then I — she doesn't say this in her book, but I am here to say it's true — I went over to this small-breasted girl and I said, "Honey, you have just got to have some laughs. I suggest you go and buy some Kotex and stuff it in your bra, and then go get yourself a job as a Playboy bunny." And she did. Oh, oh, they're calling me. I must go. Tell Madonna to get her own look, would you? Bye. — *Emily Prager*



"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm going to have to take that quarter from you by force. I'm too proud to accept charity."

Continued on page 120

LUST



MIND IF I WATCH?

Before we get any further, let me assure you that I'm not a nympho. I'll give it to you straight — I'm not bendo. Just your average late twenties working woman (as opposed to "working girl") with a \$50,000 mortgage, a live-in lover, an interest in interest rates, a copy of *What Garden Pest Or Disease Is That?* and a gnawing fear that some bastard is going to change the aviation flight paths and I'll be leaning out my back window tickling the bellybuttons of passing 747s. Sadly boring, but true.

As far as a sizzling sex life goes, after five years in a steady relationship my partner and I have settled into a routine that features conversation, reading, eating and drinking a lot, playing "you-lose — you-wash-up" games of Trivial Pursuit and doing IT two or three times a week. I believe 2.615 times is our weekly root ratio out of peak holiday season. Hardly the stuff of Forum letters.

In regard to feminism, I am a woman of my generation. That is, I've been brought up with it and I'm a believer. But whereas I can finish the *Times On Sunday* feminist crossword with one hand tied behind my back (that, for the unenlightened, was a feminist joke. Funny, eh?), you're not about to catch me torching my 36B underwires or lowering my dungarees to piss on the Parliament House lawns.

As you can see, my ring-a-ding-ding swingin' lifestyle wouldn't steam up a ceiling mirror. Look for me under "N" in the all ordinaries index.

But I harbor a terrible, twisted, perverted secret. Until now the only people privy to it have been my boyfriend (who actively encourages it) and the proprietor of my local video outlet (who does too, but for different reasons. I think).

Dirty movies. I enjoy them. I don't mean the R-rated ones that tease, or exhibit the scars of an in-expert scalpel, but the X-rated variety. The hard-core motherfuckers, to use the term figuratively. My

preference lies in the realm of the poorly acted fleshfests, the old in/out, no holes barred, "Oooh, what a big dick!", "Why, thank you, and that's a tight box you've got there", "Do it sideways, stud. Put your frankfurt in my roll but pull it out in time for the world to see the sauce." Yep, they're the ones I like.

Shameful, isn't it, not to mention illegal. I'm still not sure if I'm breaking the law by paying \$5 for the pleasure of an evening with Desiree Cousteau and John Holmes, or if my friendly purveyor of porn carries the whole can for allowing an innocent like myself to hire them. I know that proprietors are liable for prosecution for stocking X-rated videos outside Canberra and the Northern Territory, but it doesn't seem to have stopped 99 percent of those in my experience from socking a few away under the

counter for a rainy day and the accompanying raincoat brigade.

I must say that I am not without shame when I ask for an X-rated video. And it's always me who has to get them. Though my partner urges me on in my video voyeurism, he's too shy to ask for anything that sounds remotely like a fuck flick. He blushes at the mention of Woody Allen's *Interiors*.

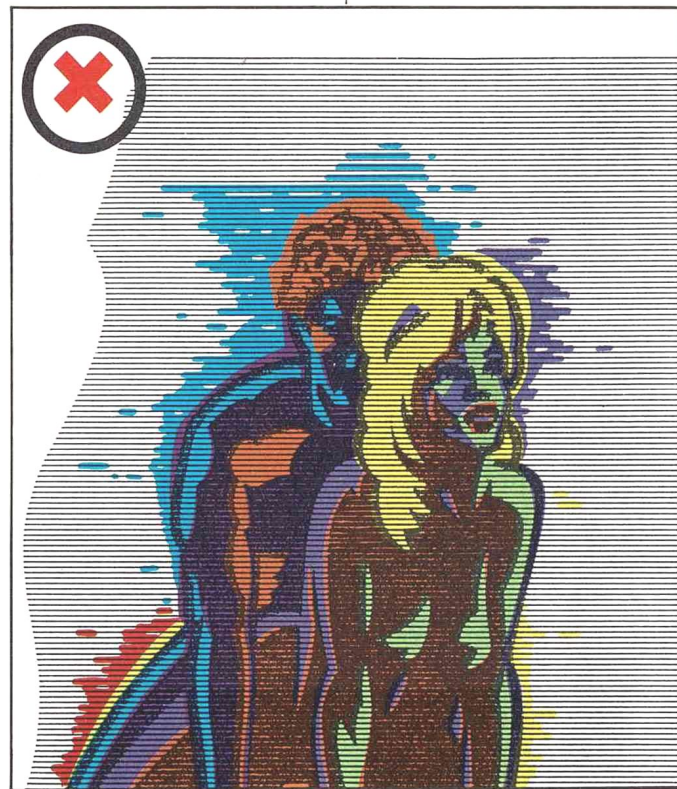
So it's up to me. I usually cruise around the shop and find something "normal" first — something arty, high-brow, foreign or a classic. There are two reasons for this. The first is the obvious one of appearances. I've never yet been able to march into a store and nonchalantly request, say, *The Harlem Globetrotters At St Trinians*. Instead I feebly try to present the image of a worldly type by saying something like: "Oh, I've been tearing my hair out trying to decide

between *The Tin Drum* and *Diva*. Hang it all, I'll take *Diva*, thanks. And while you're down there (embarrassed chuckle) have you got a copy of *Negro Muff Divers*?" Thus I impress him with my diverse tastes embracing everything from the film noir to the film rose. (Translation: Vidjoes with lots of pink in 'em, Bluey.) I know I'm not fooling him, but all the world's a stage, eh what?

The second reason is that when we've watched 15 or 20 minutes of fucking and sucking and garnered the requisite reaction, eyed each other sideways, and made the unspoken decision to root like bandicoots, done IT and lain back all shagged out, the ongoing shenanigans on the screen seem to have lost their appeal and we feel in the mood for something . . . decent.

I know that I am not alone in my perverted picaresque. My tame video man tells me that one in three X-rated rentals goes to a woman. He says that they usually come in at around 11am, when hubby and the kids are long gone, the brekky dishes are done and the beds are made, or so he surmises. Some, he says, are very choosy. Obviously more forthright than me, they take up to half an hour poring over his back room collection and asking him things like, "Are there any women tied up in this one? I'm not paying \$5 to see a bunch of women tied up!" In his opinion, the general female consensus of what constitutes a good X-rated movie is one that contains a lot of fast and furious straight fucking, no ropes attached, plenty of oral, no kinky stuff like pissing on each other, good looking men with monster dicks and at least one black man for contrast.

I don't know how many times I've read of research which shows that women are not as turned on as men by erotic visual stimuli. Maybe they didn't show them the right stimuli. Still, nowhere in Kinsey does it say that women, by and large, are not turned on at all by visuals. If it did, maybe I'd start to worry. — Anita Newman



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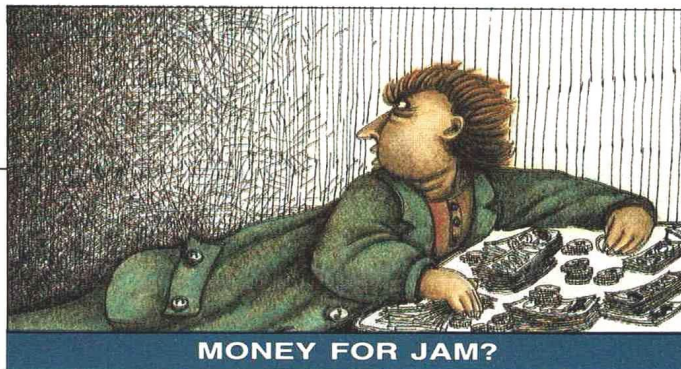
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AVARICE



MONEY FOR JAM?

It's hard to know who you can trust — especially where money is concerned. Okay, you can probably trust your Mum and Dad, but are you really going to take their advice? If your Dad's a stockbroker then by all means heed the old boy's pearly drops, but if he's Mr Normal, like mine, forget it. The average Aussie hasn't got a clue about investment.

That's one reason why 15 million of us are broke and the rest are rich or rich-ish. Because for someone to be rich, others have to be poor. If we want to make a quid out of putting our money somewhere, we have to be a bit better than the rest. The idea is to invest in places where all the money the mugs lose ends up. You with me?

Now, have a look at these property trusts and equity trusts and international funds and so on. Sure, they pay 20 percent, or 30 percent or even 40 or more percent a year. But not always. Generally you can look at getting, in the long run, about the same as the going rate of interest. There might be the odd four or five percent tax-free, the occasional bonus, but overall you're just getting by.

Better than leaving your money in the bank, certainly, but a bit on the plodding side. However, there's a saying that has gained ground since the advent of these funds and trusts that pool the money of small investors: "Invest in the manager, not in the fund." Now, why's that?

Have you ever had a close look at the prospecti of these funds? Notice the fee structure?

Most funds take four to eight percent of your investment straight away. Usually most, if not all, of that goes as a sling to the prick who signed you up. Some of it stays with the fund manager, but he gets most of his money from the ongoing fee: the one to one-and-a-half percent of total funds under management a year. And they usually calculate — and pay — their cop at least every month. Some do it every week; some even

do it every day.

That is, whatever the market in which they are investing is doing — going up, going down or just standing still — the manager is still taking out his fee. The manager earns no matter what — even if there's a crash.

Big deal, you say.

But the numbers add up. If you're managing a couple of million dollars — and you're not really a fund until you've got at least a few million — you're getting into decent sorts of figures. Have a look at these Equitlink boys. They went to America last year when Australian interest rates were about twice those of the US. They put on a little show, the essence of which was: "US interest rates seven percent; Australian rates 14.5 percent."

They collected over a billion dol-

lars to invest in safe and secure government and semi-government bonds, for which they are paid on a sliding scale, but basically they get a monthly fee worked out at the rate of about 0.6 percent a year paid every month.

What a piddling amount. But 0.6 percent of \$1 billion works out at \$6 million — just to stick the money into a Water Board loan and open the cheques twice a year. Money for jam.

There's another mob, FAI Insurances, run by investment genius Larry Adler, which has one of these funds for the ordinary investor which claims to have a performance clause. Under this arrangement FAI gets a small fee unless it earns better than the long-term bond rate. That is, if you can get 12.5 percent by investing in government bonds, why put

your money at risk to earn less with FAI? So FAI is essentially saying we will earn better than that government bond rate because we don't get near what we deserve unless we do.

Fair enough, but Larry being Larry, it's not all that wonderful. The manager takes out his performance fee (a quarter of the excess over the bond rate) weekly and, although it is paid only once a year, the upshot is the manager crystallises his piece of the action week by week whereas the poor punter is at risk for the whole of the period he's invested.

That is, an investor might be in the FAI fund for five good years in which the value of his investment doubles. During that time the manager would have taken his fees annually. But then the markets collapse and the investment is reduced to, say, just a skerrick over the original amount put in. The investor is back to taws. But not the fund manager. He's not only got his ordinary fees but has taken out his performance fees as well. And sure, it *did* perform. But that's not much consolation.

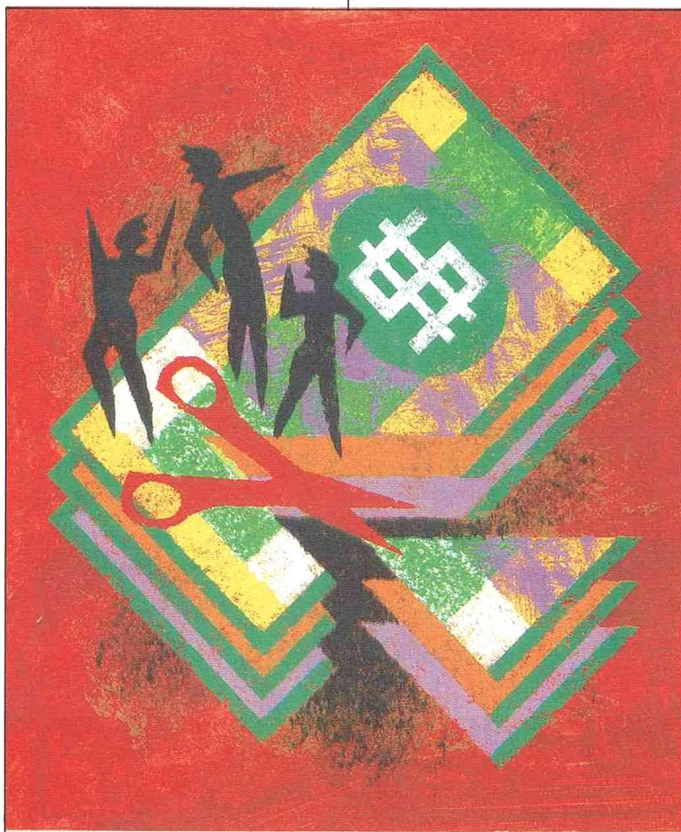
To be fair, in the case of a market downturn good investors like FAI would be out of it before all values fell. Still, the lesson is there: *you can win, but they can't lose.*

Which is one reason why the smart money goes direct to the funds manager, backing him rather than just giving him the money to play with. The smart money takes a slice of the real action.

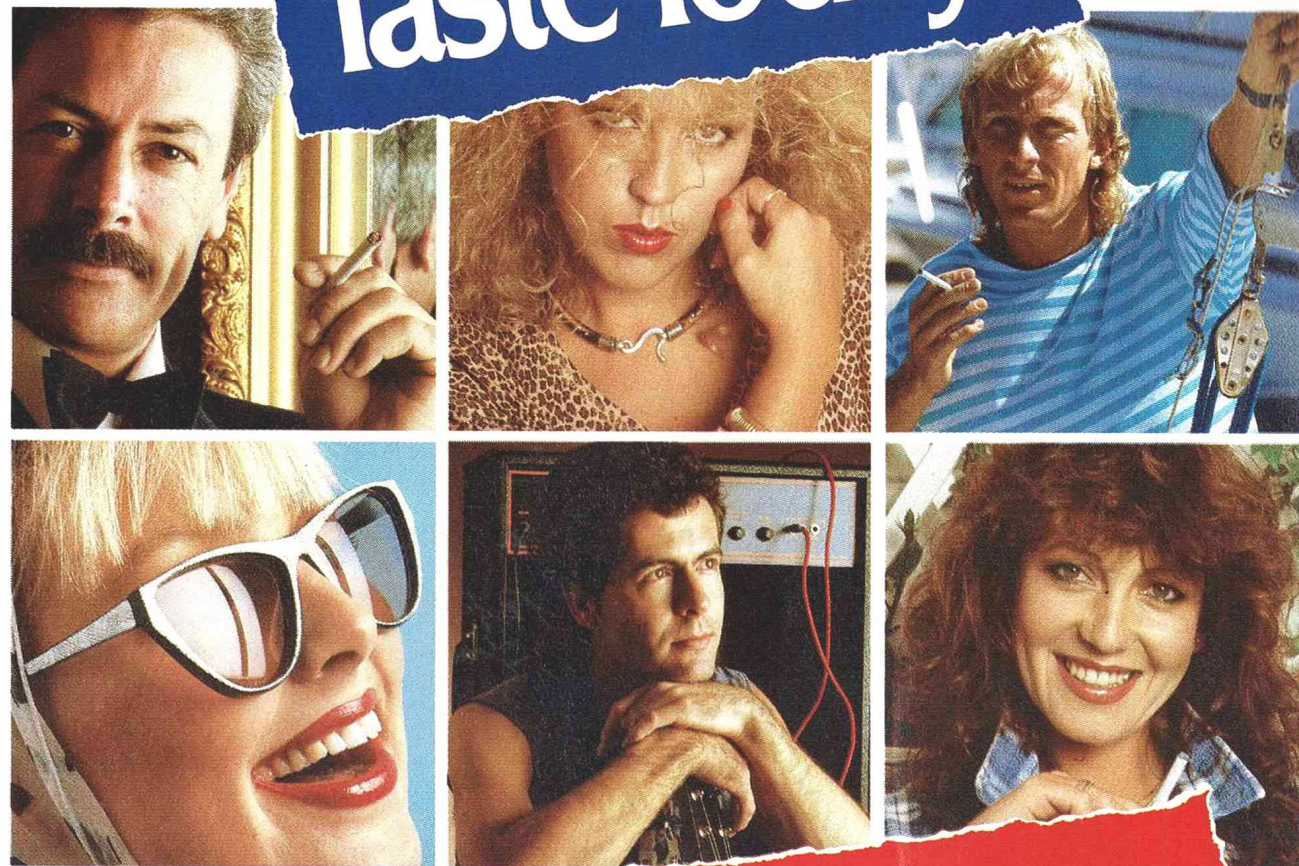
So, are you getting the picture? If you get the opportunity to invest in a funds manager — such as Equitlink (like I've done), or Australia Wide Management, or Pacific Mutual, or Clayton Robard, or some of the newer ones I haven't heard are listing — do so.

This is especially good advice as the market gets topnier and topnier and looks to be heading for a correction. The stock market can fall and these guys will still make money, even if their clients don't.

It's near enough to a fool-proof investment. — David Quicksilver



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ENVY



PULLING POWER

Have you ever thought that the Western world as we know it is in the grip of a giant, all-powerful wank?" a friend asked recently. There was something odd about the way he said it, kind of slowly, and there was a strange glow on his face. It shone from a halo of a cigarette smoke as if maybe a drop of The Quintessential Truth had filtered down through many strata of societally conditioned bullshit and chosen his head to dribble on.

"I see a mighty manicured hand," he continued, "reaching down from the clouds to caress the collective dick of ambition. Its slick grasp is reassurance for the aspiring that it's okay to strive to get on, to drape themselves in the trappings of success and to say 'Fuck, ha ha!' to keeping up with the Joneses; to stomp all over the Joneses and get the money and perks to move to a better suburb and leave the Joneses far, far behind.

"This hand tugs them by the pene toward the orgasmic thrill of being rich. Of looking rich. Of living rich and being the envy, not of their friends, for these by necessity must also be rich, but of the seething mass of suckers salivating greenly at the base of the ladder. Toward the exquisite feeling of standing on that top rung and looking into the shaving mirror of life, winking and proclaiming: 'You've made it, you son of a gun!'"

"Shit, yeah," I said after a situationally impressed silence. For those brief, mesmerising moments of his revelation it had seemed to matter not a whit that he was wearing a pastel blouson designer shirt with pockets set absurdly skewiff to conform with this season's fashion and that the keys to a sports car lay in the pocket of his Najee trousers, chosen for their up-to-the-minute style and an eye-catching cut that nicely accentuated the shape and size of his donger. For a minute there he had been naked in the arms of Truth.

Prior to this, or before Hand, we'd been discussing the recent rash of books devoted to steering

their readers on the pathway to success and style. One in particular, *Succe\$\$ories* (Pan, \$9.95), had drawn attention by dint of being the wittiest, and least likely to incite teeth gnashing.

Not so much a manual of how to succeed in business without really trying as one that tells you how to look successful by trying really, really hard, *Succe\$\$ories* does have humor going for it. It's written in a flip, tongue-in-cheek style that almost manages to conceal the fact that its author really and truly believes that the right pair of sunnies and a set of Louis Vuitton luggage will get you places. The book takes for granted that you want to get to these places — like on to Dorian Wild's social page, to the trendiest parties, to wine and cheese gallery openings and flavor of the week nightspots where the prick on the door only says "Follow me, gentlemen" if you look like a color

plate from the magazine of the same name.

As a minor crumb in the crust of Australia's glitterati, author Bani McSpedden professes to know the inside secrets and the ploys of the rich and famous.

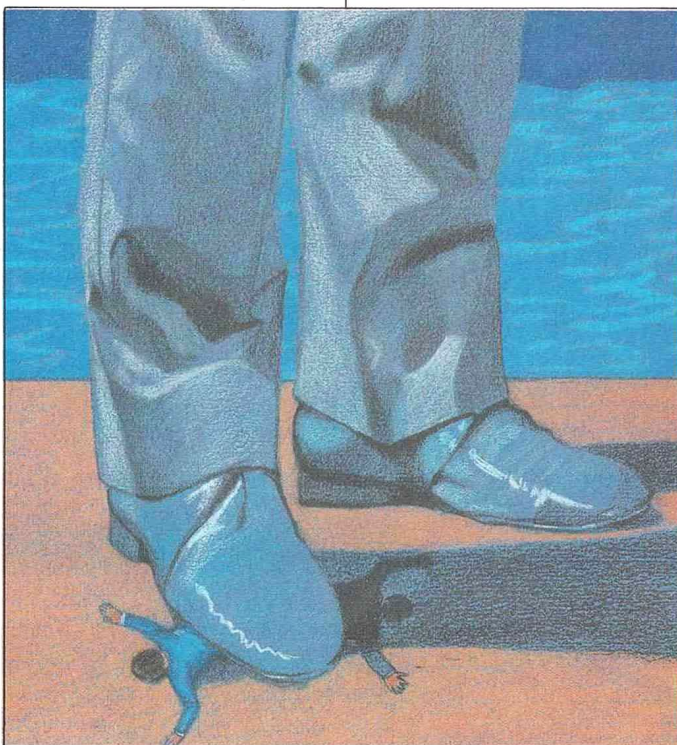
The fact that McSpedden has been for many years a luminary in the Australian advertising world has also served to hone his skilful mastery of appearances and pretension, though the fact that he has gotten so far in the cut-throat jingle jungle leads to conjecture as to what came first, the *poulet* or the *oeuf*. Certainly it would have taken innate desire and a nose for the better things in life to propel a young lad from origins amid the earthworms of Gippsland to the dizzy delights of double parking the Ferrari to shop at Double Bay and warming the Guccis before a fire in a spacious trendier-than-thou Paddington terrace. McSpedden, for a small but perfectly

formed person, has a very big nose.

A glimpse at the chapter headings in *Succe\$\$ories* will give you an idea of this biased guide to the best of everything. McSpedden begins with one called "Attitude — get it right to get it rich" and meanders alphabetically through handy hints on "Behavior — the worse it is, the better off you'll be", "Entertaining — a profitable role for the profiterole", "Pets — pedigrees for the pedigree", "Schooling — from little squealers to big dealers", "Style — is it vile or out in front by a mile?", "Watches — which watch to tick" (McSpedden, by the way, owns 12 watches), and "Wine — the grapes of sloth." That's just a few of them. Taken all up, *Succe\$\$ories* is a lesson in the good life which might be distilled into a toilet wall truism that reads: "Anyone can be a cunt, but it takes money to look like a rich cunt."

McSpedden himself is an energetically hard-working chipmunk, but occasionally he gets away to enjoy the fruits of his labor. Like when he and fellow society Rude Boy, artist Tim Storrier, painted Adelaide red during the Grand Prix. According to McSpedden it was a holocaust holiday worthy of Hunter S. Thompson and his Samoan attorney. "But without the drugs," he adds. McSpedden would rather be caught wearing a Swatch (rilly, rilly Bad News) than untrendily snorting cocaine. He and Storrier got their higher-than-a-hunchback's-haversack Gonzo thrills from French champagne, high octane exhaust and presumably the smell of other people's money.

So if you're a go-getter with success firmly in your sights and a gram of coke in your pocket, take McSpedden's advice and DON'T DO IT. Give it to someone less fortunate than yourself — the needy have noses too. Let currency be your coke. And if you want to shoot up in the Eighties, man, the social ladder is where it's at. — C. J. Mackay



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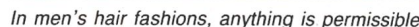
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Jack Newton: "The world doesn't owe you a living"

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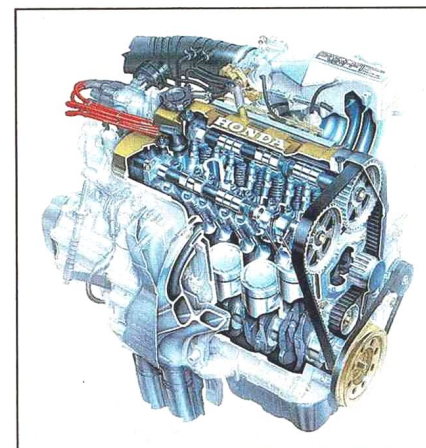
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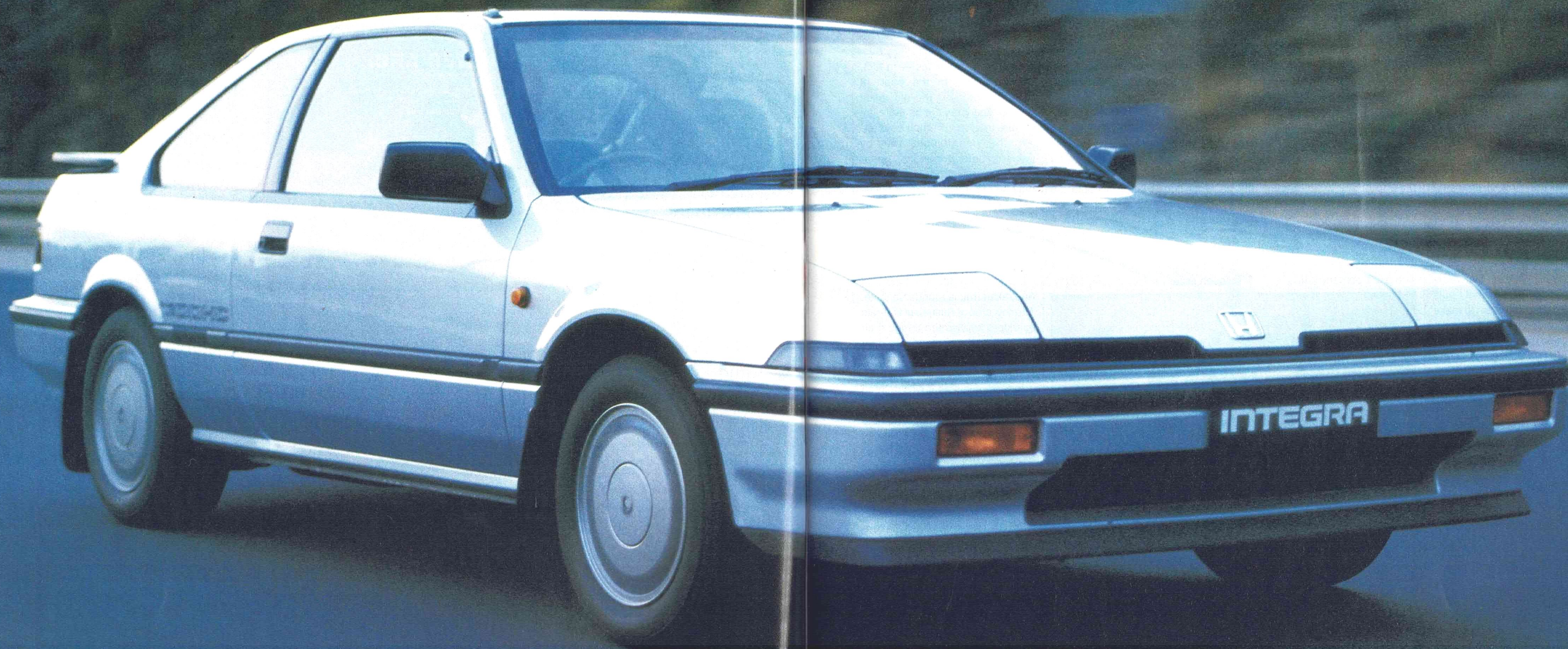
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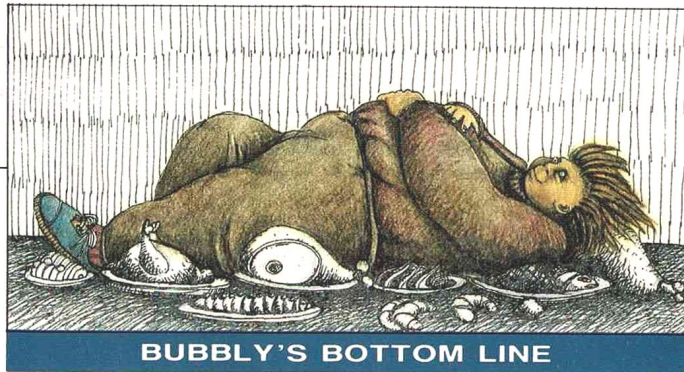
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The power of precision

GLUTTONY



BUBBLY'S BOTTOM LINE

The 1986 nose-dive of the dollar forced former discount-bin champagnes past the \$25 mark, and at the same time there was a mass release of Australian-made methode champenoise wines of the first rank.

Yet another exhortation to drink home-made goods? Only in part. When things go bad there is a tendency toward excess. My suggestion for this year of living precariously is to eschew the sparkling wine middle ground and divide your wallet between the under \$20 Made in Australia sparklers and the wildly expensive super-champers — the bottom-line drink for those who dream of easy wealth.

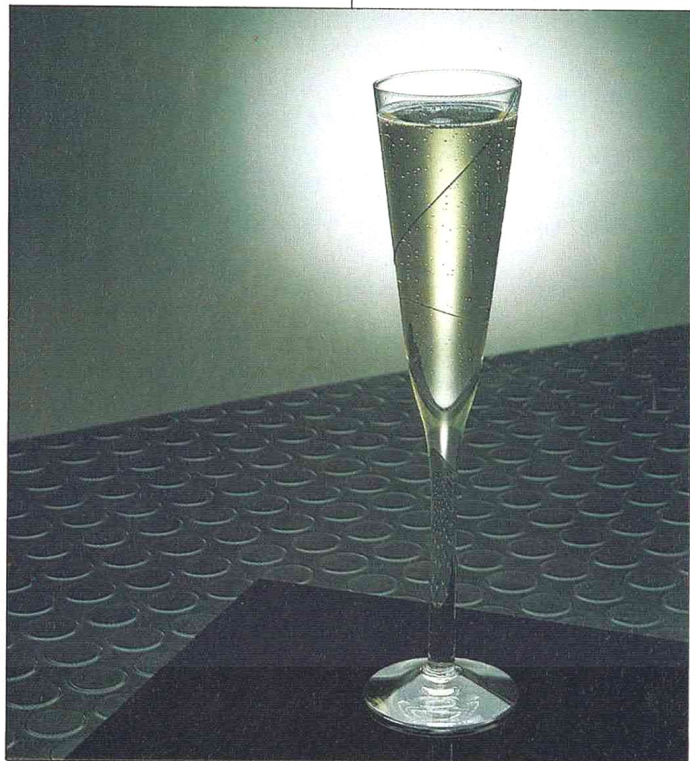
The 19th Century Tsarist court was an appropriate setting to witness the birth of the first tete de cuvee or cuvee speciale champagne, as the king of sparkling wines is called in France. In this fairyland, vacuum-sealed from the poverty, social unrest and oppression beyond, champagne had become as vin ordinaire.

In the early 1870s, Tsar Alexander II wrote to the firm of Louis Roederer and asked them to make a special cuvee for the exclusive consumption of his inner circle. In 1876, Roederer delivered the first bottle of Cristal, then as now contained in a clear bottle and made from the best grapes from the company's best vineyards. Until 1917, Roederer made up only small batches in vintage years for their one and only customer. After the deluge, Roederer put this first super deluxe drop on the market in severely limited quantities. The next special to be born was Dom Perignon, first made for VIP visitors to the Moet et Chandon Chateau and the immediate family of the owners. Packaged in a facsimile of an antique 17th Century champagne bottle, the commercial release of Dom Perignon, made from grapes from the 1921 vintage, marked the true market entry for prestige champagnes. However, it wasn't until a decade or two after the Second World War

that most champagne makers caught on to this new licence to print money.

With the exception of one, prestige champagnes are vintages. Most contain only pinot noir and chardonnay grapes, never pinot meunier, the third grape of champagne usually added to speed up maturity. Some top blends are blanc de blancs — exclusively made from chardonnay grapes. To distinguish them further, they are made from the first pressing of the grapes and left in longer contact with the yeast to produce greater complexity.

Most super-champers range in price from \$60 to quite a few ten dollar bills over \$100. In 1984, the US had worked up a consumption rate of 1.6 million bottles, or 15 percent of the world's supply. Australia squeezed into second place with a 20 percent rating.



Australian sparkling wines are not imitation champagnes

The world's top three sellers, in descending order, are Dom Perignon, Taittinger Comtes de Champagne and Perrier-Jouet's Fleur de Champagne.

Other supreme labels to commit to memory are: Bollinger R.D, Krug Grande Cuvee (the only non-vintage), Bollinger Grande Annee, Heidsieck Champagne Charlie, Deutz Cuvee William, Heidsieck Monopole Diamante Bleu, Laurent Perrier Cuvee Grand Siecle, Piper Heidsieck Reine France, Pommery Cuvee Louise, Pol Roger Special Reserve, Lanson Noble Cuvee and Veuve Clicquot La Grande Dame.

Until there was a sizeable audience willing to fork out top dollar for fine Australian sparkling wines, production of large quantities of labor-intensive methode champenoise wines would have been fiscally irresponsible. Today,

however, there's a fast track out there. The use of the words methode champenoise lets producers have it both ways: the champagne aura without using the term champagne.

Up until recently, pinot noir and chardonnay grapes, the classic champagne varieties, were not grown in great abundance in Australia. In the case of pinot noir this is still largely true, and although plantings of chardonnay have increased astronomically over the past five years, a glut there ain't.

Traditionally, many grape varieties have been used to make Australian sparkling wines — in fact, they still are. In the past 18 months, however, the old insult that our sparklers are far more immature than their French counterparts has been eroded away by longer maturing periods, better quality grapes and, although it may sound trivial, more sophisticated packaging.

No-one is Australia wants to make an imitation champagne — at least no-one is in print with this ambition. The soil, climate and conditions are different here and Australian fruit is rounder in taste. The new crop of Australian first-rate sparklers bypass the things their forebears have been criticised for — high alcohol, low acid and lack of finesse.

Indeed, it is time it was pointed out that supersonic or not, bone-dry, high acid champagne isn't to everyone's taste, nor fit for every occasion. If you come across an Australian sparkling wine that is more direct, more generous and nose open (read less dry), and like it... there you have the bottom line.

Of the recent releases, take a look at Bridgewater Mill, the Petaluma-Bollinger collaboration, Yalumba "D" and Seppelts Salinger. Although on the scene longer, other top sparklers include: Chateau Remy Cuvee Speciale Brut, Peter Lehmann Brut Absolut, Rosemount Estate Methode Champenoise, Seppelts Fleur de Lys, Hardy's Grand Reserve Dry Brut and Tyrrells Pinot Noir Brut. — Elisabeth King



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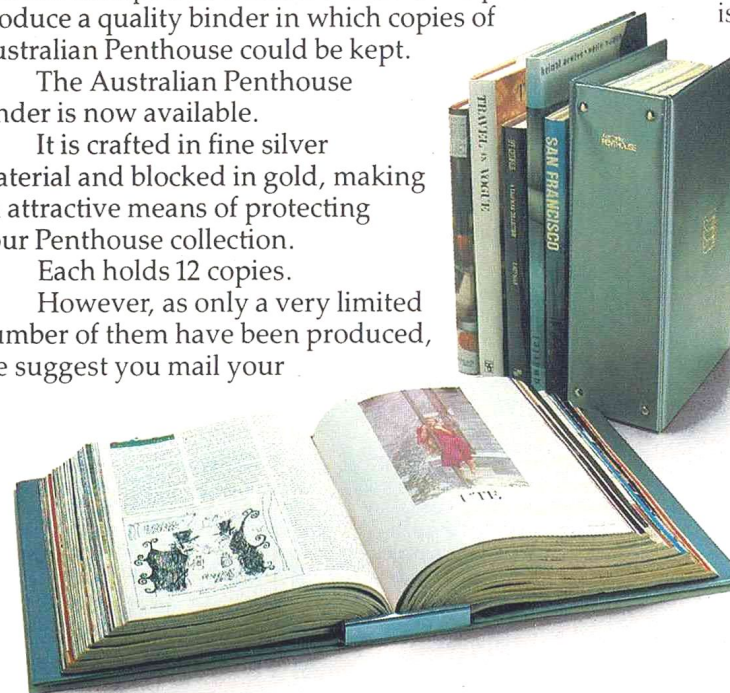
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SLOTH



Samuel B. Goldwyn, the Hollywood movie mogul who could mangle metaphors with the best of them, once turned down a megabuck deal with three little words. "Include me out," growled Sam baby, spitting out his cigar and reaching for another starlet.

This humble scribbler, who never knows where his next feed is coming from, let alone his next freebie, feels the same way about escapist weekends.

A fishing trip with the boys, for instance, is not my idea of bliss. I mean, you have to take your own grog and fish. Which you share with 10 million blowies, who are company, at least, for the mozzies in your sleeping bag. The tent leaks, of course, and no-one's brought an opener for the case of tinned food.

There are better ways to spend a weekend, believe me. You don't even have to flee the city. What about indulging yourself with a weekend in a swish hotel? Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth and Adelaide all boast five-star hotels which package these sybaritic weekends. They are not cheap — up to \$500 a double — but it sure beats beating around the bush.

That sort of money buys you the lot, including French champagne to wash it down with, at somewhere like Sydney's Hilton International.

I tried it recently, courtesy of the Hilton's genial manager, Willem Sprokkreeff. The same top-of-the-range package will cost you \$350 a double.

You get a deluxe room, a welcome bottle of bubbly, dinner in the upmarket San Francisco Grill, entry to Juliana's nightclub, a full breakfast and free car parking. You can, of course, go the whole hog and splurge another \$125 a night on a luxury suite — and I mean luxury. It's more like a penthouse suite.

If that's a bit too rich for your Bankcard blood, you can come down a few floors and settle for the Weekend Focus deal. A modest \$100 a night, single or twin oc-

cupancy, buys you a room, free welcome drink and a berth for your car. Splash out \$250 a night — again single or double — and you graduate to bubbly, a suite with a view and free parking.

Anyone wooing a woman can cut a dash with the \$185-a-night Romance Weekend. This buys bubbly when you arrive and again for breakfast, deluxe room and free parking. (In cheek-to-jowl Sydney, where city parking spots are as rare as kind-hearted parking coppers, the free parking alone is almost worth the pub bill.)

You won't be bored if you do a solo number at the Hilton. The several bars there, including the famed Marble Bar, always seem to

be knee-deep in great opportunities.

A word or two about the food in the San Francisco Grill. Anyone who enjoys haute cuisine, topped with unobtrusively good service, could easily leave his heart there.

For starters, the menu is big. But not so big as to boggle the brain. The poor old gray matter has enough on its plate, what with worrying about the extensive wine list.

I'm one of these people who believe that too many chef's choices can easily spoil the broth of hunger's imagination. Keep it fairly simple, I say. Half a dozen entrees, four or five mains and pile up the dessert trolley, Andre!

Three hours later, waddling out

of the restaurant, I wished I'd stuck to my guns. Old Garbage Guts had to try a bit of everything.

My dining companion was amazed at my spirit of adventure. "You tried everything, but everything, on all my plates," she smiled sweetly.

This doesn't explain the queer looks from the folk at the next table. They got quite funny about swapping a bit of my superb crayfish for a bite of their roast fillet of beef. I should have known better. One doesn't indulge in culinary larrikinism in a restaurant like the San Francisco Grill. Stick to your own grazing patch if you go there. There's even live music — a romantic violin — to soothe the savage beast.

Don't miss the seafood. The oysters and fish of the day are fresh enough to club. Use the base from your plank steak. Or the steak itself. They're certainly big enough.

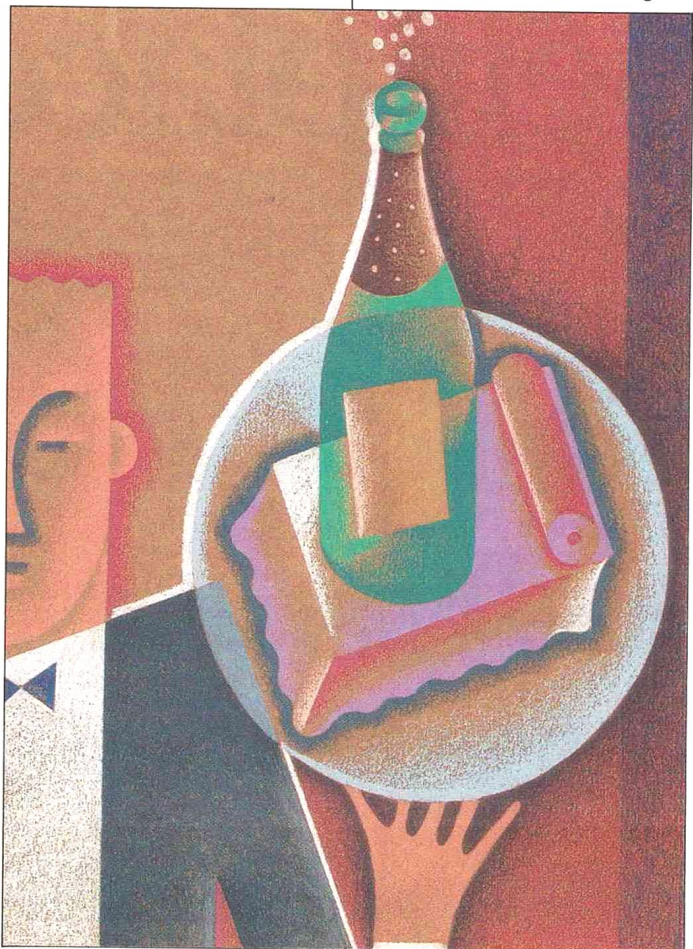
Regular patrons get their own monogrammed serviette rings. Eat your heart out, Basil Fawlty.

They wouldn't let bumbling Basil into the champagne bar next door to the grill. There's not a lukewarm gin in sight. The chilled French bubbly prices start at around \$55 a pop. Take your pick of 21 brands.

It's the same story in Juliana's nightclub, a short stagger away. Poor old Basil would have to join the other wallflowers down the road at the RSL's grab-a-granny dance. Juliana's is a swinging singles late nightery — it's open until 3am — where the midnight cowboys/girls of more mature age rage, fuelled by all that expensive bubbly.

And so to bed, finally. Have to be up in four hours for that whopping great breakfast. Washed down, of course, by more (burp) bubbly. Life's not easy on the 35th floor of Sydney's Hilton International.

You can make a booking with the Sydney Hilton on 266 0610. Hiltons in Melbourne, Perth, Adelaide and Brisbane offer similar deals. — *Rob Dingle*



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This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

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THE BROTHERHOOD

What do Australia's Freemasons have to hide?

BY DR GEOFFREY E. SMITH

Imagine a large, rectangular-shaped room dimly lit by three sets of flickering candles. The floor is covered by a black and white chequer-board patterned carpet with a large blazing star in the centre. At the far end of the room lies an opened coffin containing a skeleton. Suspended above the coffin is a square piece of parchment emblazoned with the letter "G." A group of men, mostly middle-aged, surrounds the coffin; they are chanting some strange incantation. Each of the men wears a

white sheep-skin apron over his sober business suit; some also wear gaudy sashes covered with jewels.

Meanwhile, another man — the "Initiate" — has been brought into the room and dragged over to the coffin. His outer clothing has been removed. He wears only socks, his left shoe and a shirt. The shirt has been unbuttoned to reveal the left breast, and the right sleeve has been rolled up to the elbow. A hangman's noose encircles his neck and he is blindfolded. Kneeling before the open coffin, the initi-

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT MARSHALL

BROTHERHOOD

ate learns the name of "the true God of the Universe." But immediately after this revelation, and as a dagger is pressed against his breast, the initiate must swear a fearful oath. If he ever reveals what he has learnt to an outsider then "my tongue will be torn out by the roots; my heart will be taken from my breast; my bowels will be burnt to ashes and the top of my skull sliced off."

This isn't a scene from the Dark Ages or some Hollywood melodrama. It's a Masonic initiation rite — familiar to tens of thousands of Australians who are members of the "Brotherhood." Indeed, whether you live in a capital city or a country town, there will be a Masonic Lodge or "Temple" near you, and many of your friends or acquaintances will be practicing Masons.

Freemasonry, which embraces some 170,000 members throughout Australia, is a secret society. Every Mason has sworn on pain of death and ghastly mutilation not to reveal Masonic secrets to outsiders, who are known to brethren as the "profane."

I am not a Mason and until recently had no interest at all in the "Brotherhood." But I now believe that Freemasonry has a very potent influence on life in Australia, for both good and ill.

Undoubtedly, Masonic Lodges contribute generously to many charities. And most of the Masons interviewed for this article

insisted that the "Brotherhood" was nothing more than a sort of social club where they could meet with friends and enjoy themselves. But why the rituals and the blood-thirsty oaths? Why the secrecy? I believe the secret workings of Masonry are used to manipulate deals; to influence the actions of police, lawyers and judges; and to determine the chances for promotion of many people in the professions, the civil service and business.

The chief recruiting ground for Freemasons is the white-collar class, and it is clear that a high proportion of these people, occupying key roles in Australian society — lawyers, doctors, civil servants, bank managers and so on — are Freemasons. In certain fields nowadays the disadvantages of being left out of the "club" are regarded by many people as too serious even to contemplate.

Masons do not like anyone investigating their society. Fortunately, a book was recently published in England — *The Brotherhood* by Stephen Knight — which is neither a commendation nor a condemnation of Freemasonry, but which nonetheless makes very interesting reading. Knight demonstrated clearly that Masonry has a considerable influence on life in Britain; does it have a similar impact in this country?

In Australia, the Masons have to single you out and invite you to join before you

can get a look in. (The contrary applies in England.) If you make the first approach, you may well be turned down. A son of a Freemason — a Lewis — can join the brotherhood at the age of 18; otherwise you have to be 21. You must be able to write and you shouldn't have any physical deformity which would prevent you from taking part in any Masonic ritual.

Well, I can write and I've no serious deformities, so why has no-one ever invited me?

The book of Masonic "etiquette," under a heading: "Who are fit and proper persons to be made Masons?" suggests: "One excellent test to be applied is this: Is the proposed Candidate one whom we would unhesitatingly admit to our own home, and introduce to our own family circle with confidence?" Pretty vague directions. However, the *Book Of Constitutions* then goes on to warn against the great discredit and injury likely to be brought upon "our ancient and honorable Fraternity by the admission of undesirable members." To avoid this, it suggests "strict inquiry into the characters and qualifications of persons wishful to become members."

So, a Masonic Lodge "spots" a potential member, then makes exhaustive inquiries into his lifestyle and background. If these pass muster, a direct approach is made to the candidate. At this point the lucky candidate knows nothing of Masonry, since all the brethren have sworn never to reveal the secrets of the society to outsiders. What, then, is the great attraction in joining the "club"? What is Freemasonry supposed to be all about? Now, believe it or not, here is what the candidate is told: "Freemasonry is a Science which comprehends the principles, practices, and institutions of a secret brotherhood existing in all parts of the world, and known universally by the generic name of Freemasons. All Freemasons believe in the existence of a Supreme Being known as the Great Architect of the Universe (TGAOTU). Ancient Masonry consists of three degrees and no more — those of the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft and the Master Mason. Freemasonry is a system of morality the peculiarities of which are veiled from the uninstructed and popular world by allegorical teaching and symbolic illustration. Freemasonry is a philosophic or speculative science, derived from, and issuing out of, an operative art. It is a science of symbolism."

It's now clear why I was never invited to join the Masons. Even if my background had passed scrutiny, and I'd been identified as a possible candidate, I can't imagine anyone giving me the "official" explanation of what Freemasonry was all about. I'd have lapsed into uncontrollable laughter. But — and here's the crunch — I now find I'm in the minority. To take my own profession as an example, more than 50 percent of male dentists in Australia are practising Freemasons. So too are a simi-

lar proportion of doctors. And they all entered the brotherhood on the basis of an explanation which could only be described as childish mumbo-jumbo.

Australian Freemasons publish a number of periodicals such as *The Victorian Mason*; these aren't secret and it's quite easy to get hold of copies. They give the impression of a pretty prosperous group of do-gooders whose chief interest is raising money for charities and other worthwhile causes. The pages of the magazines are full of detailed reports of ladies' nights, golfing competitions, bring and buy sales and so on. Yet there are plenty of organisations such as the Round Table, Lions Clubs and Rotary Clubs which have a similar type of membership to the Masons but are not obsessed with secret oaths and strange rituals. Of course, many Lions and Rotarians are also members of the "Brotherhood", so perhaps the chief appeal of Masonry is to be found in its mystical aspects.

Masonic rituals are held in a "Temple." The wealthier Lodges build their own Temples; others hold meetings in hotels or public rooms rented for the occasion. Either way, the Temple has its special "Ornaments", "Furniture" and "Jewels" which all play a role in the ceremonies.

The Master's chair in the Temple must be placed to the East, while the Senior Warden's Chair must be to the West. The "Furniture" of the Temple comprises "The Sacred Volume of Law", the "Compasses" and the "Square." The "Ornaments" of the Temple are the black and white "Mosaic Pavement" which covers the floor; it must have an "Indented Border" and a "Blazing Star" or "Glory" emblazoned in the centre. The "Jewels" of the Temple comprise "Three Movable and Three Immovable." The Movable Jewels are another Square, a Level and a Plumb-Rule; they are called movable because they are worn by the Master and his Wardens. The Immovable Jewels are the "Tracing Board" and the "Rough" and "Perfect" Ashlars.

Each Lodge has three different tracing boards representing the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd degrees of Masonry. Only one board is displayed in the Temple at any one time. The Rough Ashlar is a roughly hewn piece of stone and it sits on the Junior Warden's pedestal. The Perfect Ashlar is a stone of "true die or square" and it is placed on the Senior Warden's pedestal. Also in the Temple must be three Great Pillars — Ionic, Doric and Corinthian columns representing Wisdom, Strength and Beauty respectively. In addition, these columns are dedicated to Solomon, King of Israel; Hiram, King of Tyre; and Hiram Abiph, the chief architect of the Temple of Solomon.

The reason for all these strange devices is that the main rituals in Freemasonry are all involved with the legend of King Solomon's Temple. For example, the myth mimed in the Master Mason's degree is the

murder of Hiram Abiph by three apprentices because he refused to reveal Masonic secrets. The would-be Master Mason has to die in the same way as Hiram Abiph and then be "resurrected" into Masonry. And, according to the myth mimed in the "Ceremony of the Royal Arch", a crypt is discovered in the foundations of a ruined Temple in which is found the "Omnific Word" — the lost name of God.

Around Australia, tens of thousands of grown men, many of them with considerable standing in the community, act out weird ceremonies in Masonic Temples each month. During the rituals they solemnly take blood-curdling oaths of secrecy and, above all else, total loyalty to fellow brethren. Indeed, a Mason swears on bended knee and on pain of being "severed in two" to "assist in adversity" a fellow Mason and "save him from sinking."

When a candidate is initiated into the brotherhood he learns the secret signs by which he can recognise fellow Masons. For example, the "Mason Word", which should not be written, is MAHABYN.

In any written examination, or when filling out a form, a Mason will write a capital A in the form of the brotherhood's square and compasses symbol, thus: A

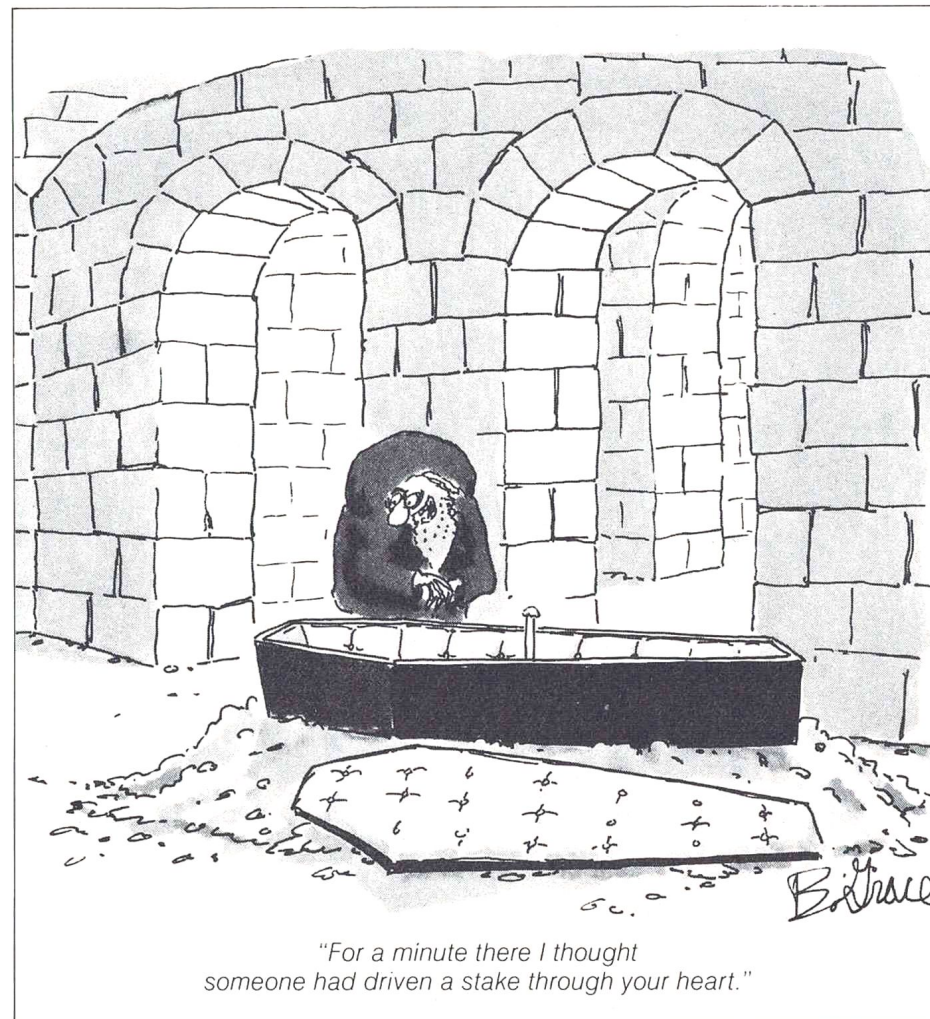
Such a sign is meaningless to a non-Mason, but immediately recognisable to a "brother." Perhaps you should try it next time you're applying for a loan.

Other secret signs involve the feet and

the handshake. Someone standing with his heels together and toes apart, ie "forming a square", is proclaiming himself a Mason. There are three basic handshakes in daily use, one for each of the three degrees. The Entered Apprentice applies pressure with his right thumb on the knuckles of the other man's forefinger. The Fellow Craft does the same thing with the second knuckle. The Master Mason applies pressure with his right thumb between the knuckles of the other's middle and third finger.

Although an Initiate declares on his honor that he offers himself as a candidate "uninfluenced by mercenary or other unworthy motives", there is little doubt that many businessmen who become Masons do so in the belief that it will assist them in business — and it usually does.

But how else could the brotherhood affect life in Australia? Since Stephen King published his book about the secret world of Freemasons in England, Masons around the world have been instructed not to talk to journalists about their "craft." In fact, the United Grand Lodge of England issued the following warning to all affiliated Lodges: "We have nothing to hide and certainly nothing to be ashamed of, but we object to having our affairs investigated by outsiders. We would be able to answer many of the questions likely to be asked, if not all of them, but we have found that silence is the best practice. Comment or correc-



BROTHERHOOD

tion only breeds further enquiry and leads to the publicity we seek to avoid. We respect and do not comment on the attitudes of other organisations. It is unfortunate that sometimes they are less respectful of ours. If therefore any of you is approached by any reporter, you will only be carrying out our practice if you gently decline to comment. Do not be drawn into argument or defence. Remember the Ancient Charge: Behavior in Presence of Strangers, Not Masons: *You shall be cautious in your words and carriage, that the most penetrating stranger shall not be able to discover or find out what is not proper to be intimated; and sometimes you shall divert a discourse and manage it prudently for the honor of the worshipful fraternity.*"

This warning was issued by the Pro Grand Master, Brother the Right Honorable the Earl Cadogan, and obviously I have as a non-Mason found it quite difficult to obtain a great deal of information about the brotherhood. And why should I even try, you may ask.

About two years ago, I found out quite by accident that a large proportion of senior dentists belonged to a secret society called Delta Sigma Delta. Since I'd been qualified for nearly 30 years, the discovery of such an organisation came as quite a shock to me. After all, what have dentists got to be secretive about?

Delta Sigma Delta is a society of dentists, exclusively male, with English Freemasonry connections. It is led by a Grand Master, displays its own coat of arms and requires its members to take an oath of secrecy. Membership is by invitation only, and the society does not produce a public membership list. There are about 7000 dentists in Australia, but only 250 are members of DSD — in other words, around 3.5 percent of the total.

But here's the interesting thing: three-fifths of the dentists on the Federal Executive are members of DSD, and its members also figure heavily on most State and Federal Councils of the Dental Association as well as State Dental Boards — the watchdogs of professional ethics.

The Victorian Master of Delta Sigma Delta, Dr Ewan Deane, who is also registrar of the Dental Board, describes the society as "a membership of like-minded men dedicated to advancing dentistry. It is in day to day life that members have influence over other people. Delta Sigs by virtue of their prominence and dedication are leaders of the profession."

But why should dentists wish to have "influence" over other people? And surely, an organisation which chooses to operate in secrecy has the potential to divide the profession. In addition, Delta Sigma Delta could manipulate dentists, since either by accident or design, most of the powerful

positions within the profession are now occupied by members of an exclusive society. If this can happen in dentistry, could it also occur in other professions and sections of the "Establishment"?

What struck me most forcibly when I interviewed a number of Masons for this article was that they didn't seem to know as much about certain aspects of Freemasonry as I did. For example, the majority of Masons apparently believe there are only three degrees in the brotherhood, and anyone who becomes a Master Mason has reached the top of the Masonic ladder. But this simply isn't true. Not only was Stephen Knight able to identify 30 higher degrees in Masonry, but the names of these "exalted" orders appear in the official Masonic Publication — *Freemasonry And Etiquette* by William Campbell-Everden.

How is it that "ordinary" Masons either do not know about, or refuse to acknowledge, the existence of 30 "exalted"

Private information on *anyone* could be accessed rapidly through Masonic contacts. Perhaps he has financial problems, or some secret vice

orders of Freemasonry? Surely this makes nonsense of the claim that the Masons are not a secret society. And, if the vast majority of the brotherhood never rise above the 3rd degree, what is the purpose of 30 higher degrees? Could it be that as in the army, the craft Masons are the rank and file while the exalted orders form a chain of command from Second Lieutenant to Field Marshal?

If this is the case then two questions come to mind. First, do craft Masons realise that they really have a very low status in the brotherhood? Second, does such an organisation as Freemasonry have any role at all in a democratic society? After all, we are supposed to elect our leaders. And they are supposed to be accountable to Parliament and the people. It is conceivable that Freemasonry could put considerable power into the hands of people who are totally unknown to the rest of us.

In England, corruption amongst Scotland Yard detectives mushroomed during the Sixties. Finally, in 1972, Sir Robert Mark "cleaned up" the Yard. And one of the worst of the corrupt detectives was Detective Chief Superintendent William Moody.

After he'd been jailed for 12 years, the Yard admitted that Moody had been a very active Freemason who belonged to a Lodge in Cobham, Surrey. Also members of that same Lodge were a group of well-known pornographers on whom the police had files.

Would a Masonic policeman show special favors to a Masonic criminal? I put this question to a young member of the Victorian Police Force who had recently joined the Masons. At first he was obviously embarrassed by the question, but then admitted that he hadn't given it a lot of thought. I pressed the point: "If a suspect indicated to you that he was a Mason, would that make any difference to the way you handled the case?"

"Yes, it probably would," he admitted.

"In what respect?"

"Well, I'm not really sure. But, if you're pressing me, I'd say that I would probably have a talk with one of my superiors."

"And he would be a Mason?" I suggested.

"Of course."

"Are many of your superiors Masons?"

"Most of them, yes."

How many Australian policemen are Masons? Unfortunately it's almost impossible to find out. According to Stephen Knight, only 14 out of 52 Chief Constables in Britain are non-Masons, and it appears that around 60 percent of all policemen in the UK are Masons. In addition, a majority of lawyers, barristers and judges there belong to the brotherhood. In London many barristers are members of the "Bar Golfing Society", but they don't play much golf; the name is a childish code for a particular Masonic Lodge. Finally, the governing body of the 41,000 solicitors in England and Wales is the Law Society — and more than 90 percent of the male staff of the Society are ardent Freemasons.

Before anyone is accepted as a candidate for Masonry their background is thoroughly investigated. And the brotherhood, both in England and Australia, is a nationwide organisation of men who can, if they wish, provide one of the most efficient private intelligence networks imaginable. Private information on *anyone* could be accessed very rapidly through Masonic contacts — police, magistrates, solicitors, bank managers, Post Office staff, doctors, government employees and bosses of private firms. A dossier of personal data regarding an individual could be built up rapidly, and when the major facts of a man's life are known, areas of vulnerability become obvious. Perhaps he has financial problems, or some secret vice.

If anyone offended the brotherhood life could become very difficult for them. Masonic police could harass, arrest on false charges, even plant evidence. Masons might bring about a situation where banks and credit companies withdrew credit facilities. Banks could foreclose. Employers could be given private information about



Bag a Stag.

Tooheys Stag Premium Lager.
If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



BROTHERHOOD

a man who made himself an enemy of Masonry. At worst he could be dismissed or consistently passed over for promotion.

The brotherhood undoubtedly has the potential to do harm. Yet most Masons will strenuously deny this possibility and stress that Freemasonry is founded upon "the purest principles of piety and virtue." The aim of the brotherhood, they say, is "to help others and its noble gifts are intended for the benefit of others." One Mason told me that his society represented the highest expression of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity; and its true meaning has been described as the building of every part of a man into a spiritual house fit for the habitation of God." But what God? Whose God?

The Masonic God, usually described as The Great Architect of the Universe (TGAOTU), does have a specific name and nature and it has nothing to do with Christ, Buddha, Mohammed or any other being recognised by the great faiths of the world. The name of the Masonic God is only revealed to 3rd Degree Masons who are "exalted" to the rite of the Holy Royal Arch. Only about one-fifth of Master Masons are "exalted" and learn the name of the "God", which is:

JAH-BUL-ON

The syllables of the name represent:

JAH — Jahweh, God of the Hebrews.
BUL — Baal, the ancient Canaanite god of fertility and magic.

ON — Osiris, the Egyptian god of the underworld.

Why does a respectable body of men accept as a "sacred" name a mongrel word in part composed of the names of two heathen Gods?

Even more mysterious is the fact that some Masonic orders claim to be exclusively Christian, yet they still worship JAH-BULON. One of these Christian orders of Masonry is "The Knights Templar." The history of this ancient order is well-documented, and it is bizarre to say the least.

In the year 1099AD the city of Jerusalem was finally freed from Moslem rule by the Crusaders. At that time it wasn't only knights, squires and soldiers who set out from Western Europe for the Holy Land. Thousands of people made the long journey as pilgrims, and often they were attacked on the way. In 1119AD, nine knights led by Hugues de Payns and Godeffroi de St Omer arrived in Jerusalem and announced that they would devote their lives to protecting pilgrims and some of the Christian shrines in the city. They called themselves "The Poor Knights of Christ" and were given quarters in the al-Aqsa Mosque which had been built by the Moslems within the precincts of the Temple of Solomon, which itself had been to-

tally destroyed in 587BC by the Babylonians. The knights used the crypts of the old Temple as their stables.

Over the next 20 years, the "Poor" knights became the "Templars" and they became enormously rich. They owed allegiance to none but their order, and the Grand Master counted himself as important as any king. Soon, and in all the countries of Western Europe, the Templars established themselves as rich, powerful and inviolate. They ruled vast estates and established the first international chain of banking houses. They were brilliant engineers and built several hundred castles.

As the power and wealth of the Knights of the Temple grew, so too did their interest in mysticism. And before long the entire order was worshipping BAPHOMET — a composite demon god with the head and hooves of a goat, human hands, female breasts, a scaled green belly, and sexual organs consisting of a penis and a vulva, as in a hermaphrodite. BAPHOMET sat on a cube and its feet rested on a sphere, representing the world.

When initiated a Knight Templar had to spit upon, then trample underfoot, the Cross, crying as he did so: "*Je te renonce Jesu*" — "I renounce you Jesus." He was then stripped naked and led in to meet BAPHOMET, while his colleagues cried "Yalla, Yalla." Then followed a male orgy, for the Templars were sodomites.

How do we know about the "Templar

Heresy"? Early in the 14th Century Philippe le Bel, King of France, became very short of money and decided to replenish his treasury at the expense of the Templars. He reported to Pope Clement V the terrible blasphemies carried out by the Templars, and after submitting proof of his claims was given permission to lead a Holy Crusade against them.

In Paris, the headquarters of the Templars was in a castle called "The Temple", and the Grand Master of the Order, Jacques de Molay, lived there. One night in July 1307, King Philippe invited all the Knights Templar in Paris to an entertainment at the Louvre; when they arrived he arrested them. They were all tried for heresy, terribly tortured and finally burnt at the stake.

The Templars in Paris were wiped out quite easily, but it was many years before the rest of the Templars were finally destroyed. The last group to be defeated held out for 20 years in a string of castles in the south of France. Not only were the Knights Templar destroyed, but the Order was proscribed in every country in Europe except Scotland.

The great treasure of the Templars, which they were supposed to have found in the ruins of the Temple of Solomon, was never found. Thousands of Templars, although ruthlessly tortured, took the secret to their graves.

Now, many Masons believe that "modern" Masonry started in 1600AD when John Boswell, Laird of Auchenleck, established a Lodge in Edinburgh. Remember, Scotland was the only country in Europe which had not outlawed the Knights Templar, and not surprisingly, many historians have suggested that modern Masonry evolved in part from the rituals and beliefs of the Knights Templar.

Any individual, no matter how talented or determined, finds it almost impossible to change the status quo — whether it be in politics, the arts or the sciences. Of course there are exceptions, but in the main there is strength in numbers. As a result, and in every age, there have been secret societies made up of like-minded men concerned with the control and manipulation of power. And many of these organisations have, to greater or lesser degrees, been involved with rituals and "magic."

The Masons, despite what they might say, are a secret society. The brotherhood has established a very powerful position in most areas of the "Establishment." They claim they would never abuse this power, but let's look at a few scenarios.

Scenario One: Masonic Lodge X is situated in a small country town in NSW. Most of the "worthy" men in the town are Masons — the shop-keepers and merchants, the farmers, the doctor, dentist and pharmacist, and the bank managers. None of them takes the Masonic rituals too serious-

ly, but they all enjoy the comradeship and mutually beneficial opportunities that membership of the brotherhood provides. No real harm in any of this.

But the members of the Lodge may be manipulated. Suppose a message comes down from the Regional Grand Master suggesting that all the Masons at Lodge X are expected to vote for Joe Bloggs in a forthcoming election. After all, Joe is a brother of good standing. In these circumstances, who do the brothers in Lodge X vote for?

Or suppose a new doctor arrives in town. He isn't a Mason. He might be a nice bloke, but is he going to find it easy to establish a practice?

Scenario Two: In 1981, a Masonic conspiracy of gigantic proportions rocked Italy. The "P 2 Lodge" scandal involved corruption, blackmail and murder, and it brought down the government of Premier Arnaldo Forlani.

P 2 was the code-name for Masonic Lodge Propaganda Due. Its members included some of the most important men in Italy — from business, politics, the armed forces and the secret service. All members had sworn allegiance to a man called Licio Gelli. What the Grand Master Gelli demanded, and got, from his members were secrets . . . official secrets which he could use to consolidate and extend his power, and personal secrets which were used to blackmail others into joining P 2. Gelli first came to the notice of the police

when his friend and fellow P 2 member, Michele Sindona, Italy's most powerful private banker, fled to the United States leaving a financial crisis behind him. It was eventually discovered that P 2 had combined business and politics with the intention of totally destroying the country's constitutional order.

On 18 June, 1982 the body of a middle-aged man was found hanging by the neck from a rope suspended beneath Blackfriars Bridge, London. It was Roberto Calvi, president of Italy's Banco Ambrosiano, who the previous year had been named as a leading member of P 2. In the pockets of the dead man's suit the police found 12 pounds of builder's bricks, and the noose around Calvi's neck was tied in a Masonic "cable-tow." In Italy, the logo of the "Brotherhood" is the figure of a Black Friar.

Scenario Three: In his book *Jack The Ripper — The Final Solution*, Stephen Knight shows how the murders of five prostitutes in the East End of London in 1888 were perpetrated not by one person but by three men operating together for a specific purpose. The victims shared a dangerous secret and had to be silenced. The prostitutes had learnt that Prince Albert, grandson of Queen Victoria and Heir Presumptive to the Throne, had illegally married and fathered a child by a Roman Catholic com-

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EXTERIORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

For Linda Johnson, the female form is her canvas — she's a make-up artist and stylist. "I love to help women realise the seductress that exists beneath even the most timid exterior," she says. "Women respond extremely well to my gentle brand of coaxing." Men, too.





To Linda the importance of a good presentation is "as plain as the nose on your face." But even she admits there are times when she relaxes her emphasis on people's exteriors. "Men can't fool *me* that easily," she says.





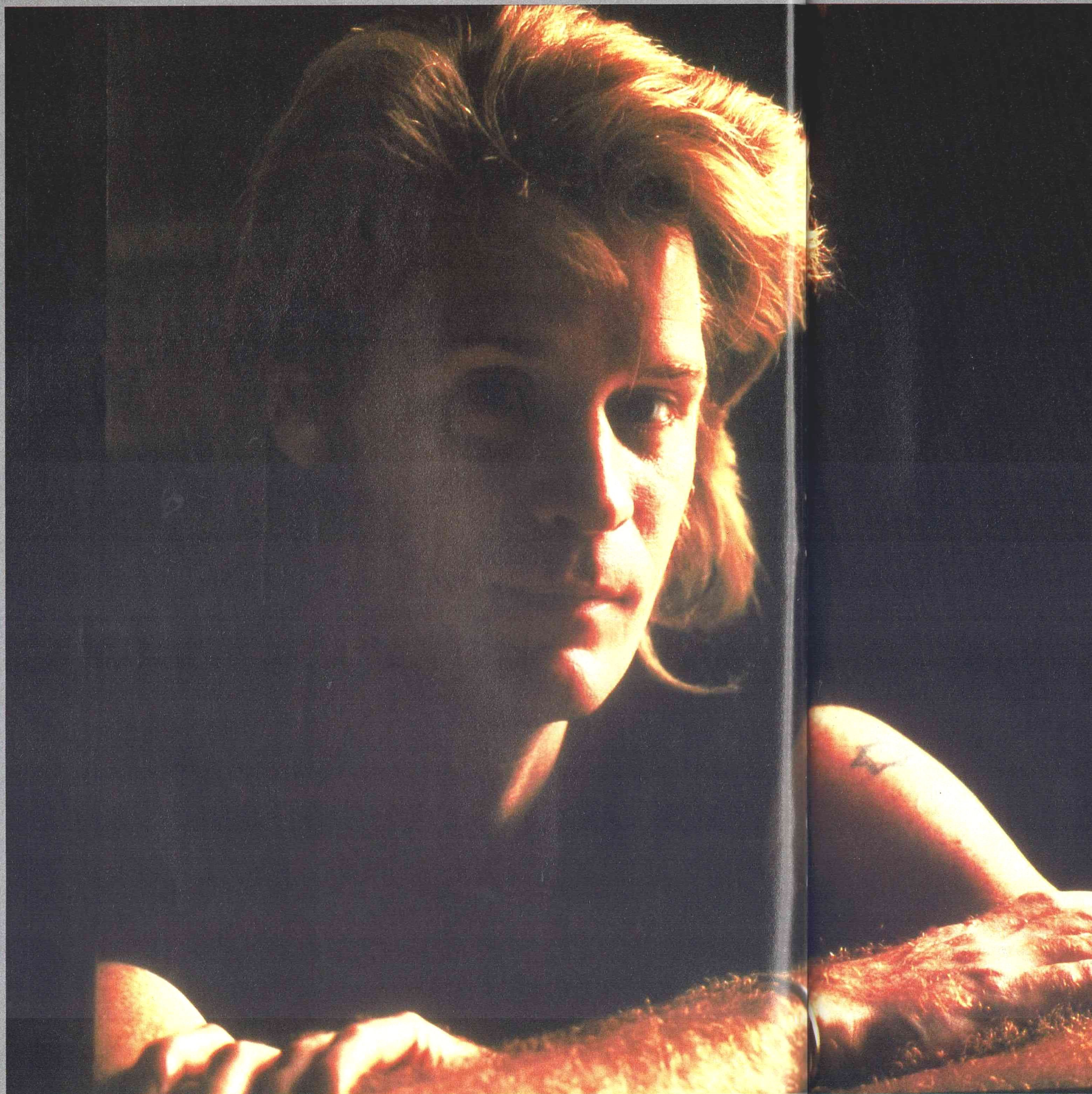
At 20 years of age, Linda's dancing helps her keep trim and in *great* shape. Pop tunes are her favorite numbers for workouts. "But when I'm alone, heavy metal stokes a more primeval passion . . ."



"Posing for *Penthouse* was an incredible turn-on. With every click of the shutter I got more and more excited. I kept thinking, 'How am I doing? How does it look?' Believe me, I put a lot into these shots."

○✚





DARYL HALL'S MAGIC

**Daryl Hall has utilised soul sorcery
to make record chart history**

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

Do you believe in magic? It's a question at least as old as rock'n'roll, which originally was the American black man's euphemism in the rural South for moderation-scoring music, unbridled sex, and sinful sorcery. For Daryl Hall, one half of the renowned rock duo Daryl Hall & John Oates, the answer is yes. And it's an intriguing admission not entirely isolated from the fact that Hall & Oates have swiftly risen since 1980 to become the most popular duo in the history of the record charts, easily eclipsing such fruitful forerunners as the Everly Brothers and Simon And Garfunkel on the strength of such huge hits as "I Can't Go For That (No Can Do)", "Maneater," "Out of Touch" and "Adult Education."

It's no accident, as far as the slim, fair-haired Hall is concerned, that the enshrinement of his distinctive silky-sharp vocal style in the rock 'n' roll pantheon overlapped with his initiation into the realms of magic. Indeed, his greatest professional strides coincided with his decision six years ago

PHOTO BY IAN HOOTON

MAGIC

to finally put his protracted metaphysical inquiries to practical, dynamic use.

To understand what this means, it's useful to imagine, as does rock 'n' roll soul singer Daryl Hall, a world in which the will holds absolute sway. In such an environment, there are no accidents of any kind; all occurrences, no matter how monumental or microscopic, take place solely because some singular human presence wills them to happen.

This concept is called "magic." Before Christianity, before paganism, before religion, before belief itself, it is said to have been the primary spiritual instrument of existence.

"It has to do with the development of the brain, from the lowly swimming lizard to that of modern man," says Hall. "As the physics and metaphysics of intelligence evolved, the brain retained an awareness of all these stages — and their source of power. If you can get in touch with those parts of the brain — the 90 percent human beings never use — you can perceive, function, and really flourish in different levels of reality.

"Like any source of power, it's got potential for bad or good," he continues, arranging his rangy frame in the backseat of a stretch limousine as it slips through Manhattan's Central Park. "But that per-

sonal power is definitely there if you want to find it. As a kid, I used to devour all the books on King Arthur and European history and fantasy; I tried to learn from their essential philosophy, which was: Mold your world, don't let it mold you.

"Around 1974, I graduated into the occult, and spent a solid six or seven years immersed in the cabala and the Chaldean, Celtic, and druidic traditions, [and] ancient techniques of focusing the inner flame, the will that can create unimagined things and transform your individual universe. I also became fascinated with Aleister Crowley, the 19th Century British magician who shared these beliefs.

"I ran all of this through my own brain, discarded anything my intuition told me was crackpot or crazy, and after 1980 I began applying all these concepts, focusing the power of my own soul."

Hall pauses, his head bowed. His thin fingers draw his dense blond mane back from his face to reveal a smiling expression of enigmatic serenity.

"And, I mean, look at what's just happened," he asserts, referring to an afternoon spent shooting a cable TV special at Harlem's legendary Apollo Theatre with former Temptations Eddie Kendricks and David Ruffin. "When I was a teenager breaking into singing back in Philadelphia, all I wanted to do was meet the Temptations and play the Apollo! By the mid-Sixties, I was actually friends with the

Temptations — and Paul Williams, their lead singer, bought each of the guys in my group a magenta sharkskin stage suit! After another admittedly uneven ten years or so, John Oates and I were making our own contributions to rock and soul as Hall & Oates — with the big breakthrough, as it turns out, coming in 1980 . . ."

Which was when the commercially faltering Hall & Oates, following a string of coolly received LPs, elected to produce themselves for the first time. On his part, Hall put every ounce of psychic determinism he could muster into the material. The result was *Voices* — and four hit singles.

"And now," continues Hall, "we've just finished headlining the Apollo with the Temptations' two top vocalists. My dreams have come full circle, and I figure I've somehow learned how to harness the mind-over-matter equation."

So it's all a testament to the applied power of positive thinking?

"Well, it's a bit more than that," he says cautiously. "I had to pinpoint what the 'it' I was seeking to channel was, and I did, although there's no word or name for it."

In 1977 Daryl Hall took time out from his commitments to Hall & Oates to attempt a solo musical synthesis of his personal philosophies. Entitled *Sacred Songs*, the record explored the ancient Gnostic Christian concept that, as Hall puts it, "The act of creating reality corrupts it; the minute you sing a song you've diminished it, because it goes from pure idea to profane, material fact." His record company seemed to be on the same wavelength. *Sacred Songs*, produced by gifted guitarist Robert Fripp (another musician with a mystical bent), was to languish in the vaults of RCA Records until 1980, when a massive influx of letters from disgruntled fans moved the label to release it — to critical raves.

Now, on this breezy autumn afternoon in New York City, Hall revealed that he was about to put Hall & Oates on hold for an indeterminate time to once again "outrage myself, break out into a new beginning, redefine my imagination."

Hall had arranged a rendezvous in Paris in October of 1985 with producer-composer Dave Stewart, partner with Annie Lennox in the Eurythmics and also a sober inquirer into mysticism. Hall and Dave pattered in Paris' Grand Armee Studio, weeding through the material that would become Hall's second solo outing, *Three Hearts In The Happy Ending Machine*.

Upon its completion a year later, there were no corporate misgivings at RCA about Hall's experimentation. Released immediately, *Three Hearts* was an instant hit.

"It's fair to say that *Three Hearts* is an autobiographical record for Daryl," says Tom "T-Bone" Wolk, the skillful bassist and arranger for Hall & Oates since 1981 and the third member of the *Three Hearts* production team. "For someone so tapped into the spiritual and magical aspects of

music, the album represents a major leap forward in terms of capturing the difficulties he's gone through recently as well as the sense of gratification he'd struggled for so long to grasp.

"He was much more open during the making of this record than I've ever seen him," Wolk adds, "and it has continued over to his everyday life. When you delve into his background, you realise he's got a remarkable story to tell."

And Hall's willing, perhaps for the first time, to do the telling. A guarded, prudent personality, he feels he's been burned frequently in his encounters with chroniclers of his professional passage. There was the "fag baiting" he and Oates were subjected to in 1975 because of the ill-advised effeminate silver-and-black face painting on their *Daryl Hall & John Oates* LP. Then came outright critical dismissal during the fallow period prior to *Voices*. Most recently, it's been the allegations that best friend John Oates is the lesser among equals in their collaboration.

"I don't appreciate praise at John's expense," Daryl states bluntly. "We know how hard we work together, and our separate paths for now will just help keep our special bond special."

"The underlying theme of all my lyrics with Hall & Oates has been 'Let things go; move on to fresh territory.' John is off considering his own solo record and some movie and producing projects, things he wanted to discover about himself. Neither of us fear change — and I can't stand to live without it. It's significant that I get along with John, because as a kid I couldn't get along with anybody, felt like an outcast, hated school. I thought I was from Mars, so I came to loathe the past. There always seemed a good reason to not remember any of it. Now I can go back into it, as far back as it's possible to go and then some. Now the past makes me strong."

He was born Daryl Franklin Hohl on October 11, 1949, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, the only son of Walter Franklin Hohl, a foreman-turned-administrator in a dye-casting factory, and the former Betty Mae Wanner. Daryl grew up in Cedarville, a small village abutting the Amish farm country of Chester County. On his mother's side, he was descended from the Huguenots of Alsace-Lorraine and Bavaria, whose ancestral line can be traced back to 790 AD. The Wanners were the elite officers of kings, mayors of towns that bore his name, traders of gold and silver, and honored churchmen in the cathedrals of imperial Germany.

On his father's side, the family tree encompasses still more noblemen and preachers, plus innkeepers and undercover agents during the Revolutionary War.

"Benjamin, my great-great-grandfather, was a warlock, a mojo man," says Hall with a thoughtful grin. "In rural societies in the region, especially — surprisingly — in

Pennsylvania Dutch society, it was common to have a faith healer — or pow-wow doctor, as they called them in Berks and Montgomery counties, where he was active. People went to Benjamin Hohl for everything from curing cattle, dowsing for water, and banishing warts to matters concerning curses. My grandfather was equally gifted at removing and putting curses on people . . .

"And just as I got my musical gifts from my parents — she was a vocal teacher, he sang in gospel harmony groups as a young man — so I also inherited this" — he gropes for the word — "personal force from my earlier forebears. All my life, I've had these unusual things occur in my head and happen to me, things I'm not ready to discuss freely. I've had to learn more about these things that I feel are innate in everybody but more pronounced in me, to focus this power and make the best use of it."

He blinks shyly, and looks away as a sudden breeze races through the small park below his apartment window, stately spirals of yellow leaves rising from the sooty sidewalks.

When he looks back, there is an eerie fire in his gaze, lending him the vaguely calculating air of a cornered animal. Up close, Daryl Hall's complexion is ruddier and his flaxen hair thicker and heavier than they appear in photos, both qualities hardening his almost excessively boyish features to

where, at first encounter, they have a jarringly impervious impact.

During his boyhood, Hohl regularly slipped away from bucolic Cedarville and across the Montgomery County line into the industrial snarl of Pottstown, or, more specifically, the illicit pulsings that emanated from its black ghetto, Chicken Hill.

Throughout his youth Daryl had watched his starstruck mother (she'd named her boy after dashing movie producer Darryl F. Zanuck) go from vocal chores in the choir of the local Methodist church to her featured spot in a 40-piece dance orchestra called the Pottstown Band. A sometime choirboy himself, Daryl sought out his own grittier outlet by forming a quartet at Owen J. Roberts High School he dubbed "D. And The Originals." But it wasn't until Daryl explored Chicken Hill that he discovered deeper and more satisfying pleasures in the sounds of native Philadelphians like jazz drummer Joe Jones and saxophonist John Coltrane. And something more: the rhythm and blues that surged from such Philly radio stations as WDAS and WHAT.

By the early Sixties, the City of Brotherly Love was producing such national smash-es on the native Cameo-Parkway label as Chubby Checker's "The Twist," the Dovells' "Bristol Stomp," Dee Sharp's "Mashed Potato Time" and the Orlons' "South Street" and "The Wah Watusi."

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Bigger isn't always better:
mini-motorcycles are tearing
up the tarmac

POCKET ROCKETS

Cliff Brady, a 25-year-old from Redondo Beach in California, has ridden everything from surfboards to skateboards and off-road bikes to dune buggies, so the first time he saw a pocketbike — all 16 kilograms of it — he was game to give it a try. "It had two wheels and a motor," Cliff recalls, "so I figured I could handle it. Of course, since it was only 35 centimetres high I did wonder what kind of contortions I'd have to go through to get myself on it. And I wasn't sure a bike powered by a 40cc chainsaw motor would have enough power to be any fun. But finally I got myself hunkered down on the thing, turned on the throttle, and suddenly found myself going almost 70 kilometres per hour."

The pocketbike was invented about eight years ago by Akira Ohtsuki, a Japanese racing and motorcycle enthusiast. Called the Dandy Pocketbike, his machine is 100 centimetres long and 50 centimetres high, with the seat barely more than a foot off the ground, and features tubular front forks and a heliarc-welded ladder frame, a vented rear-disc brake, adjustable chrome handlebars, alloy wheels, and racing fairing.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY BILL DOBBINS

POCKET ROCKETS

The Dandy is powered by a three-horsepower, 40cc two stroke Subaru motor that runs on regular fuel fed to the single cylinder by a Mikuni carburetor and is capable of accelerating the bike to a speed of more than 60 km/h. Pocketbikes use a centrifugal clutch and one-speed transmission, so there is no shifting of gears.

But the Japanese have discovered how to have the most fun with pocketbikes — on the racetrack. The Pocketbike Association in Japan boasts a membership of more than 100,000 and sanctions races on close to 100 tracks.

"In Japan the pocketbike is an alternative to the go-cart," explains Ken Yamashiro, whose Kendee Distributing imports the Dandy into the United States. Yamashiro sells a fully equipped pocketbike, ready to race, for about \$US600. The maintenance cost is very low, he says, since the engine has a life of 300 to 600 hours and can be rebuilt at a minimal cost in less than an hour. In addition to the racing pocketbike, Roland Manufacturing in Japan also makes a pocket dirt bike and a two-person model with a sidecar.

While pocketbike racing in Japan is a rapidly growing sport, Kendee Distributing has only sold about 2000 of the machines in the United States since 1981. The problem seems to be a catch 22: without tracks to run them on, people are less willing to buy a bike; and without enough bikes around ready to race, there is little pressure to make racetracks available.

"When I first got into pocketbikes," Cliff Brady explains, "there was pocketbike racing at a Malibu Grand Prix track at Ascot Raceway [in California]. Out on the track with eight or ten other bikes slip-



The pocketbike stands only 35 cms tall and, fully equipped and ready to race, goes for \$US600. "It's not like go-carts, where you can get involved to the tune of thousands of dollars," says Ken Yamashiro, a pocketbike importer. "Racing pocketbikes is more fun than cut-throat."



POCKET ROCKETS

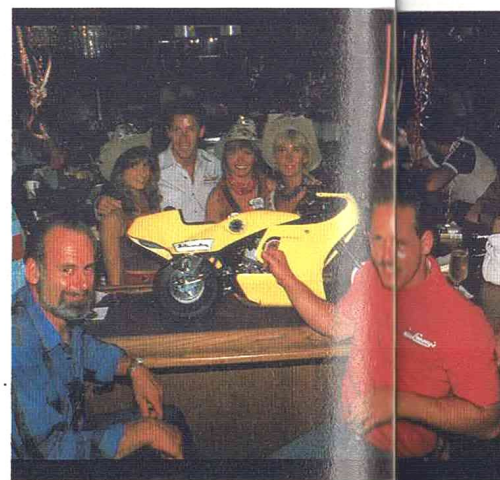
ping and sliding through turns beside me, I thought I was in heaven."

At one point, pocketbike inventor-manufacturer Ohtsuki sent a Japanese pocketbike racing team to California to compete against the Americans. "That's when we really saw how big and exciting this sport could get," Brady recalls. "The track was jammed with spectators, there were television cameras and photographers all over the place, and we all felt just like big-time racers." Subsequently, however, the track they were using went out of business, and the pocketbike racers have not been able to make use of go-cart tracks because of insurance reasons. While there are a few instances of racetracks being made available to pocketbikes around the US, the Southern California pocketbikers have since had to do their racing in empty parking lots.

But there is some indication that the American public, at least, is starting to catch on to the fun of pocketbikes. Where Cliff Brady could count on only four or five bikes showing up to run on a Sunday afternoon, now he can expect two or three times as many. And pocketbikes are getting easier to buy in the States. Cliff Brady has been known to take his "pocket rocket" down to Texas Loosey's, a local bar, and set it up right on the counter. ("I've actually ridden my pocketbike down to Loosey's a time or two, but best we don't talk about that!")

"It's no sweat to learn to ride a pocketbike," says Brady. "Just about anybody can ride one straight off — even after a few beers. The thing is, it's so much fun that once they get on it's all I can do to get them off. They just don't want to quit." 

The Pocketbike Association in Japan has more than 100,000 members who race on close to 100 tracks. Pocketbike enthusiast Cliff Brady says of the risks, "The first time I wiped out and went down, I just sat there laughing. Falling down is just part of the fun."





ARTISTIC LICENCE

The paintings of Marcel Poseur were always hard on the palette

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

The following passages have been excerpted from the diary of Marcel Poseur, an unknown French painter of the last Century.

OCTOBER, 1873

I have arrived in Paris with hopes of becoming a great artist. I have decided to share a garret with a friend from art college, Camille Pissarro, and a man called Cezanne, whom I can see at once will never make a painter. He has a poor gift for invention and little interest in the modern spectacle as a source for pictures of dramatic or social significance.

In my usual tactful manner I told him so, and made some well-intentioned gags about a half-finished painting he had just torn to shreds and burned in anger and frustration. He laughed good-naturedly, then carved a self-portrait on my forehead with the blunt end of a garden trowel.

I wouldn't have minded, but he didn't even sign it.

MARCH, 1874

The winter was a hard one. We had little

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK

LICENCE

money. Food was so scarce we kept the key to the tin of sardines in a bank deposit box. Finally I managed to make friends with the local butcher, who used to slip me a jar of sheep's eyes every Friday night, and these used to see me through the week.

I remember that about this time I took one of my sketches along to Daumier, who stared at it for a long while, and then turned it the right way up. I asked him if he thought I should become a serious painter, and I remember he laughed so hard, he cracked three ribs and ruptured a lung.

I continue, much encouraged.

APRIL, 1876

The days turned into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years. I could go on with this, but I imagine you get the general idea.

We continue to paint all day, glorying in the freedom and joy of our labors. Soon I will have finished one of my greatest works. I call it "The Living Room." Next I shall start work on the kitchen. I want to paint it brown but Cezanne prefers bright green with stripes of yellow and aquamarine. I told him perhaps he should shed his Impressionist doctrine and express his sense of volume and inevitable pattern in a wealth of landscape, possibly outside, asserting the vital rhythm that underlies all nature in its fragments, as in its mass; mingling a classic gravity with an exultant lyricism and restoring to color the clarity and splendor of the Old Masters.

At this point he began to threaten me with a knife.

I have decided to move out and stay for a while with my new girlfriend, Gigi.

NOVEMBER, 1876

I think I am in love! I have my work, I have Paris, I have the girl I love! What else could a man want? Well yes, money. That would be nice.

Gigi is not beautiful but she has an attractive personality. All right then, she's ugly. But she has her heart in the right place. And all the other important bits.

Gigi wants to become an important and influential painter also. All through the summer we immersed ourselves in our work. The days were splendid, full of sunshine, cheap wine and hope. Gigi produced a number of canvasses with different shades of blue paint splashed across them. She called this her Blue Period. Then about once a month she would produce a number of canvasses with different shades of red splashed across them. She called this her Menstrual Period.

We had little money and nothing to eat but we had our love to keep us warm. Gigi was a very passionate girl and tried to persuade me every night to eat her pussy. Finally I agreed. I was so hungry I got carried away and ate her canary as well.

But soon it was winter and a chill wind began to blow along the Montparnasse. There was a hole in our attic window and this let in the snow and the rain. Gigi didn't care. She said: "We have our love to keep us warm."

Personally I prefer central heating. I moved out next morning.

MARCH, 1878

I am staying for a while with Toulouse Lautrec, who is by this time producing some brilliantly urbane impressions of Parisian kneecaps. He has a room in a famous Parisian brothel, where he is the favorite of all the ladies. He tells me they like him because he pokes his nose into other people's feelings.

I do not understand what he means by this. I am still rather naive at this time. One night I came home and stood on the doorstep all night, waiting for the red light to turn green.

“
The argument
got personal and I
told Vincent his ears were
too big. I feel I may
have gone
too far
”

JULY, 1883

I now have my own garret in the Latin Quarter. Life is not easy for me here. I can't even speak Latin.

I still have not sold any paintings, but I'm optimistic that things will get better as soon as I finish one. I have decided to move to the Low Countries and work with a man called Vincent Van Gogh, whose work I greatly admire.

MAY, 1887

So much has happened!

None of it very good, unfortunately.

The other day I confided to Vincent that I was having trouble with composition. I give too much importance to the rendering of light, overstressing one element of a picture at the expense of others, and so the objects become lost beneath the atmosphere suffusing them. I asked for his advice.

Vincent said my basic problem is that I can't draw.

I lost my head and told him that if I wanted his opinion I'd ask for it. The argument got personal and I told him his ears were too big. He seems to have taken this to

heart. I feel I may have gone too far.

JUNE, 1887

The talk around town is that Vince is a bit of a fruitcake, but I think this is unfair. Of course it's a little unnerving to live with someone who eats with his elbows and walks sideways, but I don't think one should jump to hasty conclusions. He's probably just going through a Difficult Period.

Vincent says all Life and Nature can be broken down into parts and yesterday he cut his ear off to prove it. There was a lot of blood and Vincent cried, "Look at all the pretty colors!" I tried to tie a tourniquet round his neck to stop the bleeding and then the men from the Sanitarium arrived and took him away.

I have decided to leave Vincent and travel to Brittany, where I hope to renew my friendship with Paul Gauguin, who is soon to become my mentor, whatever that is.

JANUARY, 1890

Gauguin has agreed to be my mentor as long as I don't ask him for any money. I have agreed to this in principle.

But I am frankly disappointed with the arrangement. He is a loud and aggressive man who is obsessed with the notion that there are little green animals under his bed who are trying to eat his mattress.

I assured him that he was imagining things, but one night I heard a terrific bump and found that Gauguin had fallen through his bed, and was covered in little green animals who had apparently eaten his mattress.

He tried to paint a study of these little creatures but they chewed up the canvas as fast as he could paint them on. Gauguin screamed and left for the Pacific.

APRIL, 1892

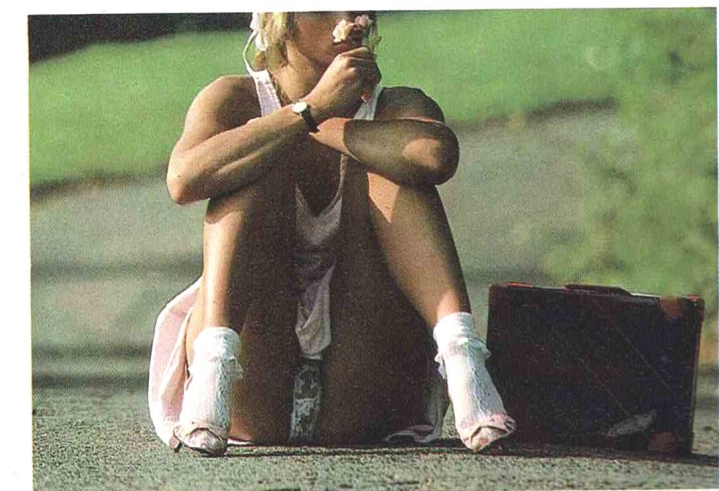
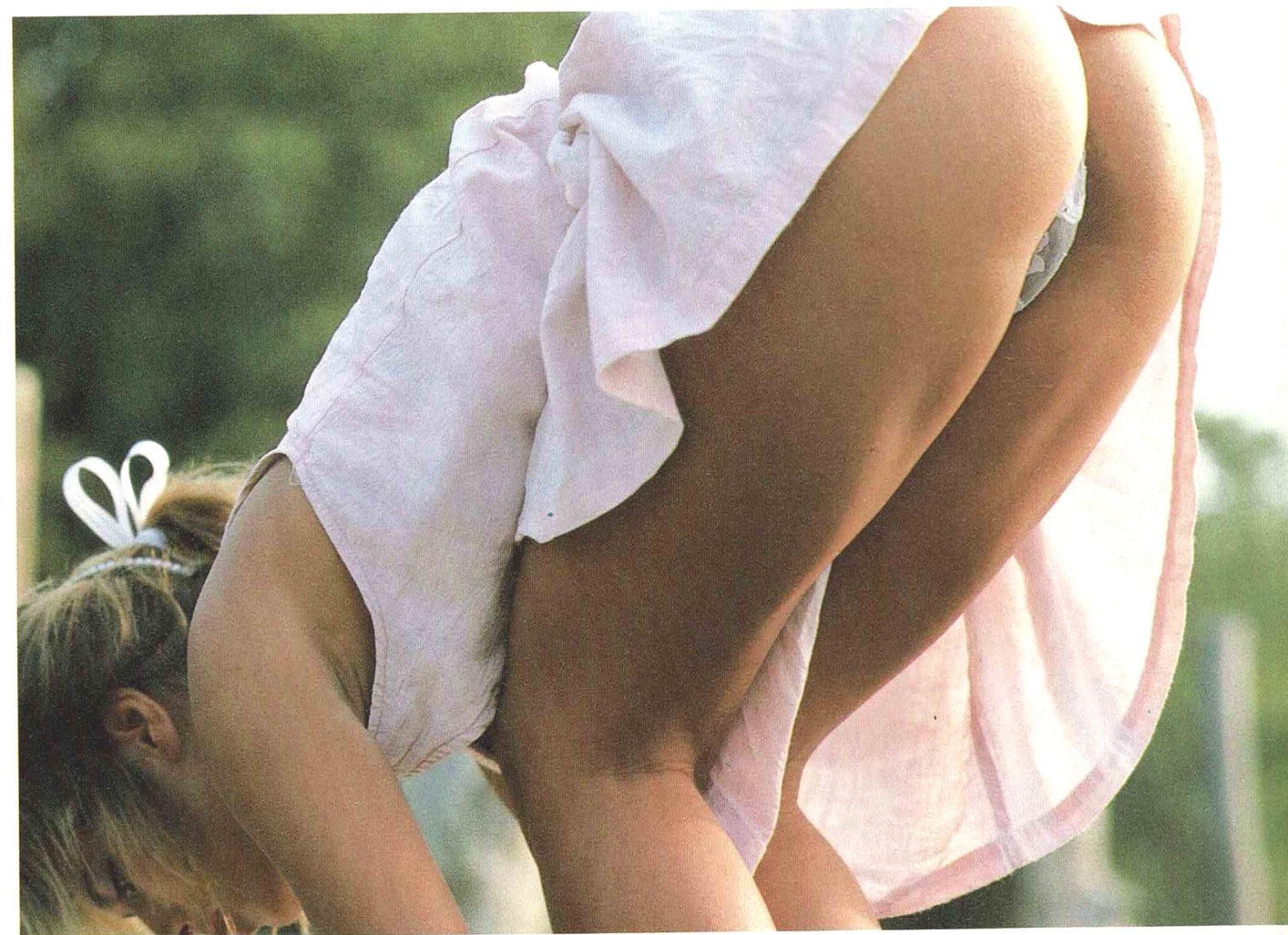
I have decided to travel with Gauguin, hoping new scenery and new experiences will inspire me to greater things. Gauguin has an aura about him that I find irresistible. It has an almost magnetic quality about it. I think it has something to do with his dominant personality, his great talent, and the fact that he has agreed to give me an allowance of ten francs a month.

He is a strange man, given to fits of depression and drinking. I have since learned that he had a deprived childhood, his parents both dying suddenly when he was seven years old. Apparently he shot them so he could go on an orphan's picnic.

Gauguin has taken advantage of my admiration for him and for a while I virtually became his slave, waiting on him hand and foot. All I did all day was fetch him socks and nail files.

We are staying on a little island called Tahiti, where Gauguin gets raucously drunk every night. His output has finally been reduced from three self-portraits and a

Continued on page 111



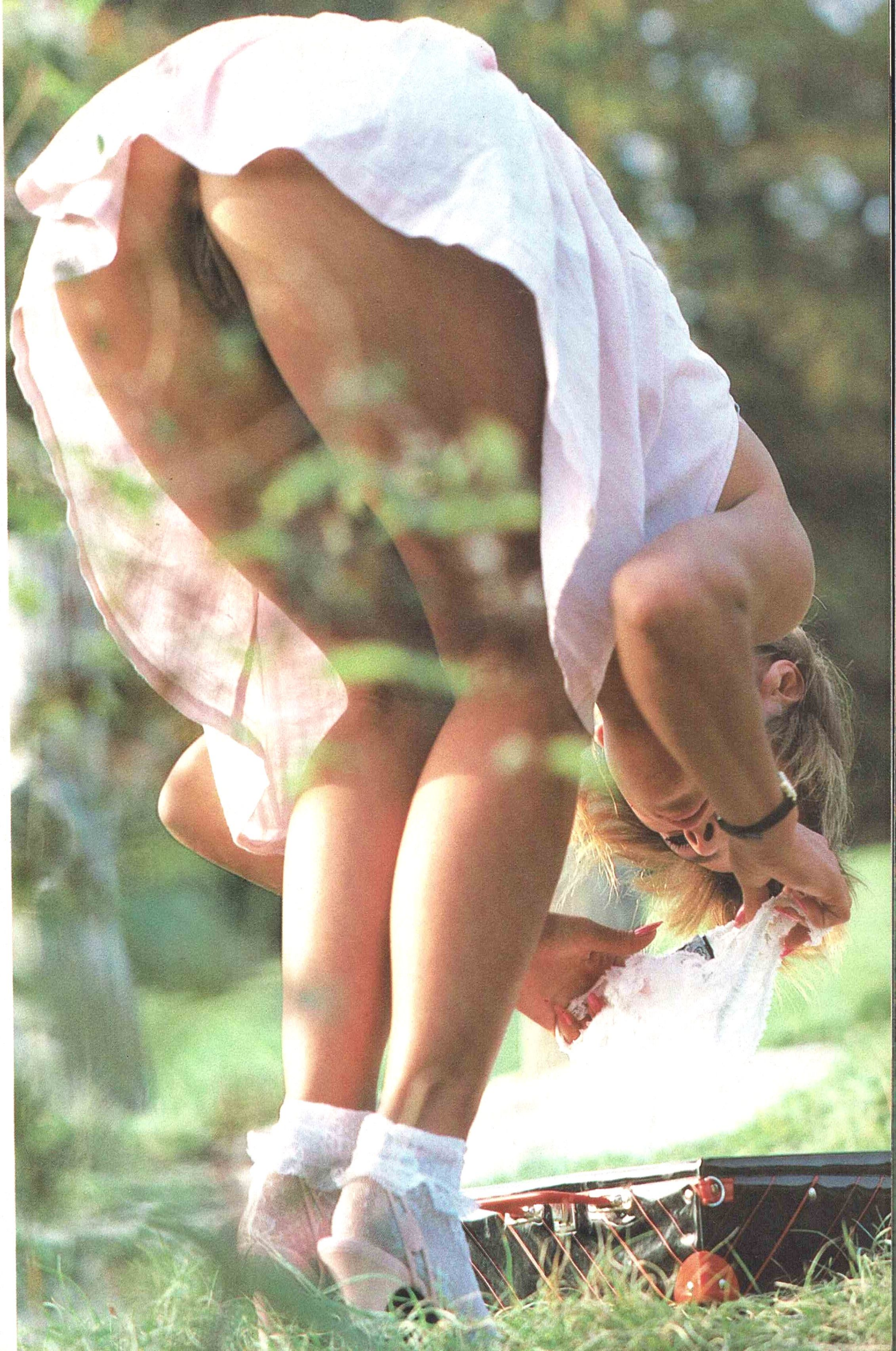
LIBBY

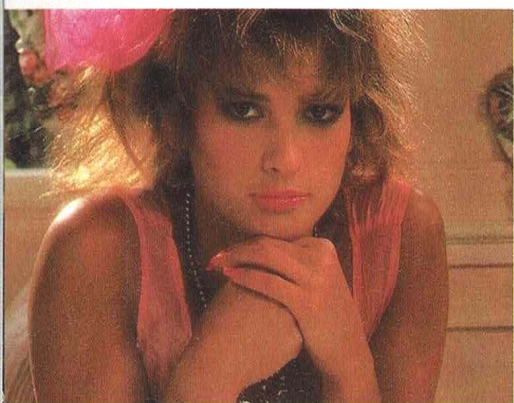
DOUBLE DARE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE



Some people look at a proposition or a problem and beat themselves before they even get started," says 19-year-old Libby Buchanan. "The trouble is that problems usually call for action. I'm only interested in men who'll say 'Can do' and back it up by getting off their bums."





The same holds true for Libby herself. Does she think she's got what it takes to achieve her goals — particularly the one about retiring by the age of 30? "Can do," is her quick reply.





"A boyfriend once told me that I have the body to appear in *Penthouse*, but then he said that he didn't think I have what it takes to actually go ahead and do it. That's the sort of challenge that I thrive on . . . Like a dare.



"So I double-dared *him*. I said if he was to apply to pose in one of the women's magazines which have nudes, then I'd try for *Penthouse*." Here Libby casts a mischievous glance and lowers her voice. "But they rejected him," she goes on. "Strange, but I haven't seen him for a while . . ."

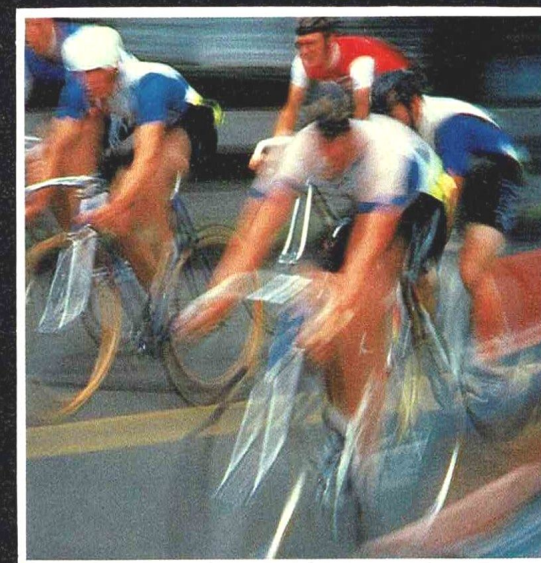




SERVICE BY GREG HUNTER

Everybody's jumping on ...

THE TOWN BIKE



Imagine for a moment a machine so efficiently designed that it could take you from your home to the office in the city faster than a car, bus, taxi or train. Imagine if you could eliminate parking hassles by taking this machine into the office with you. Imagine if the machine cost you nothing to run and virtually nothing to maintain. Imagine if, on top of all those benefits, the machine also freed you from gym classes and jogging routines by keeping you fit and healthy at the same time. And imagine if you could buy 20 of these machines for the price of the cheapest car on the market.

You want one? Of course. That's why this country is in the grip of bicycle mania. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEOFF HOWDEN

TOWN BIKE

pedalophiles are multiplying like bacteria in every town and city. There are now three and a half million of them throughout Australia (counting man, woman and child) and their numbers are still mushrooming every year, in spite of a not inconsiderable accident rate. If this sort of trend keeps up, in 20 years' time petrol sales will have slowed to a trickle, the oil industry will be sliding down the tube, the average bloke will be fit enough to go ten rounds with Michael Tyson, air and noise pollution will be pitifully low and a good old teeth-gnashing horn-thumping traffic jam will be nought but a distant memory.

Actually, the bicycle boom has been a two-stage process. First, in the late Seventies, the oil crisis spawned a new wave of energy and environment-conscious cyclists vocally touting a self-sufficient back-to-nature transport philosophy. They were the hippie pedalophiles, and most of them are pedalling on regardless. Riding clean over the top of them three years ago came the first wave of yuppie cyclists — lured by the aerobics revolution, inspired by the feats of triathletes and superstar Aussie cyclist Phil Anderson, and buoyed up by the increasing fashionability of their new hobby. They're the big-spending lifeblood of the bike business now, and their numbers have been augmented by the recent upsurge of interest in off-road vehicles. Tired of the limitations of four-wheel drives and trail bikes, the dirt brigade discovered they could penetrate further on a new-fangled "mountain bike" and do less damage to the bush in the process. Where the bike couldn't carry them, they could carry the bike.

Underlying all this has been one factor of the utmost importance: the development of sophisticated wide-range gearing. Even if you're no fitter than a fruit bat you can cruise up hill and down dale on a ten or 15-speeder and hardly raise a sweat. Bikes are no longer the exclusive province of pre-pubescent hyperactives; they're for everybody.



This page, from top to bottom: Comparing the set-ups of a mountain bike, a touring bike, and a racer. (Note the mountain bike's oval-shaped sprocket for climbing power.) Right: Top-of-the-line brake callipers. Far right, top to bottom: Mountain bike, tourer and racing models.

Convinced? If not, consider the amount of "down time" — unproductive, uninteresting or unenjoyable time — you spend each day because you don't own a bike. The time you spend waiting at the train station or bus stop is down time. If you drive, the time you spend in traffic jams and in search of a non-existent park is down time. The time you spend walking from the place where you parked to the place where you actually wanted to go is down time. The time you spend cleaning the car and filling it with petrol and everything else is down time, as is the time you spend trying to get the thing to go when it refuses to do so. The time you spend in the gym frantically trying to catch up on the exercise you didn't get in the car, bus or train is down time . . . and on it goes.

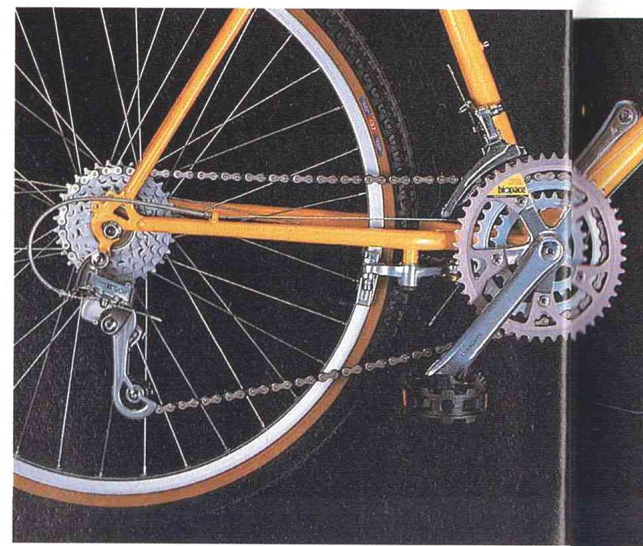
Of course, if you happen to get wiped out by a passing motorist while riding your new bike, you're in for a hell of a lot of down time . . . and that's if you're lucky. Barring that, a bicycle is a way of integrating your life rather than fragmenting it. It's a way of pulling a fast one on the system and coming out on top.

CHEAP THRILLS

Let's assume you're a novice rider and you want a bike that'll get you to and from work cheaply, reliably, comfortably and

safely. You'll also want it to be fairly quick on the open road so you can enjoy touring on weekends. In other words, you're looking for a good quality touring bike at a reasonable price.

RULE 1: Forget about buying a bike at a supermarket. The specials they offer are a waste of money. In fact, any bike worth less than \$300 is an outright dog. The supermarket will offer a 15-year guarantee on the frame and forks and a lousy three months on the componentry. When the thing falls



to bits, as it inevitably will in quick time, there's no-one there to do the repairs. The frame will be made of garbage steel, the componentry will be Taiwanese crap, and the whole thing will weigh a ton. Give it the flick.

The one and only place to go is a specialist bike shop. The first thing that'll strike you when you get there is that all bikes look the same. They're not.

RULE 2: Alloy is the go. Alloy frames, alloy wheels, alloy components. The fundamental virtues in a bike are strength and light weight, and you cannot get that combination with steel.

Now, this is where bike dealers can get a bit tricky. The average punter wants an all-alloy bike for \$300 and it simply cannot be done. So the dealers will mix and match to come up with a hybrid bike for a specific price. If you ask for alloy components they'll give you a steel frame; if you ask for an alloy frame they'll give you steel components, or maybe a frame that purports to be alloy but actually has several steel tubes. The bike business is a cut-throat market and you will never get more than what you paid for.

It's this section of the market — the \$300 to \$500 bracket — that's booming right now. If that's the sort of money you want to spend on a first bike, you'll get a

machine with a steel/alloy mix of some sort, suitable for commuting and short tours of up to 100 kilometres. Again, you'll get only a three-month guarantee on componentry, which will be mostly Japanese or Taiwanese, and you can expect failures within that period. You certainly couldn't hope the bike would stay in one piece on a round-Australia trip.

You've got to shell out an absolute minimum of \$500 for an all-alloy bike, and it's at this point that you're talking about a machine with some sort of integrity. For around \$570 you can buy a perfectly acceptable touring and commuting bike with chrome-moly frame, all-alloy components and wheels, quick-release hubs, reasonable brakes and reasonable gears. In other words, for the purposes we're looking at, you should be aiming to slip into the top end of the "boom" section of the market.

If you want to stretch the budget a little further — to \$700 — you'll get a bike with a slightly lighter frame, smoother gears and perhaps more gear ratios. Now you're starting to specialise a bit; the machine will be constructed more along the lines of a racing bike, which means it has a narrower wheelbase and your bum sits further over the back wheel.

As the name implies, a racing bike is faster than a tourer; in one sense it's the

thoroughbred while the touring bike is the hack. But it's a matter of horses for courses. The tourer looks like a racer with its "drop" handlebars and low body position, but it's in fact a much more relaxed affair and the longer wheelbase absorbs bumps much better. On the other hand the racer, which is a precision instrument, will corner and react faster, accelerate quicker and climb hills more easily . . . at the expense of stability and comfort. Which leads us to Rule 3.

RULE 3: Make up your mind. There is no such thing as a touring/racing bike. You've got to buy one or the other, depending on what you want to do with it. You can't buy a touring bike and also run it in triathlons on the weekend, unless you like the idea of being blown off the road by a little old lady on a racing bike. At the same time, you wouldn't drive a souped-up racecar to work, and commuting on a racing bike makes about as much sense. Because riding a bike is the height of fashion these days, it's attracted a large number of turkeys who haven't worked out that different bikes have different purposes. Don't join them.

RULE 4: Beware the law of diminishing returns. This takes effect at around the \$700 mark. Basically it means that dollars spent beyond that point won't buy you a whole lot more. In fact, the \$600 to \$1000 bracket is regarded by dealers as a bicycle wilderness, a no man's land where the vulnerable punter thinks he's getting a top-quality racing machine but actually finds himself being taken for a ride. The reason is that in this price range the Italian and Japanese brands generally regarded as Mickey Mouse gear are now being somewhat furtively manufactured in Taiwan and shipped back to the home country for subsequent export. They are not what they seem.

So, if you've decided you want a racing bike — either to compete in triathlons or because you're heavily into the fitness aspect of cycling — you'd better skip the sleight-of-hand category and jump into the next: the real topline stuff. If you haven't got a minimum of \$1200 and more realistically \$1600, forget about it. We're talking now about brands like Puch, Peugeot, Bertone, Myata, incorporating quality Japanese or Italian componentry. A good example of the breed would be the Puch Ultima, made from Reynolds tubing and fitted with Italian-made Campagnolo running gear, weighing just 7.7 kilos and costing a mere \$3192. But even at this level you're still in the area of manufactured bicycles, and the cognoscenti will tell you there's no substitute for personally tailored, hand-built frames.

That's another ballgame altogether. Top American triathletes, sponsored to the eyeballs, are all riding tailor-made bikes with carbon fibre frames, wheels and handlebars. These machines would retail, if they were going to be sold, for anything up to



TOWN BIKE

\$40,000. They're the Formula One equivalent — light as a feather and just delicate. Merely hitting a pebble at speed on one of these things will spin you out of control, while a sharp shock delivered to a carbon fibre frame can cause it to literally *explode* underneath you. In that event you'd have to conclude that money can't buy happiness.

RULE 6: Check out the alternative. Crouching low and sweeping gracefully into a bend on a touring or racing bike carries a certain cachet, not to say phallic symbolism, which is why most nouveau cyclists wouldn't consider reverting to the kind of bike most of us rode as kids. Yours was probably a Malvern Star or a Speedwell. It had upright handlebars, thick, heavily-treaded tyres, three easy-change gears, and heaps of standard practical extras: light, pump, mudguards, carrier rack, toolkit, chainguard and so on. When you think about it, this is the perfect machine for long-term economical commuting, which is exactly what it's used for throughout Europe and Asia.

You can go one better by riding to work on one of the new-fangled mountain bikes. Sounds a bit odd, but in fact they're just the ticket. The upright handlebars provide better vision in traffic, the thick nobbly tyres are much more comfortable on bad city roads and rarely go down on you (punctures are still the bane of all cyclists), and the 15 or 18-speed gearing provides all the hill-climbing muscle you need. Naturally they're a tad slower than the drop handlebar bikes, but most people who ride them reckon they're so much fun it's a small price to pay.

So is the \$550 you'd need to spend on a good quality mountain bike with all-alloy wheels and components. You could run as high as a grand, but that would be flouting the law of diminishing returns.

RULE 7: Get a bike that fits. Buying a bike is like buying a suit — you have to try it on first. A fundamental error is getting a bike that's too big for you. When you straddle the thing there should be two to five centimetres of clearance between your crotch and the top tube, and more for a mountain bike. The dealer should also adjust the seat post and handlebar stem to your exact requirements.

HELL ON WHEELS

Ever seen one of those T-shirts bearing the message: "I RODE THROUGH DENPASAR — AND LIVED"? When it comes to cycling you could substitute the name of just about any Australian city. Most experts reckon that cyclists in Australia are more vulnerable than anywhere else in the world. In Europe they're the undisputed kings of the road; here they're treated like expendable peasants. Apart from that, there's hardly a decent cycleway in the entire country.

Below: The latest cycling fashions are comfortable and visible. Right and far right: Alloy artistry in a chain tensioner and derailleur. Bottom left: Quality cycling helmets for people who want to stay sensible. Bottom right: Footwear for the serious.

All bicycles and accessories supplied courtesy of Woolly's Wheels, Paddington

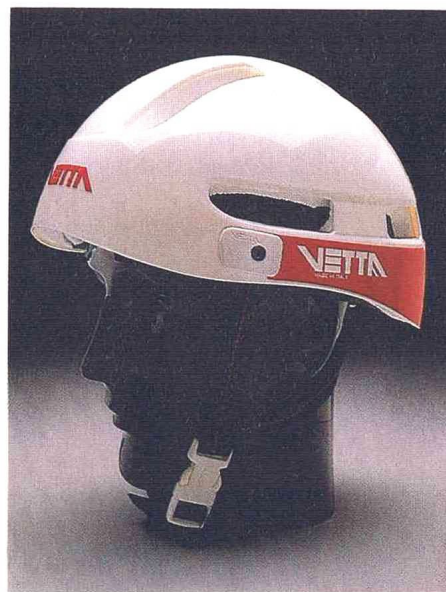
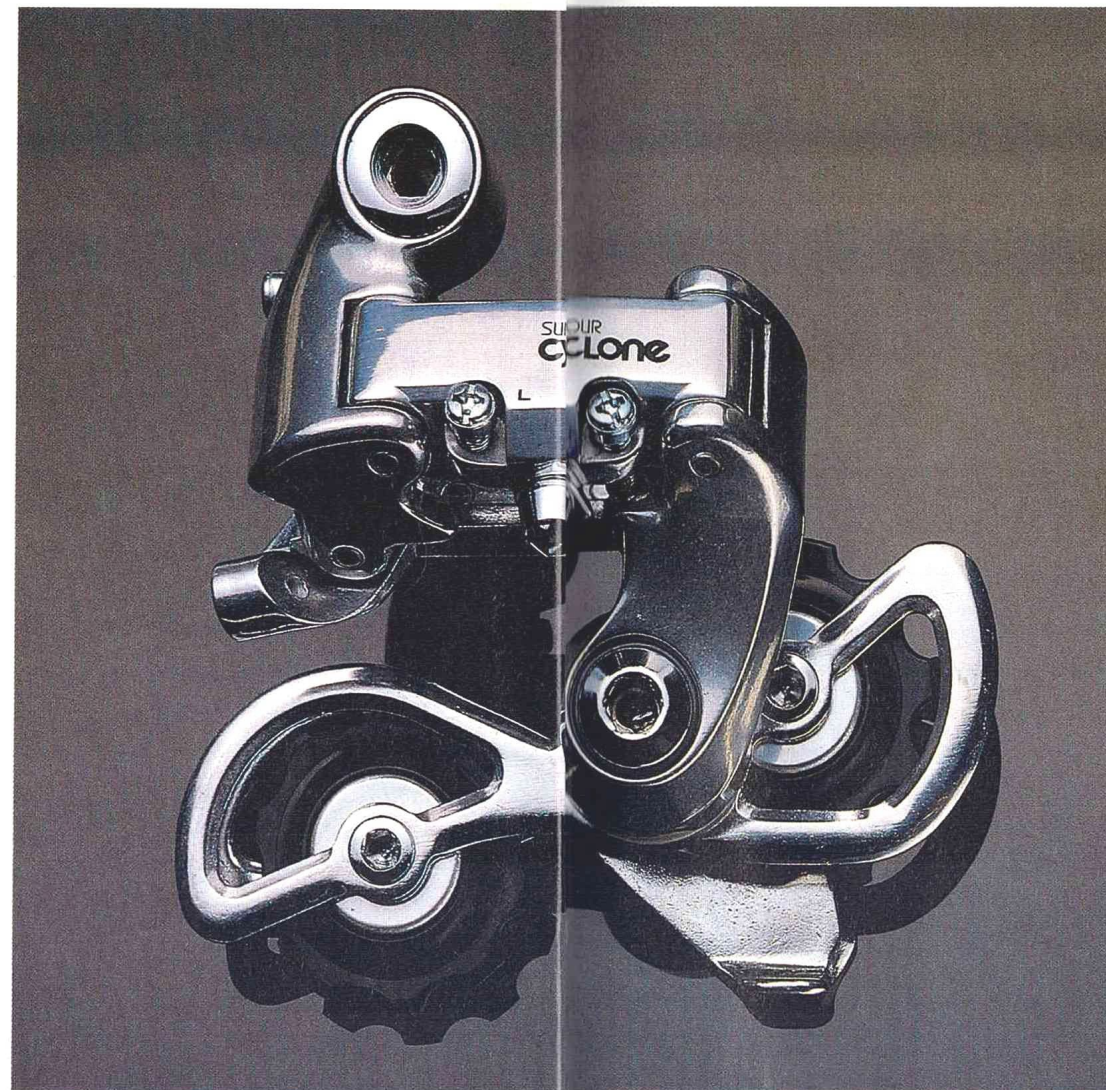


And when you get hit on a bike, you stay hit; permanent brain damage, paraplegia and quadriplegia are always on the cards. Complete mop-up jobs are not uncommon. Now that you've acquired a nice new bike, the aim is to keep it and yourself in one piece — and it ain't easy.

- In a vehicle accident comparison study done in NSW in 1984, for every 100 million kilometres travelled on bikes there were 120 reported accidents. That was about five times as great as the car accident rate. On the positive side, it was only a quarter the rate for motorcycles.

- In NSW in 1985 (the latest complete figures), 23 cyclists were killed and 1627 were reported injured. Predominant causes of accidents were generally erratic riding, such as riding on the wrong side of the road or at night without a light, and culpable or drunken driving. Most serious injuries were to the head, and most deaths resulted from head injuries.

- The accident rates for cyclists are inflated by the fact that so many of them are kids. Although injuries were spread pretty evenly across the age groups in 1985, only four of the 23 cyclists killed were over the age of 20. That tends to suggest that a ma-



ture, sensible, intelligent approach to cycling combined with a modicum of luck will see you through.

If you're the kind of guy who couldn't win a chook raffle if you bought every ticket, forget about riding a bike. Otherwise, here are the clues you'll need to defy death and destruction:

1. You have as much right to the road as anybody else. Novice riders almost always hug the curb, which is madness. If a



motorist passes too close to you, you've got nowhere to go and end up getting blown off the road. Apart from that, serious hazards lurk in the gutter, the main one being the longitudinal storm water grating, known throughout cyceldom as the bicycle trap. A skinny tyre fits beautifully into the grooves, meaning the bike stops and the rider keeps going. Result: a splatter job.

The best place to ride in a single lane is a metre out from the curb, and in the middle if it's not safe to let the motorist behind you pass. If he gets the shifts, which he inevitably will, too bad. In a multilane road-way you can stay in the middle of the left



lane all the time.

2. Give a wide berth to parked cars. People tend to open doors without seeing cyclists. Result: another splatter job.

3. After you've gained some confidence, all you really need to do is obey the road rules as you would in a car. But during your first tentative steps into peak-hour madness, it might not be advisable to attempt a snappy right-hand turn across three lanes of traffic. Take the wimp's option and use the pedestrian crossing.

4. Use back streets running parallel to the main drag. Take short-cuts through parks and malls cut off to traffic.

5. Communicate with motorists. You're very visible up there on a bike, which means you can often get eye contact with drivers. Don't move in and out of lanes without getting the nod from them.

6. Avoid all white markings on roads, such as pedestrian crossings. You don't know the meaning of "slippery when wet" till you've slid over one of them in the rain. And sidestep those reflective road markings. A bike running over them is like a car running over a corpse . . . very unnerving.

7. Join your local bicycle association; there's one in most states. These people are a great source of information and advice on all aspects of cycling, and especially on the art of staying alive.

A GUIDE TO PEDALOPHILIA

Pedalophilia — the love of bicycles — is a complex affliction. There are three main sub-groups of cycle devotees:

1. **The Showman:** Bicycle clothing is so trendy these days it's starting to appear in upmarket fashion shops. People are actually wearing cycling "knicks" (shorts) and tops into discos and restaurants. Strikes me there's something a bit kinky about this, but if you're going to get into it you might as well get it right. For summertime, buy lycra or cotton/lycra knicks with chamois built into the crotch to absorb sweat. The "contoured" variety are better than the straight, especially on longer rides. Lycra stretches both ways, always keeps its shape and is an incredibly comfortable material to cycle in. The same applies to tops, which have several pockets built in at the back for carrying munchies and things. In winter, get long woollen cycling tights, which look like a colorful version of your grandfather's underwear and keep out icy winds.

If you're fair dinkum about flogging yourself through a triathlon, there are special

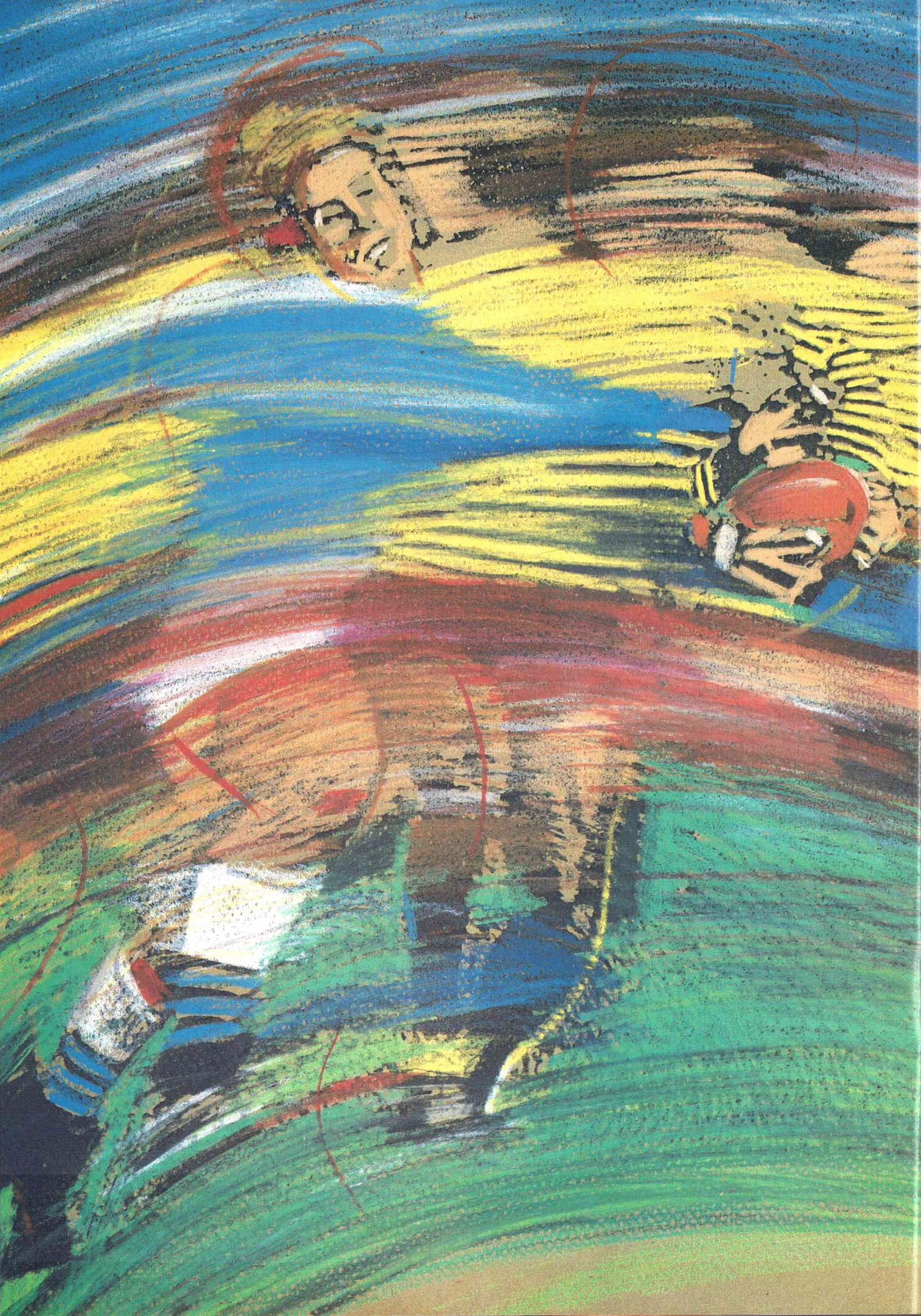
triathlon knicks with terry towelling or a double layer of lycra built into the crotch instead of chamois, so you can swim, run and ride without having to change. While you're in a spending frenzy you ought to pick up a pair of special cycling shoes, which have a very stiff sole to transfer all the power from your foot to the pedal, and a set of cycling gloves — because when you lose it, as you undoubtedly will, the odds are nine out of ten you'll land on your hands. When you're decked out in all this Mickey Mouse gear you'll realise it's not purely for show; in fact it's the nearest you can get to feeling naked on a bike without getting yourself arrested.

2. **The Jock:** Difficult to distinguish by appearance from the showman, but the jock is serious about racing and fitness. He actually enters triathlons. Standard jocks are ex-rugby playing professionals in their mid-thirties who are fed up with jogging injuries and claustrophobic gyms, and who've realised that cycling is among the most effective aerobic exercises known to man. Comparative fitness studies on sportsmen invariably show triathletes first and daylight second, which is hardly surprising when you consider what these guys put themselves through. To them, sex is a moderately good lower body exercise but cycling is better.

3. **The Contemplative:** As far as these people are concerned, bicycles are The Answer. They tend to maintain a self-righteous disdain for anything that blows smoke into the air; they love to calculate the overall cost-per-kilometre of their round-Australia cycle tours (the answer is three cents); and they lean toward vegetarianism, macrame and Bach flower remedies.

For them the magic of cycling is encapsulated in the machine itself: it is an incredibly logical and practical method of locomotion. They never cease to be amazed at how much gear they can load on a bicycle. To them, transporting anything in a motor car is cheating and the challenge is to go on a camping/cycling tour and be completely self-sufficient (apart from water) with what they can carry on the bike. They despise the barriers that a motorist places between himself and the environment; they refuse to look at the world through a glass screen. Far from being a delicate and endangered species, they're multiplying as rapidly as their counterparts in the more fashionable categories. If this is where you're at, the NSW Bicycle Institute (02-2125628) can no doubt put you in touch with like-minded souls in your state.

If you've got this far and still reckon you'd be more comfortable on four wheels than two, fair enough. But at least try and keep an eye out for cyclists when you're driving. They might be a pain in the arse at times, but they're going as fast as they can. Motorists throughout the world have long since learned to live with them, and it's about time we did the same.



Who will win the
first Rugby World Cup?

THE GREAT RUGBY ROUND-UP

BY PETER FITZSIMONS



Next month the greatest event in Rugby Union history will take place in Australia and New Zealand. From all corners of the globe, the national teams from 16 countries will gather in the Antipodes to play in a four-group round-robin tournament for the eventual right to compete for the title of "World Champions." Bearers of their countries' hopes in this international contest, the teams are also exhibitors of their national spirit, a spirit expressed in the way they play the game. When the wellsprings of the national character rise to the surface in the different fields of human endeavor, each field will be (whether soccer, rugby, motor mechanics or whatever) in some measure a manifestation of those wellsprings that nourish it. Thus, from the creative flair and derring-do of the French to the dour grittiness of the New Zealanders, from the happy-go-lucky play of the Fijians to the technically excellent precision play of the Japanese, rugby as she has evolved in all her separate styles will be on display in this contest.

A look, then, at the contenders — their styles, their backgrounds and their chances of winning the inaugural Rugby World Cup.

THE BRITISH

While the British teams might have completely dominated the sport at one time, in the latter part of the Eighties those halcyon days have for the most part gone the way of the rest of the Empire — into the realms of nostalgia.

While there are stylistic variations in the play of the home countries, they are basically variations on a theme, products of what the French scathingly refer to as the *mentalite Anglo-Saxonne*. For the forwards, concentration is fixed above all on the set pieces of scrums and lineouts, while for the backs it's stolid, steady as she goes (two degrees to Port, if you please, Mr Briggs) orthodox play. Overall an emphasis on "We'll beat the bastards with science" in contrast to the more Latin "We're going to attacka-tacka-tango, razzle-dazzle you out of existence, you

boring little wretches."

England Perhaps it's going too far to say that if William Webb Ellis, generally regarded as rugby's founding father, were alive today he just might get a spot on the national team — but hey, sometimes you wonder. Not that they're without talent — if I'm to believe the European rugby writers they've got talent to burn, but only rarely in recent years has this talent been sufficiently well channelled into building international success.

The last time was in 1980 when England, captained by Bill Beaumont, completed a Grand Slam in the Five Nations tournament — a surprise at the time. The performances of recent years now qualify this as an aberration and an unkind person, which I'm not,

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE/PHOTOS BY ACTION GRAPHICS

RUGBY

would say that this last half-decade's efforts have been somewhat mercurial — disastrous one day, merely bad the next.

And yet, and yet, hope springs eternal. That famed stiff upper-lip survives on the otherwise battered British beak. England's current captain Richard Hill recently went so far as to say: "I'm certain England can achieve this World Cup win . . . we're going flat out for it and we're going to win it." (I don't know what this man's smoking either, but it's got to be strong stuff.) So here's to the Queen, onward Christian soldiers, one more for England lads, and all that sort of stuff.

But as Joe Frazier said, comment -ating in the final stages of the famous Ali-Foreman fight: "Ah don't think Big George is goin' to make it."

Wales At one time possessors of the most feared pack of forwards in captivity, not to mention backs of genuine genius, Wales would seem to be passing through a time when, try as they might, they just can't put enough high-powered physical ammunition on the line to attain the heights of their former glory. The truly "great" teams of the late Sixties and Seventies are little more than memories and it is now eight years since they won their last Five Nations Championship.

That's the bad news. The good news is that there appears to be some light at the end of the tunnel and while they were only equal third in last year's championship, most commentators thought they were unlucky not to do better and were full of admiration for their no-frills, uncompromising style of play. One journalist even went so far as to hail their efforts as a "renaissance after the dark ages." Whether it is will soon become apparent, but at the time of writing, in the orgy of speculation as to the probable winner of the Cup, most European journalists seem to nominate Wales as the best chance of the Brittanic bunch.

Scotland As authors of a Grand Slam victory in the Five Nations in '84 and as co-winners with France in '86, I was expecting the rugby paparazzi whom I contacted to be enthusiastic about Scotland's play and their chances in the World Cup. Not a bit of it. Amidst mutterings of "old fashioned ten-man rugby", "barely a back to bless 'emself with" and "just plain lucky", I gradually got the picture that in spite of their impressive results in recent years Scotland comes a distant second behind Wales in admiration scores, at least among British and French journalists.

The only positive point to emerge was

Below: Possibly the two toughest packs on Earth, Australia and New Zealand. Right, top to bottom: Welsh half clearing an Italian scramble; an Argentine sandwich for an Australian back; Ireland and Scotland — still a force, but are they good enough?



that the Scottish pack was very highly regarded for its rucking ability a la the All Blacks. While the British style usually lends itself to "precision" mauling Scotland's pioneering advance in this facet of play, together with their more than competent scrum, at least bodes well for a steady supply of ball during the Cup. The question on everyone's lips seems to be: "What will the backs do with it?"

Ireland Your guess is as good as mine. The Irish have made a habit in recent years of confounding all the pundits — zag-zigging way up and down from year to year when it was predicted that they would zig-zag. As witness, after winning the Five Nations in '85, they were completely whitewashed last year, not winning a single game; then this season in their first time up to bat they broke all records by humiliating Romania 60-0.

The happy thing is, though, that for all their unpredictability in results, they nevertheless enjoy the reputation of always playing stylish, attractive open rugby. Reportedly influenced by the Australian style of play (aren't they all?), Irish coach Mike Doyle has placed particular emphasis on continuity through securing second-phase possession and if all goes to plan this could be the strong point of the light, very mobile pack. The weak point is the first phase — scrums and lineouts — where they are frequently overpowered by their bigger, stronger opponents.

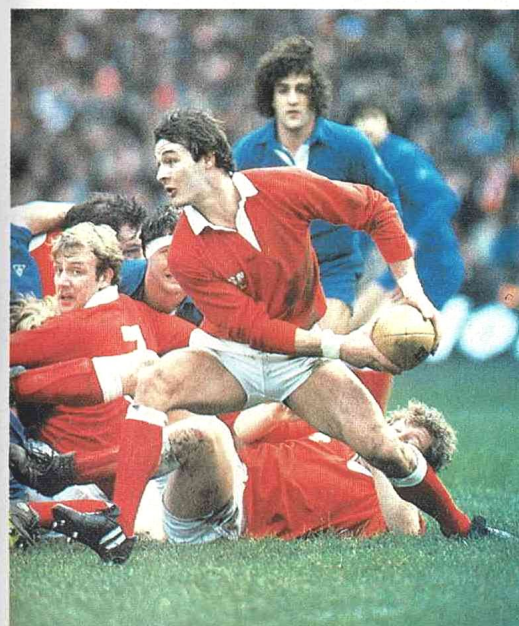
The backs are highly regarded by all and sundry, but that pinched look you'll notice

in their cheeks apparently comes from being starved so often of the ball. When it does come, as against the Romanians, the backs fairly explode, but it seems doubtful whether the lads up front will be able to consistently provide enough ball to enable the team to snatch the Cup.

FRANCE

Man for man, pound for pound (kg for kg *still* doesn't sound right), this is for my money the most talented side attending the Cup. In the rugby world it is they who are the "kings of sting" and the "masters of disaster" and on a good day they can hand out knees-up-mother thrashings to the best of oppositions. Unfortunately for them these good days invariably fall only when they are playing in France. If the British play with their heads and the New Zealanders with their whole bodies, the French play above all with their hearts — and therein lies the problem. Just as their Latin blood gives them an incredible amount of pizzazz and flair it also weakens their heart when they're too far away from home, and at 12,000 kilometres or so this will be their biggest handicap.

If I can abandon usual practice for a moment and talk briefly of individual players, two in particular stand out from the already outstanding and should be watched for. Philippe Sella, the outside-centre, is touted by the scribes as being the owner of the most creative athletic talent now doing business in France. With speed to burn and a lightning step off both feet, it is said that in the pouring rain he can run from one end



of the field to the other, dodging all the way, without getting wet — which is to say he is a potential try-scorer every time he touches the ball.

What Sella has in subtle skill and adroitness the No 8 Laurent Rodriguez has in plain, old-fashioned bonecrushing toughness. This "man" (though I just know he

was a bull in a former life) is the most fearsome opponent who's ever smashed into me, bar none. Intensely physical, and sometimes brutal, a trail of destruction is his usual calling card — and when he gets on to the field it's even worse. In this last season he has evolved into being the trump card in the French pack, a pack that on one occasion played so well as to leave the All Blacks floundering in their wake. More the pity for them that the Cup's not being held in France; they will be a very formidable outfit regardless.

UNITED STATES

If raw physical power and athletic prowess were the only things that won rugby matches then the Americans would be a good chance to win the World Cup. With the team made up for the most part of ex-gridiron players, there is no question that they have the physical means to do well. However, what they have in physical prowess they lack in experience and technique. No matter that they have ex-linebacker ginormous forwards and backs who can do the hundred in even time — when push comes to shove it will almost certainly be those countries that know the correct technique for pushing and shoving that will emerge victorious. Thus, for all their characteristic American enthusiasm and aggression, in this, a dinkum "World Series" where other countries are also allowed to compete, the buck of American world domination in all things great and small will surely stop here.

CANADA

Though no doubt inheritors of a proud sporting tradition, the athletic talents of the Canadian people have for the most part been channelled into sports other than rugby. And while they're clearly superior to the Yanks, having won the annual Can-Am Test match seven out of ten times since its inauguration, they've still got a long way to go. On a recent tour to France to gain experience for the World Cup the Canadian team came up against my own French side Club Athletique Briviste, which, though strong, is nevertheless only a club side — and we nailed them 27-13. It was some match, though. Like the Americans their game relies to a large extent on their physical prowess and aggression; if this is not enough to overcome teams that play with technique and finesse, it nevertheless leaves a mark. We're still looking for our hooker, last seen heading north with the ball into a screaming southbound Canadian pack . . .

Still, they have realised their shortcomings in technique and experience and have gone to great lengths and considerable expense to try and overcome them. The aforementioned French tour was quickly followed up by an Irish tour and since the middle of last year the national players and their families have been based in Vancouver courtesy of a project called Rugby

Canada. Having thus disposed of the major problem of Canadian rugby — the massive distances between players and games — the team has since settled down to lifting their game and should at least produce a better effort than their last showing in Australia, the disastrous tour of '85.

JAPAN

For a people who were alien to any ball game before the 19th Century the Japanese have taken to rugby with surprising alacrity, and in the last decade they have emerged as a rising force on the international scene. What the French have in pure talent the Japanese have in technique. Superbly drilled in all technical aspects of the game, their main problem is that they're fighting a war with simple rifles while most of the other teams have got cannons. Though the Hollywood war image of little men scurrying around hither and thither is obviously overdone there is nonetheless truth in the fact that they are a people of diminutive stature. The rule of thumb for Japanese backs and forwards in international matches is that though they may run around their opponents they will almost never run over them. Thus limited in their available courses of action they start every test match a little behind the eight ball, as it were.

Don't turn off the telly yet, though, because with that famed Japanese industriousness, they have applied themselves to working out a system of play to overcome their physical deficiencies: perfectly executed ankle tackles to bring down the big 'uns, lots of two-man lineouts and a purity of form in scrum technique that would make many a frustrated coach weep with joy. Though it's unlikely that they'll do anything so rash as actually win the Cup, my money goes down for Japan to at least rattle, if not actually beat, some of the more fancied teams.

ROMANIA

Perhaps reflecting the rigors of life behind the Iron Curtain, the play of the Romanians is characterised by its robust and aggressive nature. While finesse may not be their strong point and one may learn little about the fine points of technique by watching them play, their boots'n'all style has held them in good stead in recent years as they have scored impressive victories over such first class rugby nations as Wales, France and Scotland. Ah, if I could just stop there. The problem is that amidst rumors of serious financial problems for the Romanian Rugby Federation and a mass exodus of the more experienced players, the Romanian Empire has recently shown serious signs of a decline and fall. What was hopefully the nadir of this downward thrust came in the aforementioned game against Ireland where they were wallowed to the tune of 60-0 (the way I hear

Continued on page 118

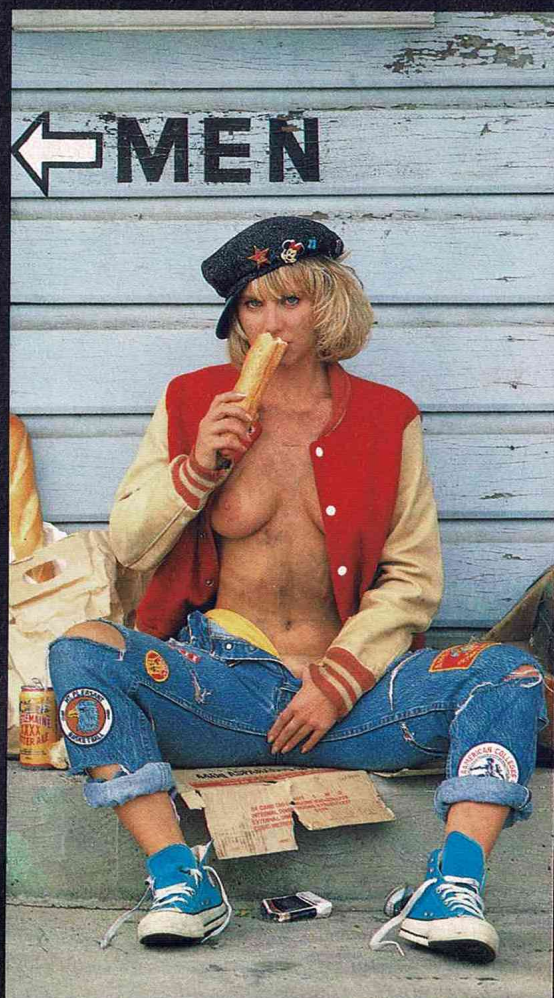
* Peter FitzSimons is a rugby troubador. Currently playing in France, he has represented Sydney, NSW and Australia and played against club or national teams from virtually every country competing in the World Cup.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICK BROKENSHA

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WHITETRASH





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I think it is essential for everyone to understand that there are some charming, articulate and well-educated women involved in this industry”

ZARA POWELL

By ROSALIND REINES

Ever since she picked her way on to the stage at a prostitution seminar at Sydney's Parliament House, her pair of high heels shimmering under the light, Zara Powell has caused a sensation. A red-headed vision dressed in a riot of colors, not only was she the general manager of A Touch Of Class — the most controversial bordello in Australia — but also a grandmother, a former nursing sister and a feminist, “though not a separatist feminist” she was later to assure the press. As well as running the bordello, which entailed supervising a staff of cleaners, receptionists, office workers and “entertainers” day and night, Zara was studying for an Arts degree with an emphasis on women's studies.

But in February 1985, when the seminar took place, the initial fascination was her association with A Touch Of Class, where she had worked for nearly ten years. It seems nearly everyone in Sydney is familiar with the clutch of terrace houses on the corner of Riley and Foveaux Streets in Surry Hills which has long been the subject of some of the most outrageous rumors around town.

However, Zara Powell did not take the lectern to shed any light on the bordello's owners, nor to reveal the identities of the women who worked there, nor to drop hints about the clients who slid through the discreet doorway. She had stepped into the public spotlight to argue that suppressing prostitution was not an intelligent policy, and had come

PHOTO BY NICK BROKENSHA

INTERVIEW

armed with an impressive arsenal of research to back her up. This included a number of official reports, one from a leading psychiatrist specialising in sexual problems.

It was a powerful presentation delivered in a rich, well-modulated voice. Powell was, after all, the product of a privileged upbringing and a good Catholic education. Afterwards, as the press clambored for interviews, two things became obvious: the prostitutes working at the top end of the industry had just found themselves an eloquent spokesperson, and a media star had been born — albeit a reluctant one.

Last year she collaborated on a book entitled *Memories Of A Touch Of Class: Life In Australia's Best Known Bordello*, which will be published this month by Penguin. Ironically, just as the book was in its final stages, Powell decided to leave A Touch Of Class and last January she opened a small establishment of her own in Sydney. While looking around for a name, she hit on one that her grandchildren delighted in calling her: Zazzi. One of Zara's life's ambitions had been realised.

Penthouse: Why did you finally commit yourself to recording memoirs of A Touch Of Class?

Powell: For many years people have suggested that I write a book about the industry. Usually what that meant was: "Why don't you write an expose about the industry?" And I'm not really interested in writing an expose. That would be breaking the confidence of the women with whom I work and of the men we entertain. When the op-

portunity was presented to me by Harry M. Miller I thought that it was the right time. I have always believed that timing is everything and up to then it certainly hadn't been the time because my overviews of the industry were still forming. I suppose that's a funny thing to say, when one has been working in the industry for something like 12 years. But bear in mind that there were some subtle and not-so-subtle changes that had been taking place and my ideas had altered over the years. So it was time for me to consolidate my observations and opinions.

Penthouse: What were these subtle and no-so-subtle changes?

Powell: They mostly had to do with the type of women who were interested in becoming prostitutes. But please remember that I can only talk about the industry with knowledge from where I stand. I can't talk from the point of view of women who work in the street, even though I uphold the right of women to work this area, as historically and traditionally, women have claimed the street as a working sphere. Neither can I speak on behalf of the women who work in less well-structured elements of the industry. I can only talk with confidence about the area in which I have had some dealings — the exclusive bordello. It is here that I have noticed the greatest changes in the type of women who enter the industry and their reasons for working. There has also been a change in the attitude of people towards the industry. I do believe that the subject of prostitution engenders a great deal of emotion and very little scholarly thought.

Penthouse: What sort of reaction do you expect from the wowser element of society?

Powell: I don't think the book will help change their attitudes one iota, because although it neither eulogises nor denigrates the industry, it is appealing to the public on a different level. Most people who criticise prostitution may not like it, but what I have revealed about the industry could never ever incite criticism. This is a side of Bordello life that is heartwarming, sensitive, erotic, at times exciting, but above all, essentially human. So I don't think the book will alter people's opinions if they have a bias against the industry. Mind you, I have to say that there are many facets of the industry that are not acceptable, but when we are speaking of prostitution in this book they are not included because that's not a form of the industry in which I've been involved. Instead the book reveals a side of the industry which many people don't know exists. I think that's terribly important and it is essential for everyone to understand that there are some charming, articulate and well-educated women involved in this industry.

Penthouse: You left A Touch Of Class after an association which went back 12 years. What precipitated this move?

Powell: It came about through a difference in philosophy and politics. In order to execute what I regarded as the best direction for women in the industry, I realised that I would have to be in total control. And to do that I would have to have my own place, Zazzi's. You see, I have always thought that the core of the bordello is not the client. I believe it is the entertainer. And if the entertainer is content with her working conditions she will make the client happy.

Penthouse: Did you set out to create the most expensive bordello in Australia?

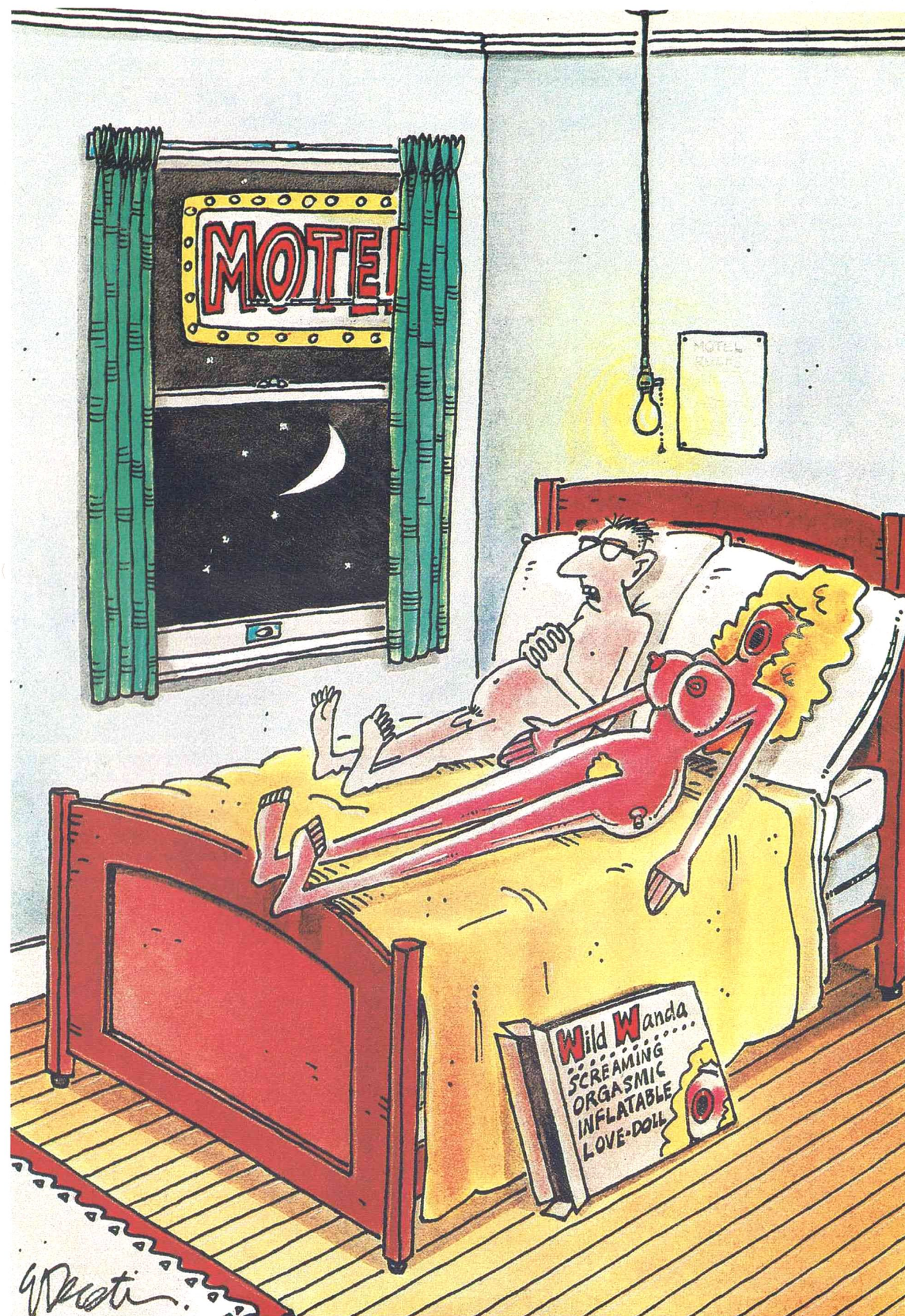
Powell: I must admit I haven't been to all of them. But I don't think I have ever seen the same care and attention to detail along with the comfort and luxury anywhere else. This bordello has been created with great love. I think it has everything that should be associated with the industry — it's delicate, beautiful, discreet and comfortable. It also has an excellent atmosphere for those who work here.

Penthouse: Do you have an exclusive clientele?

Powell: I have always opted for a discreet service but I think this sort of establishment should be open to everyone who fulfils the prerequisites. These are: courtesy, charm, medical acceptability and a generous disposition. You see, much as one would like to think that one is entertaining the rich and famous, I don't see why anyone can't appreciate and enjoy what is being offered.

Penthouse: As well as running Zazzi's you study part-time at university. What made you return to your studies?

Powell: Once again, it was a matter of timing. I have always wanted to further my education because I believe it is a gift. Your looks go, your skin is never as taut as it used to be and so you are losing all those external appearance battles. However, one



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INTERVIEW

thing you will always take with you is your knowledge, which is far more exciting than just a person's looks. So I always knew that I wanted to further my education and it's very important to have something while you're losing something else.

Penthouse: When you took to the stage at the NSW seminar on prostitution you were jettisoned into the public eye. Any regrets?

Powell: I don't think I had regrets, although it's not a situation I would knowingly have sought out. But the way it evolved, I felt that I had a commitment. A lot of people speak about prostitution but most of the words written about it and most of the TV productions about it are erroneous. I feel that I am in a situation to shed a more knowledgeable light. I didn't seek office and I don't belong to the Prostitutes' Collective but I feel that I can do something for the industry.

Penthouse: You are the public face of the bordellos?

Powell: I don't think I represent the bordellos. No-one has elected me to be their spokesperson and therefore I would never presume to be that. A lot of people don't want a spokesperson, they just want to go along and do their work and go home. But I think that if we're going to get better conditions in the industry then maybe someone has to stand out and do it right. My main concern is not that women in the industry are getting better conditions but that they are learning to expect them. They

should feel that they are worthy of better conditions and should seek them.

Penthouse: How did you become involved in the industry?

Powell: I became involved in bordellos because I was tired of working somewhere where I saw so much death, and I think at that time a lot of my more successful male friends were having coronaries while my female friends were discovering they had cancer. I was just tired of illness, not so much tired of looking after people who were ill but of being bogged down by illness. I needed some light and laughter in my life and I lived quite near A Touch Of Class. It was all quite tongue-in-cheek. I presented my credentials and told management that I thought I could be of service to them. I think they thought I was mad.

Penthouse: What was it like way back then?

Powell: They (the prostitutes) were the most beautiful women I have ever met in my life. There were just so stunning, but I'm not sure if that's because I was used to seeing people working in uniform and this was a direct contrast. They wore beautiful long gowns. Of course it was a smaller place with a more intimate atmosphere. It's so different today. Now the women are working there to put themselves through their studies. But these women only worked and that was their life. It was a whole new world for me. That was a time when the women supported their young men. I thought that was pretty ridiculous but they were probably the most attractive, the most exciting

and the most enchanting women I have ever met in my life.

Penthouse: And the clients?

Powell: They were usually generous, arriving with champagne, flowers and occasionally diamonds. They offered world trips. This was all in the early Seventies.

Penthouse: How do you view the industry now?

Powell: Today women enter the industry for entirely different reasons. Many are far more aware of finances and have no intention of keeping any young man in sports cars, beautiful clothes and gold chains. They have a purpose in working and think of it as a short-term profession. They have no wish to be working in their 40th year. They are all achievers and I think this is an excellent development.

Penthouse: Will the legislation in Sydney make a difference?

Powell: Well, how does one know? It's never got any further than the planning stage.

Penthouse: Did you think that the Select Committee on Prostitution had the right approach?

Powell: I thought that the Chairman of the Committee, Pat Rogan, did an excellent job and I have the greatest respect for him because he had a project to complete which was practically impossible. My only criticism is that although there were women researchers, the committee was made up of men and I feel that was a mistake.

Penthouse: And their celebrated tour of Europe to study prostitution?

Powell: I think that any research if used wisely must be useful. But the whole thing was like manna from heaven for the media. To go though Europe moving from one bordello to the next might just have become a way of life to them. But it didn't stop there. They did a lot of research on how the industry is run, the consequences of the industry and whether each country had some form of legislation. So I think they were given some unfair press. Really, there is no other subject that has had such little scholarly analysis as prostitution.

Penthouse: Are you aware of the legislation in other states — Victoria, for example?

Powell: I don't think you can even compare Victoria with NSW. If exactly the same legislation was passed in NSW which is current in Victoria there would probably be enormous complications because those states are so different. It's most odd for an industry which has been going for hundreds of years to all of a sudden have legislation. One can't even say whether it's working yet because it's too early.

Penthouse: How does prostitution in Victoria differ?

Powell: I think we're more open about it in Sydney and it's not such a subculture. It might have something to do with the difference in the states. Victorians tend to be more conservative while Sydneysiders are quite brash and hedonistic.

Penthouse: What would be the complica-



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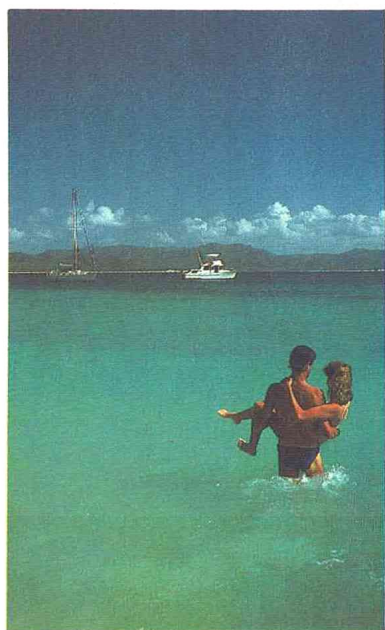
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INTERVIEW

tions if prostitution was suppressed in Australia?

Powell: I can't see how suppression of prostitution or suppression of anything can be seen as an appropriate response. If people really wish to protect women in the industry they should never think of suppressing prostitution. Once the industry is suppressed the woman has absolutely no recourse to the police or any court which determines her rights. As a suppressed person she can't go through the normal channels because she is doing something illegal. I also think that to suppress prostitution is to step back into history because it is a show of power and dominance against women who have chosen to work in the industry. So when people want to suppress prostitution they're not doing anything for the women in the industry; in fact they're making it very hard for them because they are put in a vulnerable position. On the other hand, if prostitution is to be regarded as a viable industry we must accept the conditions set down by other legal businesses. We must have proper health and hygiene standards, for example.

Penthouse: What do you feel is the role of the bordello in the community?

Powell: It's many things to many people. When Rome was conquering the world, the parts of the world which it conquered were

literature, art and the bordello. The Romans actually exported the bordello as a going concern. I wonder if it offered then the same things as it does today? To the lonely it's solace, to the person who is unable to maintain a one-to-one relationship it is a great comfort. I think to a lot of people it might be just fun.

Penthouse: Is there a need for surrogates in society when there are so many bordellos?

Powell: If the surrogate is flourishing there is obviously a need for it. People's needs are diverse and change as society changes. Years ago the word "surrogate" probably wasn't even in our dictionaries. Surrogate mothers are also a recent phenomenon. But I am sure that some people benefit from having a surrogate lover. I have had several psychiatrists refer their patients to me to see if I could introduce them to a young lady. Most of them have been successful. However, for those who were not physically satisfied, there was always a good reason. Quite often it was because the client was suppressing the need for a relationship with another man but had been telling himself that all he needed was a good woman. But as homosexuality has been much more accepted, those incidences are now rare. Remember, marriage is still the most accepted form of coupling there is and if you can't attain that you feel there is something wrong with you. If you are attracted to your

own sex it looks like you will be socially out in the cold, so these young men sought a magical cure.

Penthouse: Were you one of the first to initiate medical checks in Australian bordellos?

Powell: Not the first to initiate medical checks, but the first to ensure they were thorough. There had always been some form of checking for obvious venereal disease but because of my medical background there are areas which I look at in greater detail. There are so many different things to look for now, like venereal warts, which can precipitate cervical cancer. This is nothing new but people feel a lot easier talking about it now. Young men who come in with warts are frequently upset because they can't stay but a wart is a virus and viruses are catching. The way in which the medical check is carried out is very important. It is knowing what you're looking for, being able to identify it correctly and also being able to understand the human body and the signs of ill health.

Penthouse: Is venereal disease increasing?

Powell: I don't think so. We are just more aware of it now. Take warts, for example. They are not a new phenomenon but they are only being talked about now. I think people are more prone to venereal disease because they indulge in careless sex. When you are with somebody and fall into their arms and it's not a commercial transaction, who's going to stop and insist on a medical examination? Passion is never so calculated. Many of the women with whom I work are so tuned into examining people thoroughly that they don't want to take the chance on casual sex. I think everyone who is sexually active must have regular checks for venereal diseases. It's just a way of caring for your body.

Penthouse: What effect has AIDS had on the prostitution industry?

Powell: When AIDS emerged it had a great effect on business. People were terrified. A lot of men started to ask for condoms. But they didn't listen to the experts. I regard Professor Pennington and Professor Penney as the experts. I don't regard journalists, would-be medical experts or people who have read widely about AIDS as having a significant body of knowledge on the subject. In Australia today there is no galloping AIDS in the heterosexual community. I believe there has been a form of hysteria with AIDS although I'm not undervaluing the horror of the disease. But I think if you indulge in anal intercourse or intravenous drug use, you are a likely candidate.

It did have an effect on the industry and as usual the prostitute woman was regarded as the person who was going to incubate the disease overnight and spread it into the community. This has been proven to be untrue. All working women at A touch Of Class had regular AIDS tests once a month and by the time I left the bordello in

December there had not been one positive.

Penthouse: Returning to a lighter subject, do fashions in bordellos come and go? For example, Zazzi's has no "theme" rooms.

Powell: Theme rooms are fine but they must be changed every six months because they become boring to the regulars. However, I think basic elegance is a must. I also regard what happens in a bordello as total theatre and I believe the women must be dressed accordingly in expensive, sophisticated clothes.

Penthouse: What is the most common male fantasy?

Powell: Romance. This can mean lots of different things but the most important of these is having someone interested in you. How many people do you know who devote themselves entirely to you when you go out with them? This is what happens in a good bordello. A lot of men really just want to be held and loved.

Penthouse: Has the feminist movement resulted in more middle-class women having the courage to work in a bordello?

Powell: Indirectly, because women are much more independent these days and don't feel they have to succeed through a man. If they want a world trip, they don't feel as though a man should pay. They want to get it for themselves. But apart from that I don't think the feminist movement has held any great sway with the women who choose to work in bordellos.

Penthouse: Are women really more sexually liberated now?

Powell: Well, women are no longer considered to be merely the recipients when it comes to sex; they're participants as well. I think this is one of the reasons why there are so many aborted relationships and marriages — because women are demanding what they feel is their right in sexual union. They want what they feel is comforting and exciting for them and not what the man feels will excite them. This is why I don't like pornography. In pornographic films we usually see a man taking just five minutes to penetrate a woman, she screams in ecstasy and it's all over. But there is no sensuality, no foreplay, no excitement. A lot of people begin to think that this is the thing to do. These days women have realised their own sensuality and know they don't have to wait for a man to arouse them. They can do that all by themselves because they are sexual beings. Women are no longer passive beings, which is a good thing.

Penthouse: Do the women in bordellos enjoy their work?

Powell: If it's enjoyable sex, yes. Bear in mind that it is work. Sometimes it's not always possible to enjoy what one does every day. It's the same thing for women with whom I work. If a man comes in who is tender, sensitive to her needs and is a caring human being, then she responds. And she will allow herself to because she feels it is her right to enjoy that man. 

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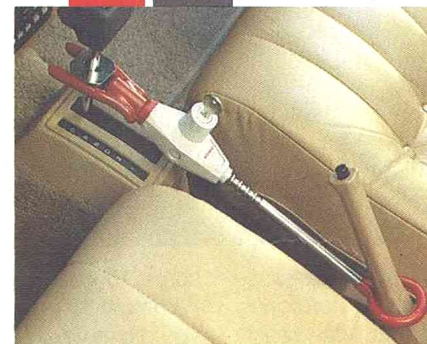
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What most women want is a lover—
not an Olympic marathon man

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

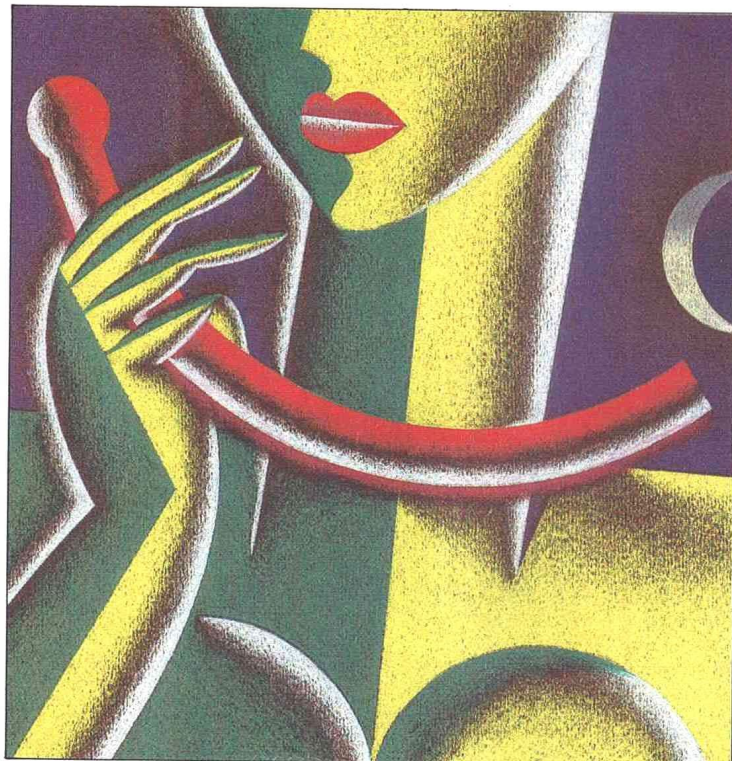
Staying power

I am a 20-year-old male whom women find very sexy and attractive. I enjoy satisfying beautiful young women very much, and without any exaggeration I make love to a different woman almost every week. Most of my partners compliment me on how great I am in bed, especially with foreplay, which I like to last at least an hour or two. My problem is that when I feel it's time to bury my eight-inch uncircumcised love muscle in an awaiting wet tunnel, it only lasts a few minutes because I quickly erupt, sometimes in less than a minute. I have tried to put thoughts in my mind that would kind of turn me off so I could last longer, but that just seems to make me perform poorly. I have even tried different positions, but nothing seems to help.

Do you have any idea why this happens? Could it be because I am not circumcised? Is there something wrong with my hormones, or is it natural? I need to solve this problem so that I can satisfy my women 100 percent. — I.O.

When a train is in a tunnel, there is nothing to see out of the window. If the tunnel is a long one, it can get very boring. Contrary to popular belief, the same thing applies to straight fucking. Most women do not like the guy who gets stuck in the tunnel of love and humps away for hours without coming. It is boring to have a great, heavy macho stud lying on top of you, pounding away like a steam locomotive, proud of his stamina. The poor girl ends up feeling like an exercise bicycle, suffering from the wear and tear of all the moving parts.

Luckily, the average humping time of the normal male is rarely more than two minutes, and most of the accounts one reads describing hours of in-and-out action are either wishful thinking



or willful exaggeration. Strangely enough, it is quite common for highly sexed men to have doubts about their sexual prowess while in fact, from a female point of view, they are pretty good. It seems that you would fall into this category. Imaginative foreplay, sensual caresses, and a competent tongue around the clitoris are far more exciting than eight inches of hard meat banging away at the bottom of your kidneys.

What most women want is a lover, not an Olympic marathon man. I suggest that you just keep on the way you are going and concentrate on finesse rather than staying power. There is absolutely nothing wrong with your hormones.

Public relations

I read *The Happy Hooker* some 15 years ago, when I was 18 years old. Needless to say, I am now 33, six feet tall, blonde, brown-eyed, and female. What you did in your books I have always wanted to imitate. How I admire you! I am not a lesbian, and going one-on-one with another woman is a little questionable for me but still intriguing. However, that is not my problem.

My husband Robert, whom I've known most of my life, loves to hear my fantasies. I love to tell him, and he tells me his in return. We each listen, and since they almost always involve group sex, we try to find a third person to help fulfill our dreams, whether it be for me or for him. Either sex is welcome. We also discuss having sex one-on-one with someone else. The reply from both sides is always, "Fine, but you have to tell me every detail." We have agreed that it's okay to fuck someone else, as long as we share the experience.

My problem is this. I work with the public. A lot of men that I meet going about my daily business want me. I want them, but

the questions is, do I tell my husband or not? In the five years that we've been married, I've been completely faithful to him, and as far as I know he has never cheated on me. So which one of us should make the first move? Should I sleep with someone alone or insist on having a threesome? We are very open-minded, and our sex life is never dull or boring. Please help me. — R.S.

When you say that you work with the public, I assume that you are involved in some aspect of the soft sell — maybe advertising, maybe public relations, maybe politics. In any case, you seem to have mastered the basics of your profession, as you have a devious technique of implying a lot without actually saying anything. Unfortunately, you are so good at it that it is difficult to understand what you are trying to say.

When you announce that you have never cheated on your husband, I presume that means you have not had relations with anyone else since you have been married. It sounds as if you would love to do it and that you think your husband might like it too, but at the moment it is all still in the realm of fantasy. You go on to say that "one-on-one sex with another woman is questionable," but later on you say that either sex is welcome.

What I suspect is that you have one particular man in mind with whom you would like to have sex on a one-to-one basis but you are not sure how your husband is going to react. Maybe the guy in question doesn't know you are married, or maybe you have the idea that he would not be turned on by a group scene including your husband.

I would have thought that the whole point of being married is to have someone in whom you can confide, and the moment you start having secrets, particularly sexual secrets, you are chipping away at the foundations of the relationship. I would suggest that you first talk to your husband about the idea of a threesome with the man of your choice and see how it works out. If he agrees, in fairness to him, the second time you plan a menage a trois it should be with another woman.

If, as I suspect, you just want to screw around on the side without telling him anything, go ahead and do it, but don't expect him to be delighted if he finds out.

The nose knows

I feel like I know you, Xaviera, on a personal basis. I guess you could say I'm a real fan, because I've read everything that I could find that you have written. You are my kind of lady! I am a 67-year-old male with a beautiful 43-year-old blonde lover. Hope and I have been together for the last two years. We have a fantastic sex life, and usually make love on the average of about once a day. Hope has a beautiful, well-cared-for-body that I love to love. I am writ-

ing to you because lately we have been having a little more fun in lovemaking. While Hope is always neat and squeaky clean, I prefer to make love to her before she bathes.

I have a real desire to be able to revel in her ample loveliness, natural body odors and all. I don't find the smell of her unwashed skin and hair repulsive; on the contrary, when I get a whiff of her natural aroma, it really brings out the animal in me. At first Hope was reluctant to remain a little dirty for me. I guess she was inhibited by a lifetime of admonishments from her mother and society to be clean through the use of perfumes and deodorants. Finally she consented to going without a bath before we made love. It was wonderful! I gave her my own special "sponge bath" by licking her fragrant body from head to toe. I even had her cover my face with her unwashed crotch so I could fill my nostrils with her bitter-sweet unwashed smell.

Last week we went on a three-day trip away. Hope went unbathed for the entire time. It was the most glorious turn-on for me imaginable, and now Hope loves it as much as I do. This may be quirky, but it makes us very happy. What I'd like to know is your opinion of my little fetish. Do you know of any other people who prefer the human scent over the smell of soaps and colognes? What is your personal feeling about this? By the way, Xaviera, both Hope and I would love to meet you. How about

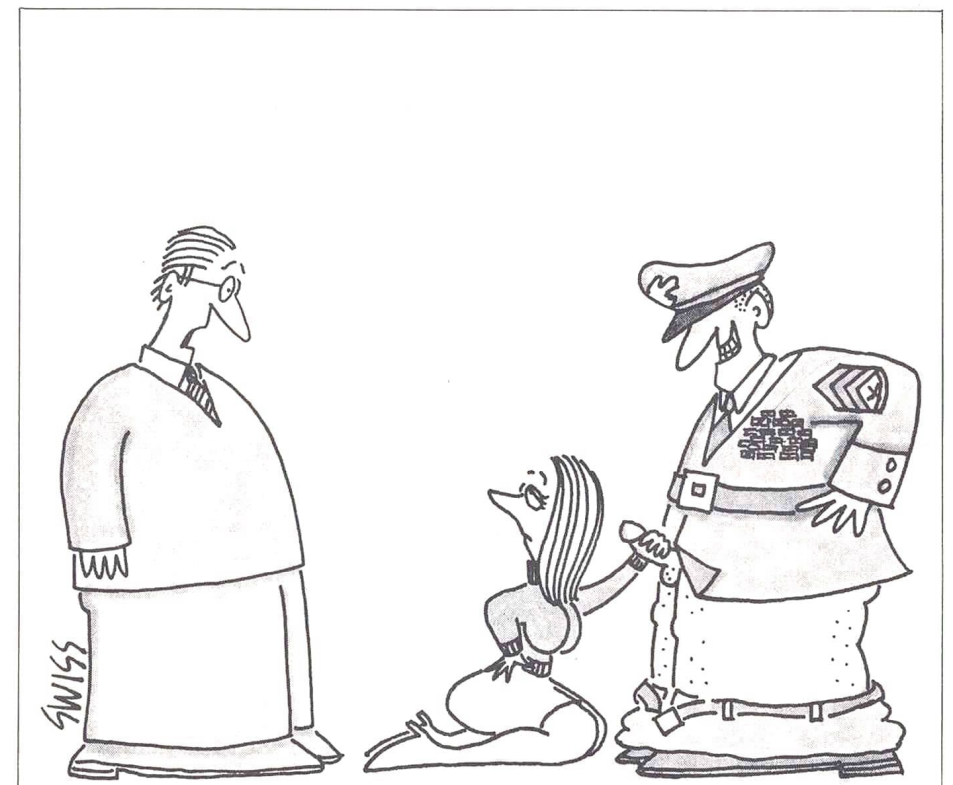
a threesome with us? — H.C.

We know very little about the sense of smell. In fact, just recently an internationally known magazine, *Omni*, organized a survey on smells among its readers in an attempt to increase our knowledge of how the olfactory system works. Smells have more power to stir our emotions than any other sense, maybe because sometimes they are so awful that they revolt us. The smell of newly mown grass, freshly ground coffee, or biscuits coming out of the oven delights us, while that of the severe case of halitosis beside you on the train or the dog shit you find on your shoe makes you want to puke.

Science and industry have cashed in on our sensitivity to scents by producing a variety of stuff to titillate or desensitize our noses, from air fresheners to mouthwash. Commercial scents are big business, and one of the reasons for this is not so much that we like good smells, but the fact that we hate bad ones.

In the Middle Ages, people believed that you could catch diseases from rotten smells. Although a stink does not necessarily carry infection, many bad smells come from bacterial action on living organisms. The result is that most of us have an aversion to powerful body odors, especially anything connected with human waste products.

A few years ago, I had a German lover



"But Gretchen, when you told me you were an expert in marine biology, I thought . . ."

XAVIERA

who was so hooked on hygiene that he had no body odor at all. He had three hairs on his chest, which he carefully removed with tweezers whenever they appeared. Eventually his hairlessness and odorless antisepticness began to get on my nerves. What finally finished him off, though, was when I asked him if he loved me and he replied, "I like you quite a lot."

Although one can go too far in the personal hygiene department, excessive abstinence from soap and water is going to the other extreme. The scent of the human body when it is fresh is a turn-on; but as far as I am concerned, stale sweat, smelly feet, and unwashed genitalia, apart from a good way to catch any disease that is going around, are a massive turnoff. I deeply sympathise with poor Hope, and if I were ever to even contemplate a threesome with the two of you, I would advise Hope to return to her old habits, and I would have to have you steam-cleaned!

Just friends

I am a 19-year-old male romantic. The reason for my letter is to discuss a wish I have.

For the last seven years, I have had a wonderful relationship with a girl I've gone to school with. In the last year we've grown quite close to the extent that we are

able to talk about anything, including sex. Let me tell you something about her.

Tamara is a few months my senior, and has a fairly nice body and a personality to match. She can act just as masculine as any guy while still retaining her femininity. Mostly, she is just a very dear friend. The problem is, while I respect her and love as a person, I really want to make love to her. I don't know how to approach the subject, partly because I still feel unrelaxed and self-conscious about my physical self, and partly because I don't know how she would take it.

Within the last two years, our relationship has grown closer and more physical. When we greet each other and say good-bye, I am able to comfortably hug and kiss her. We've held hands many times on walks and even have gone as far as necking. Tamara has even told me a couple of times that the way I was sitting or the way I said something turned her on. Another problem is that she has a boyfriend, sort of, who lives in another state. I've even met him. The three of us had dinner together a couple of times, and I think I could sense negative vibes between them.

Ever since I've had this desire, I've been mulling over the positive and negative aspects of the whole thing. I want to stress the fact that I love Tamara and want to make the best decision I am capable of. I have confidence that you can give me the advice I need to reach that end. — L.C.

If you really love this girl, you are going to have to make up your mind to get off your sweet arse and do something about it before it is too late. It is no use being wishy-washy about it, saying things like "She has a boyfriend, sort of." Either she has a boyfriend or she does not, and if she does, you must make sure that her boyfriend is you!

Of course there were bad vibes when you met this other guy, because Tamara has probably told him in advance what good buddies she is with you and how great she thinks you are. He not only felt the competition was unfair, but he was also boiling with jealousy. So forget about him. He is a long way away and you are on the spot. Take advantage of the situation. The very next time you get a chance to do a bit of necking with her, instead of mulling it over in your mind, tell her how you feel. Say all the things you said to me in your letter. Tell her she is beautiful, that you love her, and that you want to make love to her more than anything else in the world.

A while back, a friend from my school days phoned me to invite me to a show I particularly wanted to see. He lives in the country and has a phobia about being late, so he arrived at my house at four in the afternoon. We sat chatting for a while, and I wondered what I was going to do with him for the three hours we had to kill before the play started at 7.30.

All of a sudden, the conversation stalled. "Let's . . . er . . ." he began, and then stopped, apparently wondering what to say. He normally has plenty to talk about, and I realised that he wanted to suggest having sex with me but was unable to find the words. "Let's fuck" was too crude for him, and although we have been close friends for many years, he had never been in love with me and therefore could not bring himself to say "Let's make love."

I was enjoying the game, and I left him to struggle for a few minutes. Finally I decided to put him out of his misery. "I read your mind," I told him as I led him upstairs to my bedroom. We took off our clothes and sat on the bed, looking at each other. "You have beautiful breasts," he told me, but that was as far as it went. There was another pregnant silence, and after a bit, we both started to giggle. Then we talked about our school days, about the friends we had lost touch with, and other inconsequential things. The afternoon slipped away, and before we knew it, it was time to get dressed and go to the theatre. We had not done anything at all! "I guess we know each other too well," was his comment. "Maybe another day . . ." But we both knew that that day would never come.

If you don't want to end up in the same situation as my friend, you had better get on with it before it is too late. And, remember the old saying: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." O+



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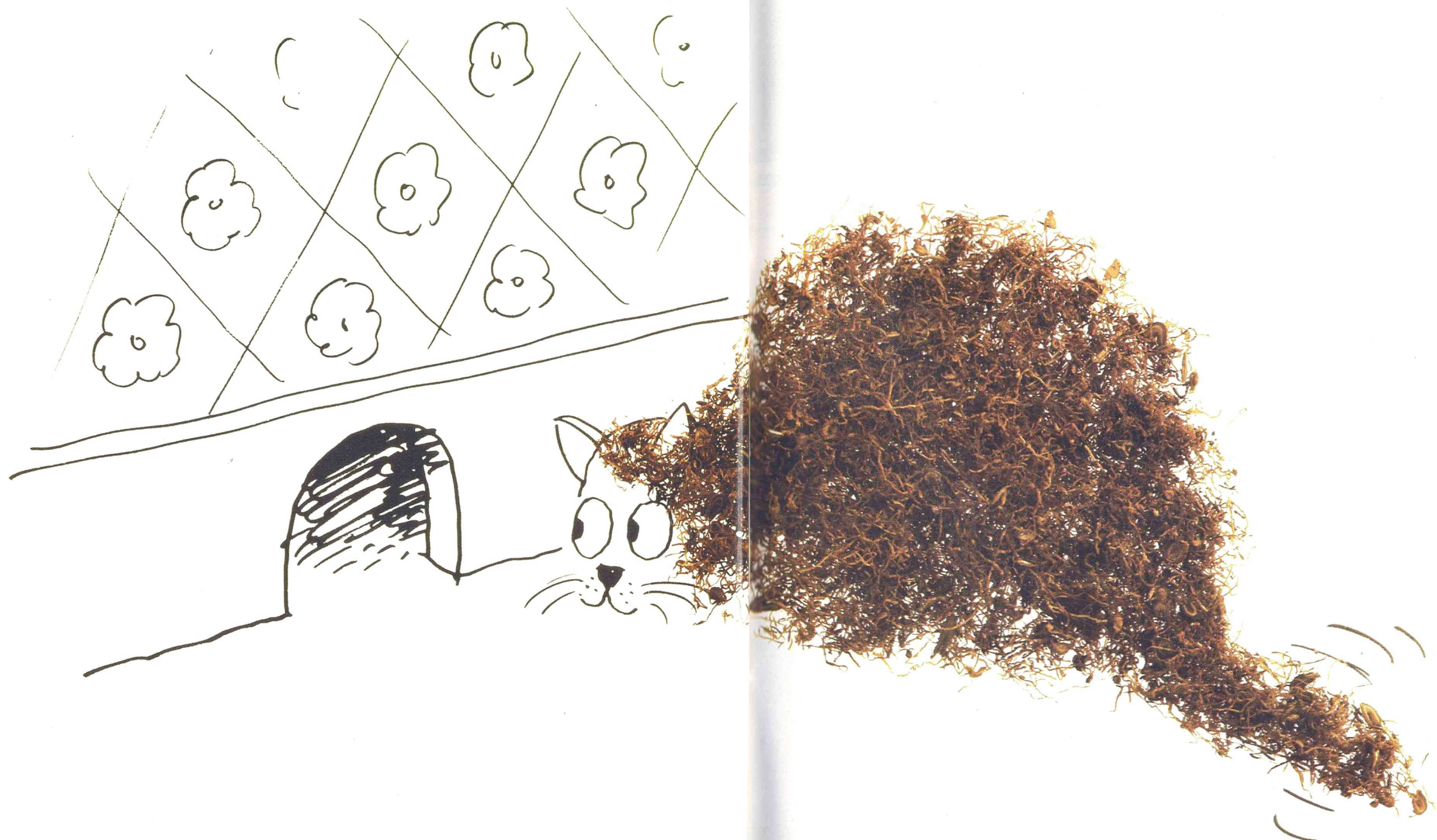
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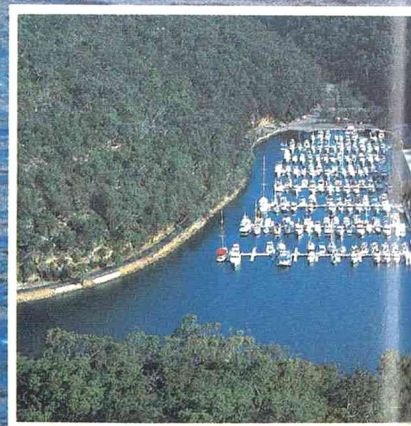
Skipper a Clipper

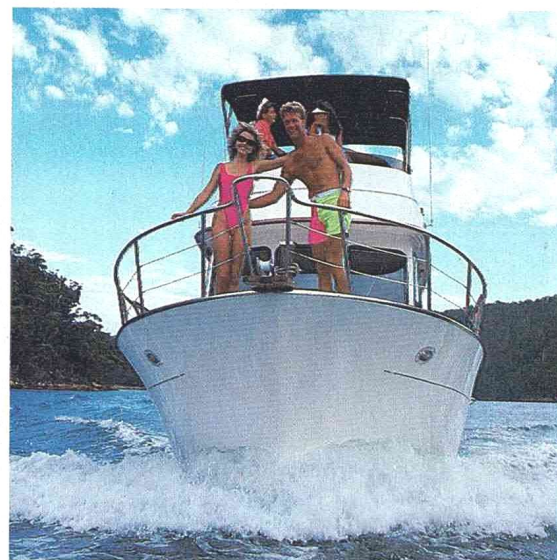
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LICENCE

Continued from page 62

landscape per month to the occasional still life study of a bowl of coconuts.

AUGUST, 1895

Gauguin has returned to Tahiti to do a feasibility study for something he calls Club Med.

I have decided to stay on here in Paris, where I have met up again with *Pisarro* and *Cezanne*. *Cezanne* is now going through a very Intense Period, and is beginning to behave in a strange manner.

He persists in running up behind people in the street, sticking a gun in their backs and saying: "This is a hijack, take me to the Cubists!" Then the other day I called him a square and I laughed, and said, "Can't you take a joke?" and he sulked about this for weeks, then suddenly cornered me in a dark alley in the Montmartre and etched something called "Bridge At Sunset" on my chest with a tuning fork.

He became very interested in painting still life, but has found it very hard to keep it still. Desperate and distracted, he resorted to nailing whole flocks of sheep to the ground by their hooves.

A warrant has been issued for his arrest.

JUNE, 1896

Cezanne has told us he is looking for a new form of expression and has taken to poking his tongue out a lot and wiggling his ears. Last week he painted his impression of a post, and has announced to us that this will herald the dawn of the Post-Impressionist Period.

Yesterday he tried to commit suicide by getting himself hung in the Louvre and drawing his farewell note on his face. They had to take him away to have his head read.

Looking for a fresh challenge, and three months behind with the rent, *Pisarro* and I have decided to leave Paris and head for the countryside on a stolen horse. We find our friendship is unique, in that we don't like each other.

Pisarro is a strange man. His father was a Jew, his mother a West Indian. He has a big nose and walks around with a radio on his shoulder.

He is still very bitter about his past. He did not become a painter by choice, as the rest of us did. He was actually a leading figure in a highly specialised field of medicine, but was forced out of his practice when it was discovered he had become sexually involved with a number of his patients. Unfortunately he was a veterinarian.

But I have to admit, he has a rare talent. He seems to catch, with unerring rightness, the domestic atmosphere of the Third Republic's upper bourgeoisie, and con-

veys with rare solicitude the changing pageant of the seasons in the French countryside.

He calls it "painting by numbers."

JANUARY, 1900

A new century! Will this augur a new beginning for me? Probably not.

Recently I have been captured by the Impressionist movement, who beat the soles of my feet with iron bars and told me to stop copying them. Unmoved, and unable to pay my share of the rent, I have left *Pisarro* with a backlog of dishonored cheques and joined *Renoir* in his little garret on the Champs Elysees.

Renoir has recently produced a charming series of pictures of Parisian working girls trooping through his study on the way to his bedroom. His preoccupation with the opposite sex is now posing a serious threat to his work. He has forsaken the old Impressionist school for the girls' school next door, and his output has been reduced from ten masterpieces a month to a couple of straight lines and a new coat of paint for his bike.

MAY, 1902

As time goes on I become less convinced that this life is really for me. *Renoir* has told me that my "Storming Of The Bastille" looks like a bunch of spastic matchstick men waving lollipops. I have accepted this criticism philosophically and

have started work on my next project, which is to place a bread knife between his shoulder blades when he isn't looking.

JUNE, 1902

Having completed my last project, I have decided to leave France, never to return. I have arrived in London and enrolled in a night school for young artists. I keep losing my paint brush in the dark.

DECEMBER, 1904

Last month, in desperation, I resorted to a new method. I call it "tracing." I have run up a cover version of *Da Vinci's* "Virgin With Child", but in an effort to add a touch of originality, I made the mistake of putting the Infant in a pram.

I have been excommunicated by the Pope and all my works have been placed on the Index.

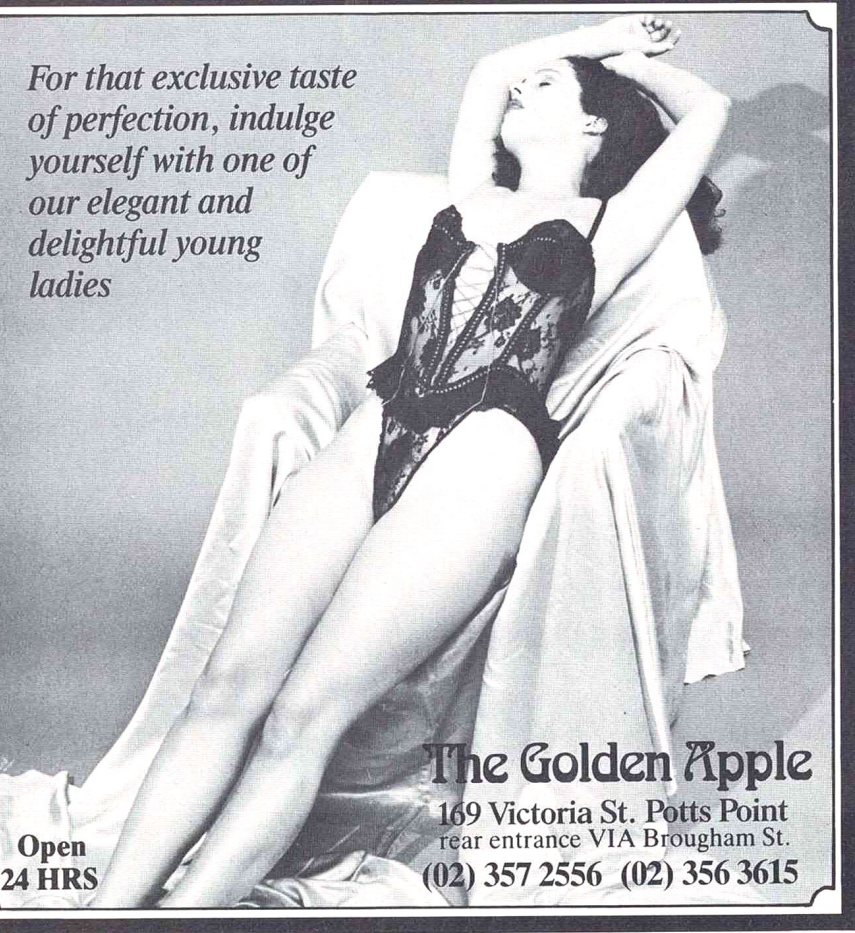
JUNE, 1906

I have come to the realisation that my paintings aren't worth a nob of goat's ordure. As I sit here surrounded by my life's work, it strikes me that they are, at best, colored doodles. The best of them all is the one called "Smiling Lady", and she looks like she's grimacing through a cracked shower screen.

I'll never make any money at this. I might as well bequeath the lot to my nephew, *Picasso*, and end it all.

The journal ends here. O—

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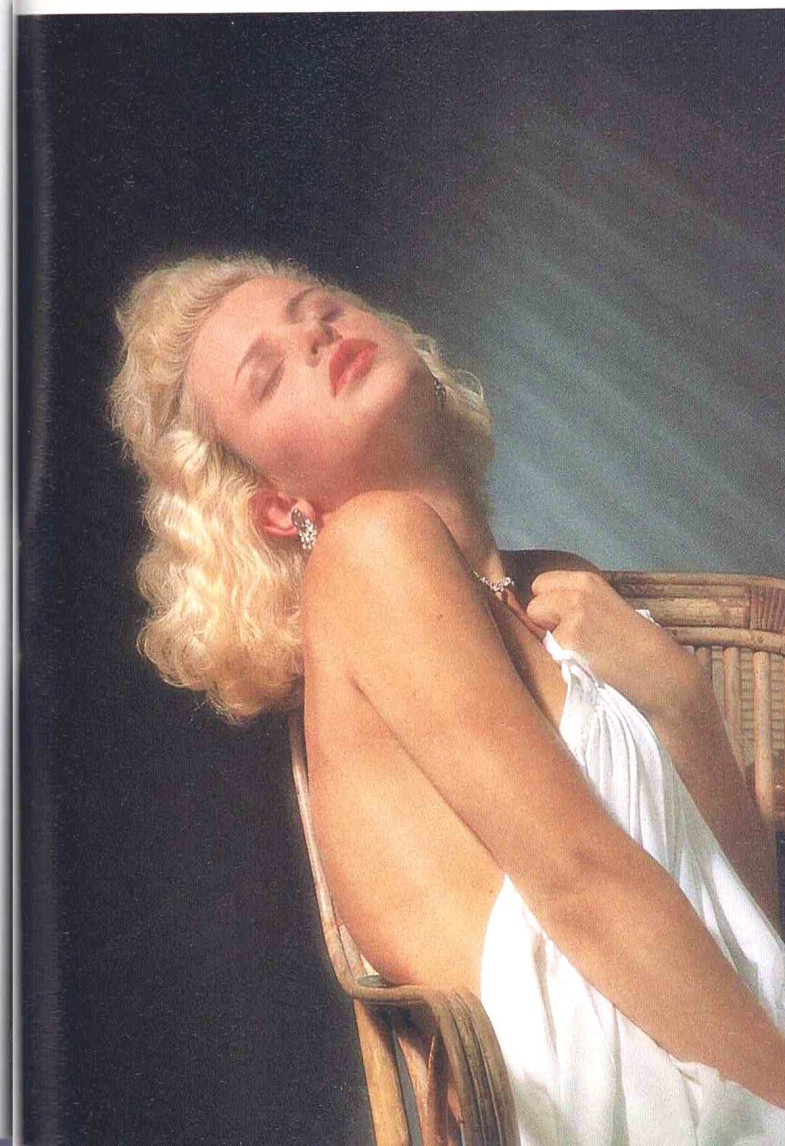
Once wasn't enough for 21-year-old Julie Paris. First of all she set off from her Perth hometown to satisfy her teen-inspired wanderlust — hitchhiking all the way to Sydney via the Top End. Then she did it all again, setting off for further adventures, this time through The Centre. She's settled back in Sydney now, but for how long . . . ?

NO HITCHES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE

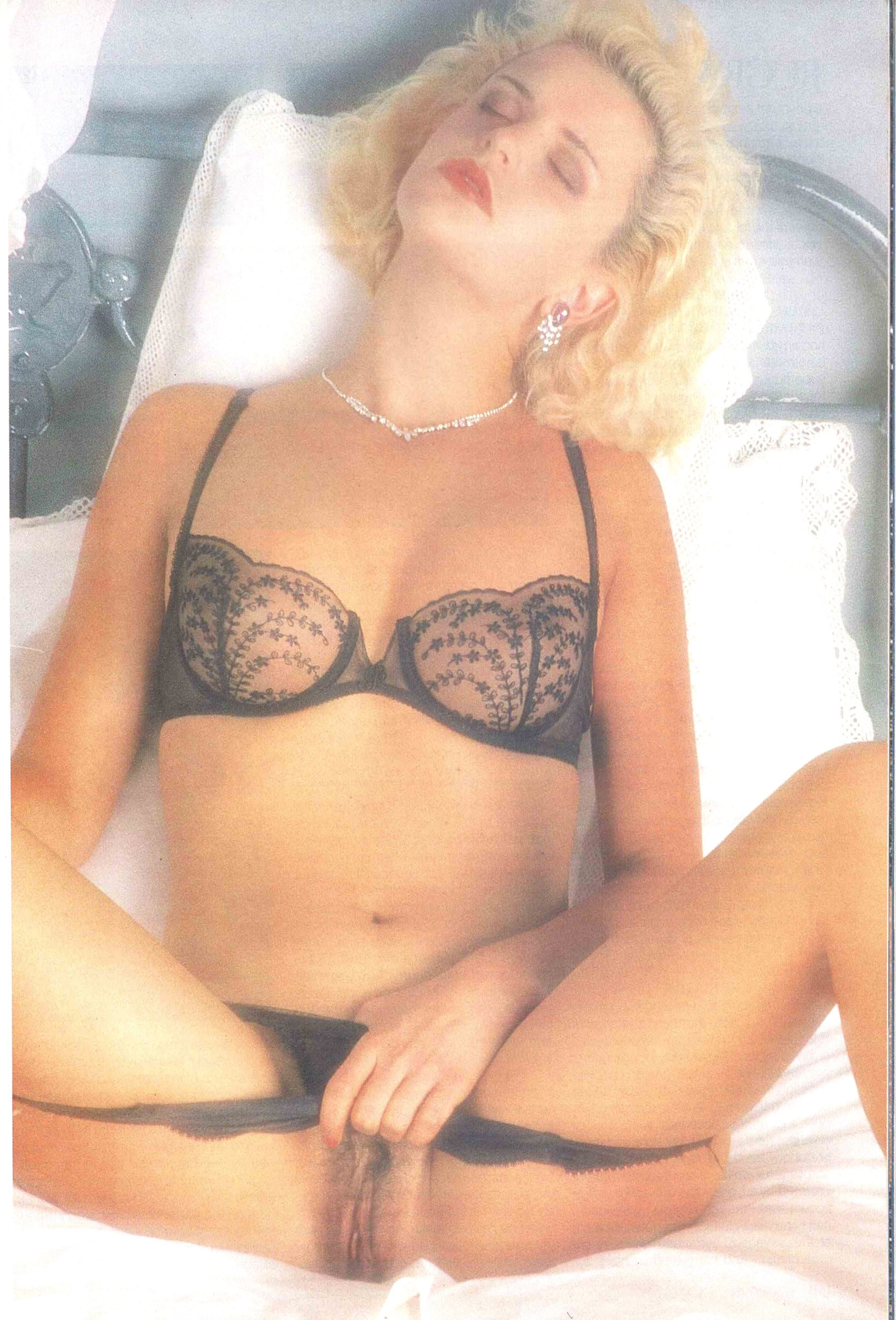


"It's been a year in Sydney — and it's all pretty exciting," she says. "But the outback people were so great to me that it's often a temptation to head off again. I can remember walking into a Darwin pub and getting a round of applause. That just doesn't happen in Sydney."





While she's in the urban setting, though, she's making the most of it. Julie is practising her bass guitar and her singing with the aim of playing in a band — something "unpoppy with nor frills." Then there's her acting . . . and she's playing the field . . .
O+



RUGBY

Continued from page 83

it they were lucky to get to zero). While their performances since then don't justify outright laughter, it will still be a very cold day in hell when they get up to win the Cup. I think we can safely expect that one or other of the forces of democracy will quickly put paid to any lingering hopes of our Commie cousins.

NEW ZEALAND

What can you say? Their awesome, take-no-prisoners style of play is so well known to most rugby watchers that any lengthy rehashing of it here could well be superfluous. Suffice it to say that while in the forwards they frequently look and feel like a giant, black multi-Adidas centipede rampaging around the field, in the backs, for sheer toughness — let alone speed, agility etc — they are without peer.

In the normal way of things the All Blacks could be marked down as heavy favorites to take out the inaugural Cup, but this competition falls at a time when, if they are not exactly in a state of flux, they are at least recovering from one. After the histrionics (rightly so) surrounding the Blacks' rebel tour of South Africa, in mid-1986 only a handful of the former greats emerged from the smoke to pick up the New Zealand flag and again carry it forward. The rest were made up of the so-called "Baby Blacks" and this last year has been a process of building up a post-rebel tour team worthy of the high reputation of its predecessors. Though along the way they have taken on board two bitter defeats against the Wallabies and one against the French, the people who know about such things (namely New Zealand rugby journalists) inform me that, in retrospect, the removal of the old guard and influx of new blood could, in the end, prove to be the saving grace of Kiwi rugby rather than the initially feared *coup de grace*.

Whatever, any team that can climb over the All Blacks' dead body to get to the summit will well deserve any laurels coming its way.

ZIMBABWE

Many moons ago, while hitching along a lonely road in the northern stretches of Shonaland, Zimbabwe, my attention was arrested by what looked like a rugby game. It sounded like a rugby game; upon inspection it was a rugby game (and a First Division one at that). While expressing surprise that after hundreds of kilometres of elephant herds, occasional lions and lonely, lonely farmhouses I should stumble across a full colors encounter, I was icily informed by a tweed coat with an Oxbridge accent that "though rugger in Rhodesia has been bled White by the political events of the Seventies, we intend to carry on regardless." And carry on they have. In-



Top left: US forces overrun by Tonga. Top right: Aussies giving England the slip again. Left: The Japanese can overpower equally diminutive Sri Lankans, but can they match the big guns? Below: America The Brave — but this is a real World Series.



tion of the population (mostly small and medium-sized towns in the north) while the rest, though often showing an admiring interest, continue their passion for soccer.

The closest sister to Italian rugby in terms of style of play and approach to the game is, not surprisingly, France, but what a beastly overbearing sister she has been. In 50 odd years of international encounters (often the French "B" team does the honors) the Italians have not won a single solitary victory — and if you think that's upsetting you should hear how the Italians feel about it.

ITALY

Ah, the Italians. One could write a book on the interesting background of the game in Italy and the select spot it occupies (top shelf, left hand corner) in the Italian sporting psyche. Introduced in the early part of this century, it made little headway in gaining popularity until that well-known hooker Benito Mussolini seized upon it as a good way of toughening up the Italian people and promoted it accordingly. It is now enthusiastically embraced by a limited sec-

While they have the same flamboyance and skill with the ball, the same Latin willingness to try anything any time, I believe it is in the physical department that the Italians lose out. Put simply, the big tough nasties that are the rule in French rugby are the exception across the border, and while I sometimes think Italian rugby is all the more enjoyable to watch and play because of it, in the fiery cauldron of international competition they have never really made it and in this Cup, at least, are unlikely to.

ARGENTINA

And so to the sole representative from South America, a land where rugby is increasingly widespread, though still completely in the shadow of soccer. Very disappointing in their brief tour to Australia last year, where they were hammered mercilessly in both Test matches, Argentina nevertheless must be given some chance of putting rugby's World Cup up on the mantelpiece beside their recently acquired World Cup of soccer. Known around the international rugby traps for their relentless running game and their proclivity for taking the offensive wherever and whenever, their play is truly spectacular.

The problem is, as explained to me by one crusty English journalist who's followed their fortunes, "They're all bloody commandos' sons . . . they all want to attack, attack, attack always and there's not a single regular soldier left to mind the fort." Which is to say, I think, that when the loose playing Argies come up against a team that plays tight, controlled rugby they're usually in deep . . . trouble.

However, coach Hector Silva has reportedly drawn the lessons from their Australian encounters and has since applied himself to tightening up the Pumas' play. If he can do this without diminishing their explosive attacking power (no mean feat), the Pumas will surely pose some threat to the pecking order in line for honor and glory.

TONGA AND FIJI

In their approach to the game our Pacific Island brothers are the spiritual equivalent of the French and the Argentinians — "mighty little science but a mighty lot of dash." Whatever the position on the field may be, whatever the score, the prevailing policy is "damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead, the ball must go through!", usually passing through as many pairs of hands as possible as they all fall over themselves to get a touch of the ball.

The odd thing for me is that such an energetic brand of rugby should have evolved in tropical islands where the weather is nearly always humid and hot. One would have thought that a more docile brand would be best suited to getting comfortably through the 80 minutes, but these lads habitually pound round the terrain as if there were Olympic sprint selectors in the

stands. More than one opposing captain has profited from rare moments of calm to count and check that there really were only 15 of them.

The result of all their leg work and support play is that their game is characteristically razzle-dazzle spectacular, and though it's not always high percentage rugby in terms of winning, if the ball bounces their way they are both capable of good results against the best in the world (Tonga, the ingrates, beat Australia back in '73). There's little to pick between the two in terms of the aforementioned style, but Fiji is generally considered to be marginally superior to the Tongans, though it's more than your life's worth to venture such a view in the presence of the latter.

AUSTRALIA

I want you to forget that Alan Jones, Australia's coach, is politically to the right of Attila the Hun and running a close

“
Jones' thrust
is that players must
subvert quirky individual
impulses and, rather, grind
away at low-risk
football
”

second to President Botha in support of apartheid.

I want you to forget that he's single-handedly managed to offend all the opposing teams and coaches he's come across in the course of his tenure.

Hell, I even want you to forget that he's had the criminally cretinous shortsightedness to leave your faithful correspondent out of the national team (I can tell you Chapter 4 in my forthcoming autobiography is looking very bad for him right now).

The bottom line is consistently winning Test matches and Jones is (as he never tires of reminding us) the man for the job. Though I can't stomach the usual fawning sycophancy that surrounds his person, he nevertheless deserves a large measure of credit for the outstanding results of the national team over the last three years. While I hesitate to get that old sporting metaphor "the team is a machine" up off the mat for another workout, it is, just one more time, apt. Notwithstanding my earlier thesis that national spirits show through in the style of play, the basic thrust of Jones' coaching in the last three years has been that the players must subvert this and any other

quirky individual impulses and, rather, grind away at low-risk football for the common good. Fifteen cogs working in cohesion towards a common goal . . . with an emphasis on eliminating unforced errors, on retaining absolute control of the ball, and the consequent relentless continuity towards the opposing line.

With the team's nucleus basically unchanged over the last three years, the players' awareness of each other's forthcoming actions and consequent ability in the "system" pattern of play is unparalleled. This is not to mention their noted capacity for keeping everything ticking over smoothly, even when under extreme pressure. The strongest teams will have a hard time containing them, while the less powerful nations risk getting a humiliating hammering.

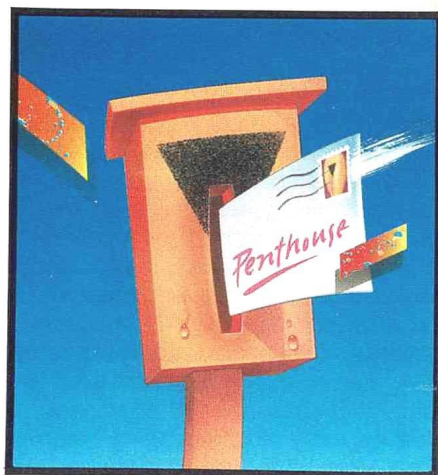
So who is going to win? In all the magazines, newspapers and interviews I leafed through getting background, it seemed that anybody who is anybody in the rugby world — and the rest of us nobodies besides — replied to this golden question by naming just three countries as being the principal contenders — namely Australia, New Zealand and France. Far be it from me (I was just kidding when I admitted to being a nobody) to go against the established wisdom. For what it's worth, I too think that the winner will be from these three, though I wouldn't mind having an each-way bet on Argentina at long odds.

A small parenthesis here. I tell you this World Cup has got it all, even its own little bit of spite. The fact is — and I can't for the life of me understand why — that neither Jacques Fouroux, the French coach, nor Brian Lochore, the All Blacks' coach, can stand a bar of our Alan. Things that they have said about him privately cannot be printed here (that's right, even after some of those big words you've just read in Forum), but they're not pretty. Jonesy for his part hasn't really extended himself beyond the usual public rubbishing of the opposition, but both these gentlemen seem to have taken it harder than most and would like nothing better than to be instrumental in taking him down a peg or two. Close parentheses.

Though in different areas of the game each team has a superiority, and the French are unlikely to win when they can't smell croissants, I think little is to pick between them — apart from reaffirming that overall there is a little to be gained from idle speculation. So if people will take their seats and the orchestra get to their pit . . .

And there we have it. A real international brotherhood event of the first order. Rugby's sons from all over the world, gathering together in a spirit of peace and harmony, putting aside all their differences of race, color, religion and politics (for God's sake turn it down a bit No 2 Violin) to see in the end who is the fairest, biggest, toughest, nastiest and best of them all. Stay tuned, sports fans. O—

Photos by Colin Whealan



FORUM

Continued from page 16

with more than one person."

Before I could say anything, she got up, undid her skirt, and dropped it to the floor. She wasn't wearing any underwear. As I stared at her dark, silky patch of pubic hair, she removed her blouse. She wasn't wearing any bra either. She looked at my starry-eyed face and said, "Please."

There she was, standing completely naked in front of me, inviting me to fuck her. I had to admit that she had a very nice figure. Her tits were supple with hard nipples pointing encouragement at me. Her

small, narrow waist and her long, slender legs were so tempting that my dick became rock-hard. It's not every day that such an opportunity comes your way. I grabbed her hand and led her to the bedroom.

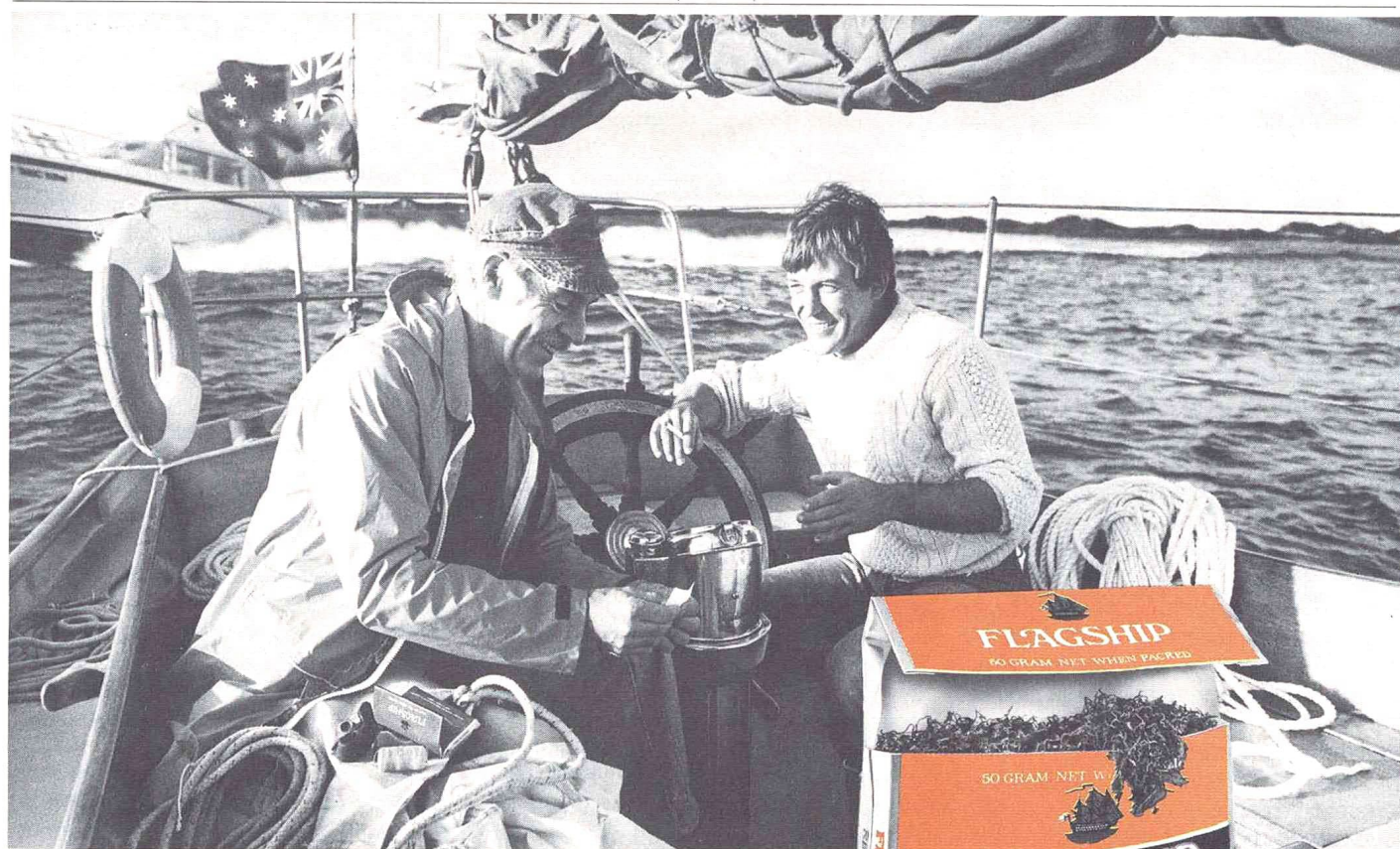
I motioned her to lie down on the bed and quickly removed my clothes. Then I took my place next to her. I placed my right hand on her left tit and lowered my mouth on to hers. I kissed her, gently at first and more firmly afterwards. Our lips devoured each other, our tongues collided with full force, and our mouths drew all the pleasure that they possibly could. My hand caressed and cupped her breasts at the same time. I made my way down to her stomach and then to her cunt. Running my fingers through her pussy hair, I traced the contours of her cunt with my fingers. Her pussy was overflowing with her juices. She moaned loudly as my fingers found her clit. The smell of her womanhood on my hands filled me with a ravenous hunger, so I inclined my head and stuck my tongue right in between her cunt lips. Susan screamed with ecstasy. I covered every millimetre of her pussy with my tongue and then took hold of her clit with my lips. As my mouth sucked and my tongue lashed on it, she moaned and moaned in one never-ending sound.

After a while, I moved up and positioned myself on top of her. She quickly grabbed my cock and placed it on her cunt. Slowly

I pressed it in. We both yelled from the depth of our throats as my dick went all the way in. I started pumping as she reciprocated my thrusts. We fucked each other, slowly at first and then with a fast-paced rhythm. Soon we exploded into one giant orgasm. I shot and shot until I was completely drained. She flowed and flowed until she went completely dry. That was one hell of an orgasm.

We relaxed for a while and let all the perspiration dry off. Then she moved on top of me and started paying me back for all my work. She kissed the entire length of my body and took my cock in her mouth. The warm, wet feel of her tongue was more than enough to get me hard again. She sucked on my dick until it stood there like a flagpole. Then she positioned her cunt on top of my penis and swallowed it in. She started moving up and down, simulating a pumping action, while I fondled her wiggly tits. I couldn't believe the energy she had as she jumped up and down over my cock. She had another orgasm and then another. I waited patiently until I was ready to come for the second time. I pumped like hell. Soon my body tensed as a jet of come spurted out of my penis. As soon as my sperm hit her inside, she had another orgasm.

We fucked once more after that. I couldn't believe what a great lay she was. Her cunt was like a powerful vacuum that had infinite appetite for my dick. Making



Flagship. Too good to rush.

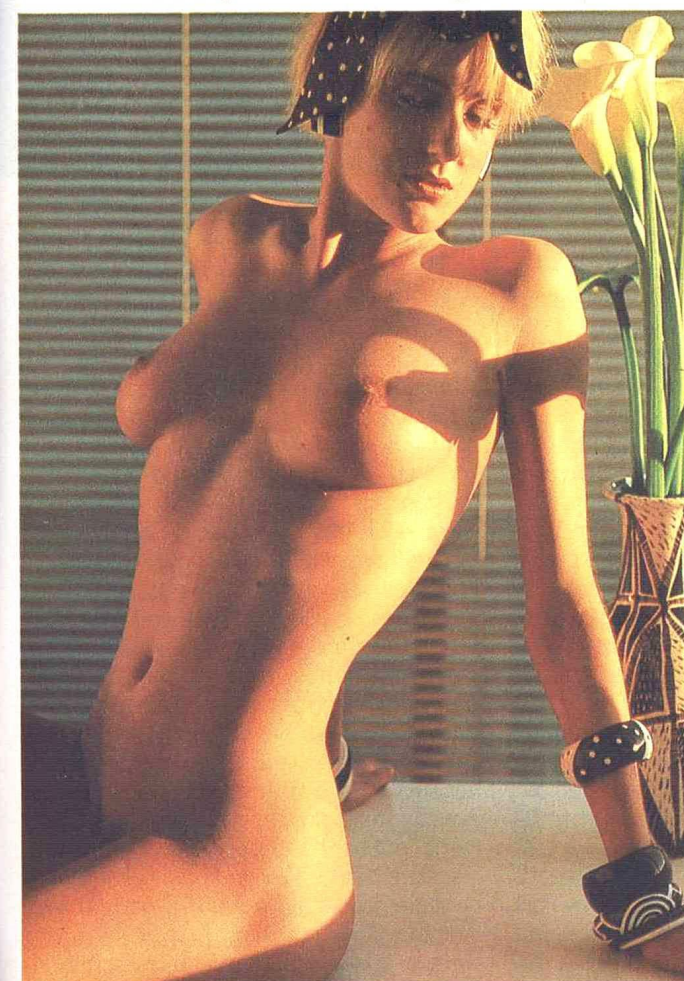


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FORUM

love to her was the most satisfying experience of my life.

Susan is married now, and has been married for a few months. I am hoping that one day she will decide to have an extramarital affair and come to me again. — *Name and address withheld*

Pen-pusher

I am an accountant, 38 years old, with limited experience with women in sexual matters. I'm good-looking, although not a movie star, and I keep myself in good physical condition by working out. Little did I know that my hardest workout was yet to come.

Most people think of accountants as small mousy people either trying to steal someone else's money or trying to catch someone stealing money. I hope what I am going to tell you will show that this isn't always the case. I work for a local government. My story got underway when the state sent over one of their auditors.

The lady who arrived was something else. She was quite tall. She had short dark hair, sparkling brown eyes, and a great smile. She didn't have big breasts, but because her body was well proportioned, they looked great anyway. Margie wanted to go right to work on checking several ac-

counts that had to be audited. She thought the whole project would take about a week, so I set her up in one of the conference rooms that would accommodate all the papers and files included in her job. I told her that I'd be available if she had any questions.

One afternoon Margie came to me for the last checking-account records and said that her job would be finished by the end of the day. I gave her the records and she returned to the conference room to work on the files. At the end of the day she had still not finished, and I just happened to have extra work to do, so I stayed late, too.

Margie came to me and said she was having trouble reconciling the records on the last account, and asked if I could sit with her and help solve the problem. I followed her into the room, and we pulled our chairs together so that we could work more efficiently and look at the same set of books. Her perfume was filling my head, and I could feel the heat from her body next to me. Whenever we spotted a problem, we would look into each other's eyes. After about a half hour of this, and still having trouble locating the mistake, I felt Margie's leg pressing against mine. I had no plans to move my leg, and soon she began to rub the back of my neck.

I suggested that she might enjoy the same thing, so I stood behind her and started to rub her neck. I moved my hands out to her shoulders and pressed hard with my

fingers. She was saying how good it felt, so I kept on rubbing. I moved my hands further down her back, and Margie moved forward in her chair so that I could reach lower. I decided to take a chance, and as I moved my hands back up her soft, warm back, I took hold of the zipper on her blouse and moved it down a few inches. I could now feel her soft warm skin beneath my hands. Margie let out a low moan, and while still rubbing her back, I moved the blouse's zipper all the way down to her skirt belt. With her blouse wide open, I unhooked the back of her bra and reached around to caress her flat stomach. As I moved my hands under her breasts, Margie let out a sigh and slowly stood up. She said, "Take your hands out." I pulled my hands out of her blouse and looked up at her smiling face. There was a spark in her eyes as she looked at me. She stepped up to me, put her hand behind my neck, and leaned forward. When our lips met, they became hot and I thought she would draw the breath right out of me. By now my arms were in a vice around her body and her stomach was flat against mine. My hands kneaded her hot back, and after what seemed like half an hour, we broke our kiss.

I then looked into her burning eyes and she looked into mine. She reached for the knot in my tie and pulled it down from my neck. Margie reached for and opened the top button of my shirt, and without taking

her eyes off mine, proceeded to undo the buttons all the way down to my belt. I reached down and stopped her hand, and her reaction was of pure puzzlement. I took hold of her and removed her blouse, and standing before me was a woman naked to the waist. Her breasts were high and firm, with a small nipple in the middle and a wide, dark pink ring around it. While I stood mesmerised by her beauty she removed my shirt, and with a force that almost knocked me off my feet, pressed close to me with a fervent kiss.

Our mouths were then all over each other and her velvet breast pressed close to my chest. The moisture our bodies were creating ran down between us and sealed our bodies tighter together. After what seemed like hours, Margie's hand moved down to the heavy lead pencil in my pocket. After holding it for a minute she reached for the belt buckle, unzipped my pants, and out sprang my pencil, sharp for her attention.

While I proceeded to remove the rest of my clothing (I didn't want to look like an idiot with his pants around his ankles), Margie let the clasp go on her skirt and it fell off. With a swift motion I removed the rest of her clothing, noticing a dark spot on her light-blue panties. She reached down and took my rock-hard penis in her hand and slowly made her way down the contours of my body. I knew that if I allowed her to continue her act of passion it would be over

too soon, and I wanted to relish this moment with her. I lifted her from the floor where she was kneeling, kissed her on the lips, and slid her silky panties off her equally silky body. I reached around behind her and firmly squeezed her rump. Margie was moving her whole body against my body, her fingers digging into my back. I could feel her mound pressing against me, so I lifted her and set her bare bottom on the cold conference-room table. I had to take a second glance because I thought I saw steam rise from the table.

I knelt in front of her legs and spread them apart. I could see the moisture from her body, as well as her cunt, run down along the hairs of her bush and form a pool on the tabletop. It was like morning dew on the grass. I put my hands on the outside of Margie's body and moved her closer to my panting mouth. She put her legs up over my shoulders as I slowly kissed the inside of her thighs. My penis, under the table, was ready to explode. As my tongue touched the soft skin inside her pencil box, she let out a yelp and fell back on the table. As I administered the best tongue-fuck I ever gave a woman, Margie's whole body shook and jumped. Her juices flowed from her like a fountain, and I pushed my face deeper into her cunt, drinking my fill. Her body continued to shake and she cried, "Stop, stop!" I probed as deep as possible, and she cried out with one last yell, her body becoming

rigid and then falling back again on to the cold tabletop. By now I couldn't take it any longer, and my penis exploded with a lead shot right across the floor.

I continued to kiss my way up her panting body and when I got to her breasts, tonguing each one back and forth, Margie started to come. This fully excited me and my pencil was hard again, waiting to be sharpened in her warm, pulsating pencil box. I slid up on to the table so that I lay side by side with Margie, all the while caressing her beautiful breasts. She reached up to pull me on to her, but because of our awkward position on the table I slid off the top. As I stood at the end of the table, an idea came into mind — I was at the perfect height for what I was about to do.

I slid Margie down toward the edge of the table and guided my erect pencil into her moist pencil box with my hand. I slid into her really slowly, so that she could enjoy every inch of it. Margie curled her legs around me with delight, but because of this position I couldn't move in and out of her like I wanted to. I took her legs from my waist and held them up in the air with my hands. She moved back on her elbows to gain some leverage, and her pussy locked tight on to my penis. I was astonished to find out that she had great muscle control. It was like moving through honey and creamy peanut butter in between a vice.

Whenever I was about to come, I would

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FORUM

stop thrusting and pull Margie up into my arms, our bodies sealed by our sweat and love juices. When it was safe to continue, I would lay her back down on the table and start to fuck her again. After a slow half hour (I only noticed because the clock was over her head) we both came like an earthquake. I thought that the table would collapse from us coming so hard. Margie's pencil box flowed and I continued to pump her like a madman.

I lost count of how many times I needed my pencil sharpened, and after a numerous amount of wonderful sensations, we finally fell asleep in each other's arms. When we awoke it was morning, and around us was a mess of files, papers, and wrinkled clothes. We finally left the office and went back to my place to have breakfast. If I were reading this story I would never believe that it actually happened, but it did. Just remember, accountants do more than push pencils and file papers. — *Name and address withheld*

Ice cream, you scream

My name is Maureen, and I'm taking the time to write this to help out other women who might have the same problem as myself. My dilemma was simple. I married a wonderful, secure, attractive man, whom I adore. I also adore having my pussy eaten, and unfortunately, my husband, who is not normally a picky eater, stops one step short of hair pie. No matter how I cleansed myself or how much I would suck his cock, he would simply and without further discussion refuse to slide his tongue into my love nest. I have a very good girlfriend who loves to give me excellent head, although I do not consider myself a lesbian and have never gone down on her. One day, while she was munching away between my thighs, I let it slip that Ken, my husband, had never experimented with oral sex on me. Debbie was aghast, and

she told me she would help me formulate a plan to remedy the situation.

Debbie is a foxy, horny 24-year-old with an incredible chest measurement. She told me that she would see if she could seduce my husband into eating her out, and if she could, then we would know that it is not oral sex itself that Ken objects to, but me. We set it up so that Debbie would come over one day after I had left for an evening class that I attend. She tried to get me to peek through a window at the action, but I felt that I might get jealous and try to break it up if it got too steamy. Actually, I was pretty sure that Debbie would not get her pussy eaten that night. We came to an understanding that if she did get my husband too horny, they could fuck, but I didn't want to hear about it from anyone except Ken.

The following is Debbie's version of what transpired. I left for my class at 6.45pm after kissing Ken goodnight. Debbie rang the bell at about 8.30, innocently looking for me. Ken explained that I was out for the evening, but invited her in to watch a football game. Debbie, naturally, agreed to stay, and they both settled on the couch to watch.

About halfway through the first half Debbie let out an anguished moan and started to rub her left tit through her blouse and bra. Apologising, she started to leave the room. Ken asked what was wrong and she relayed a made-up story about a breast aneurysm that could occasionally be painful. She told him that she would have to massage it for about half an hour before the pain would subside. Ken told her to relax, that he was super-happily married, and that she could probably stay in the same room and massage it without fear of being attacked by him.

She asked if he was really under control, because she would like to remove her bra and blouse if it was safe. He told her to go ahead. His dick started to get hard as he watched her, out of the corner of his eye, strip off her top and massage herself. Debbie's nipple became erect, and she occasionally stopped to tug at it in a casual, relaxed manner. At the end of the first half, their conversation had resumed, and Debbie decided to make a move. She told Ken her hand was getting tired, but there was still a little pain, and asked if he could rub her breast without getting too horny. Without hesitation, Ken moved over, reached around her, and began rubbing. She protested at first, saying that he wasn't doing it correctly. Debbie explained that she could demonstrate the proper technique on his dick, and had it out of his pants in under ten seconds.

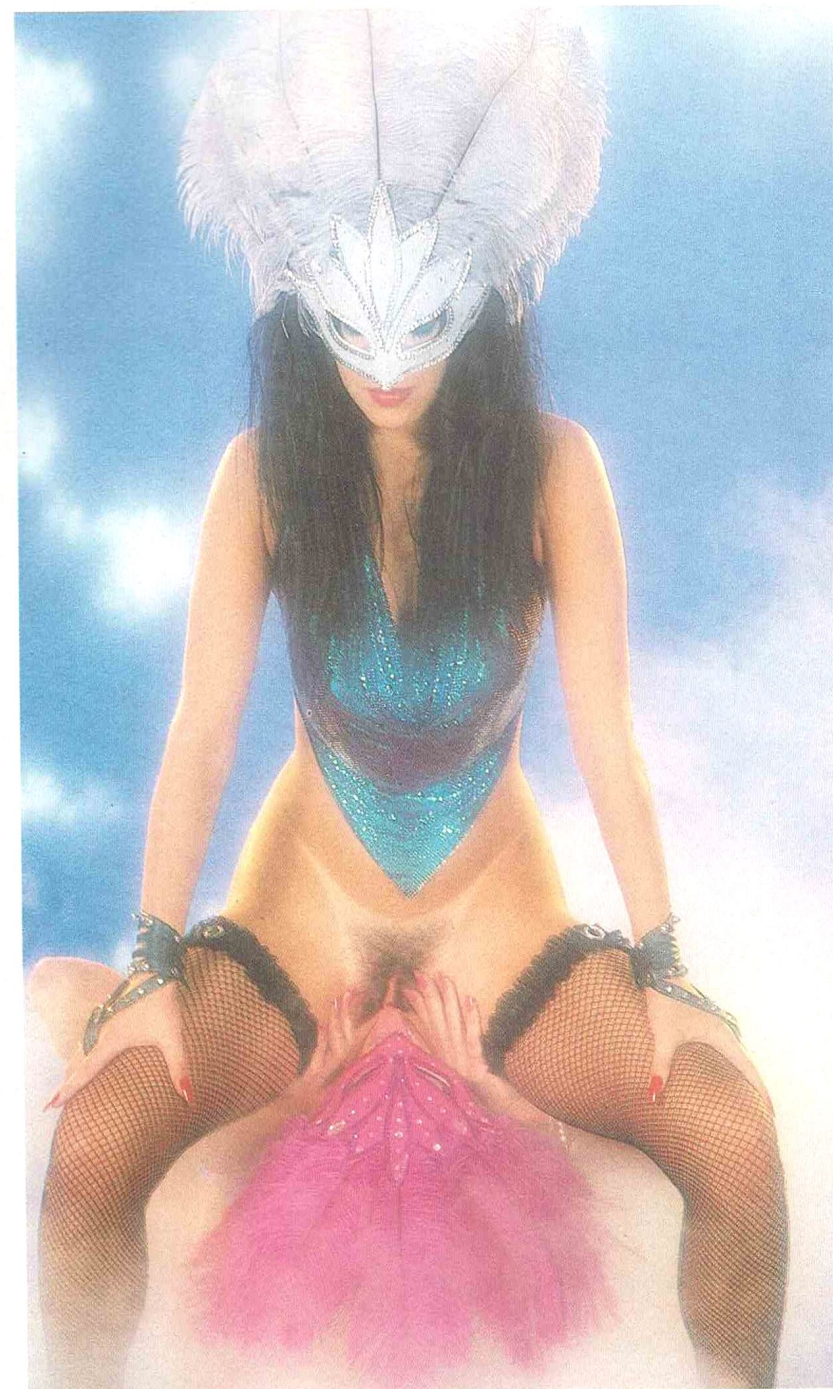
Ken did protest at first, but one of her gentle penis pulls silenced him immediately. Before too long Debbie was sucking all eight inches of Ken's dick, and he was lying back, moaning. She casually removed her skirt and slip, leaving her vital opening still covered by panty hose and panties. Ken, who is no great master of control, was

about to come and told her so. She stopped immediately, leaving him one second short of an orgasm. She directed him to lie on the couch face up as she lay down on top of him. First she slid her nylon-covered thighs on each side of Ken's penis, contracting her legs around it. Ken moaned that the nylon felt incredible around his dick. She wriggled down his body until her breasts were on both sides of his fully erect member, and finally moved down to more oral activity. By this time, Ken was facing a panty hose, panty-covered cunt directly in his face. Probably out of instinct more than anything else, Ken's tongue darted out and began licking the cotton crotch between Debbie's legs. In his ecstasy, Ken told her that he was very inexperienced in oral sex, but had eaten out his secretary a few times. I had to force this information out of Debbie, but it didn't bother me as much as I thought it would. Debbie asked him to go down on her, but he hesitated and got up from the couch.

To her surprise, Ken returned minutes later with a towel, ice cream, chocolate syrup, and bananas. He spread the towel on the couch as he explained to her that the best way to eat cunt is in a "pussy sundae." He proceeded to make an ice-cream confection in her vagina and ate it all, thoroughly licking the "dish" clean. Debbie refused to tell me much more after that, leaving me to believe that they probably ended up fucking. But even that didn't make me jealous, probably because I was coming when she relayed the information to me. Debbie told me the entire story while she was making and eating her own pussy sundae, with me as the dish.

The next step was to somehow convince Ken to use me for a pussy sundae without letting on that I had set him up with Debbie. I let a week pass, and then put my new plan into action. When Ken came home from work, I told him that I didn't feel quite right, and my pussy had been itching terribly all day. I told him that I had called a girlfriend who had recommended rubbing butter on it, and I asked him if he would like to be the one doing the rubbing. He readily agreed, and in no time I was down on the bed, his hard fingers spreading the butter all over me. After a few minutes, I told him that I was feeling a little better, but thought that peanut butter would help more, due to its thicker consistency. He not only brought back a jar of peanut butter, he also brought a jar of strawberry jam. Ken turned me into a delicious vagina sandwich. I was in total ecstasy, and since then I have experienced the joy of acting as a dish for a sundae, spaghetti, salad, and corn-on-the-cob. I'd like to advise all the other women out there with my problem that if you're not too prudish and would like to perk up your sex life, try my "recipes." Not only will your sex life improve vastly, you will also find yourself spending less time washing dishes! — *Name and address withheld* 

BLACK LABEL
EDITION



FEATHERED FRIENDS

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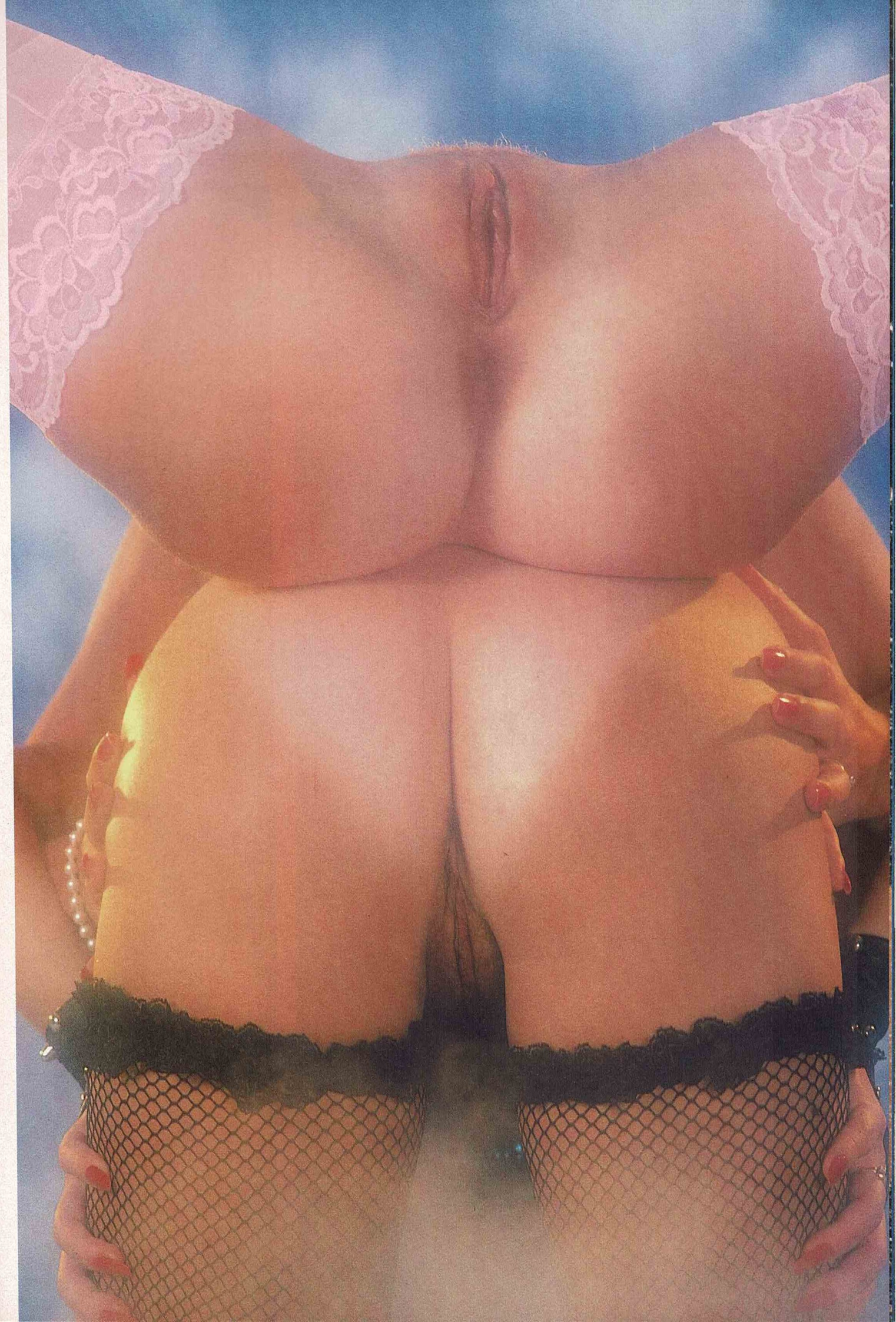
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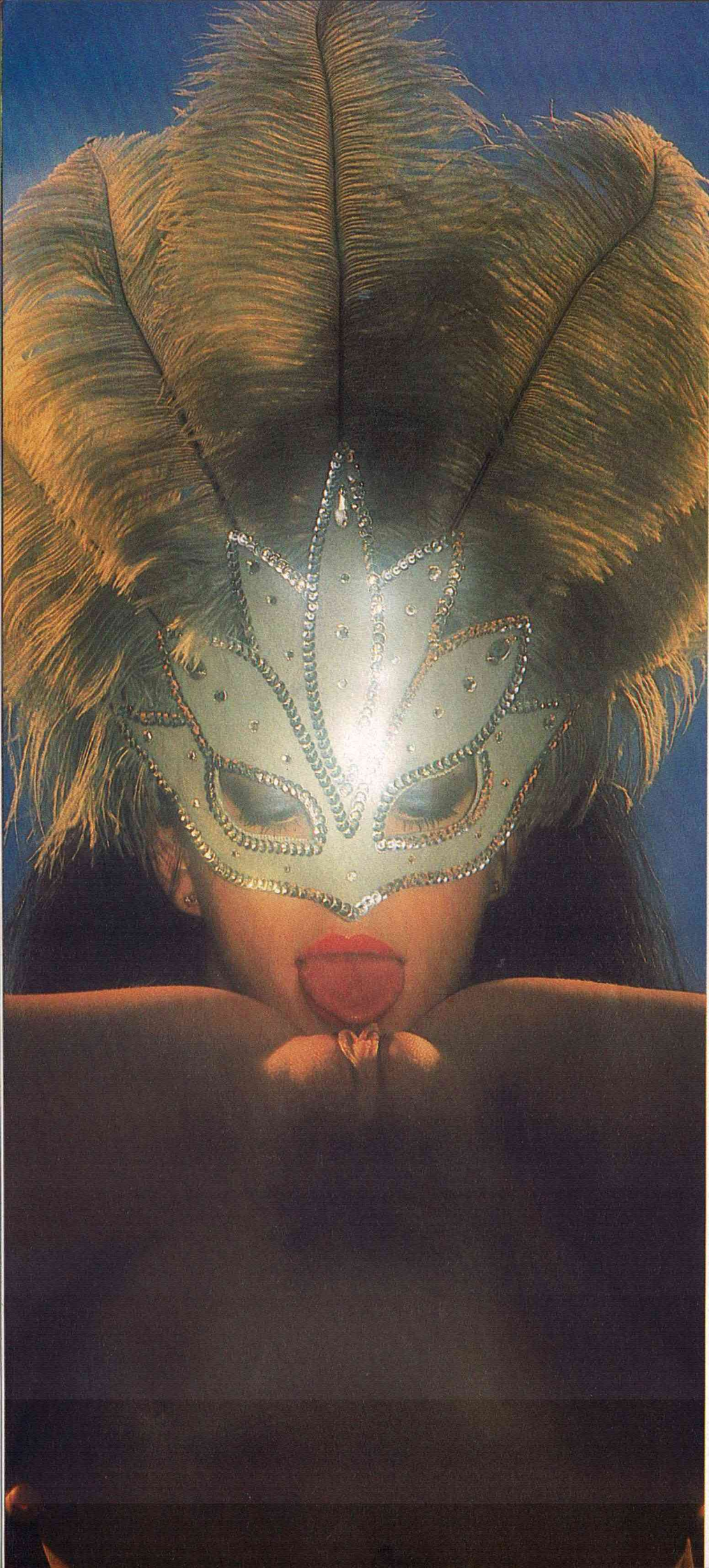
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As you can see, Evelyn and Laurie do fantastic things with feathers. Any spare moments they have they retire to their love nest to practise their art. They've afforded *Penthouse* this stickybeak.





Both Evelyn
and Laurie
believe in
reincarnation
and that they
were once
birds. "A lot of
men seem to
think we're a
bit strange
that way,"
explains
Evelyn. "But
when it comes
to fun and
games they
don't mind
carry'n on with
us . . ."



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The precisely angled dynamic block tread pattern of the Bridgestone Desert Dueler minimises all tread movement, to provide a longer



MAGIC

Continued from page 53

While a music major at Temple University in 1964, Daryl Hohl was shadowing R & B shows at the chitlin circuit's prestigious Uptown Theatre and hanging out with recent graduates of Overbrook High, the fabled "Rock 'n' Roll High School" that was alma mater to the membership of the Dovells, Delfonics, and other hot West Philly talents. Daryl's own fivesome, the Temptones (named for the college, not for the Temptations' song they covered), was soon second only to the nationally known Magnificent Men as the city's best blue-eyed soul unit.

All of the aforementioned acts cut their teeth in Uptown Theatre talent shows, and the Temptones got tight with the Temptations themselves through several seasons of backstage bull sessions. After beating out the black Delfonics in an uptown contest sponsored by WDAS dee-jay Jimmy Bishop, the Temptones scored what became an important two-singles pact with South Street's Artic Records.

Late in 1967 at a raucous WDAS-sponsored dance at the Adelphi Ballroom, Daryl Hohl met John Oates. The hop had been ripping along nicely until one black gang member elected to answer a rival's smart lip with a taste of hot lead, the gunshot sending the teen revellers scattering. Oates and Hohl (who several months later decided to change his name to the smoother-sounding Hall, making it legal in 1972) ducked into a freight lift and got to talking as the doors closed. John, another Temple student, led a top local act called the Masters, and he knew Daryl by reputation. Both Hall and Oates were then hustling studio backup gigs with black groups like Kenny Gamble and the Romeos.

After a brief stint student-teaching music, Hall quit Temple University and eloped in 1969 with Overbrook High graduate Bryna Lublin. John saw Temple through to graduation, then split for a summer in Europe. In Oates' absence, Hall recorded a grim album for Elektra with a group called Gulliver. When John returned, the reunited pair snared a deal with Atlantic Records through the salesmanship of Tommy Mottola, 21-year-old Bronx-bred executive at Chappell Music. The wryly titled *Whole Oates* debut LP was a bust in 1972, its earnest folk tack a tactical faux pas in a nihilistic rock era heralded by Davie Bowie's *The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars*.

At Mottola's urging, Hall & Oates consoled themselves by writing more material; the already depressed Hall promptly began a song to describe his recent divorce from Bryna, titling it "She's Gone." John added guitar as the words came to his partner. It would be the centrepiece of

the elegantly textured R & B that propelled *Abandoned Luncheonette*, their second LP. When Tavares' cover "She's Gone" became a No 1 hit on the R & B charts, Hall & Oates were accorded their first taste of national songwriting credibility. Nonetheless, Atlantic Records dropped the duo after their third album, the caustic, Todd Rundgren-produced *War Babies*. (But Atlantic went on to rerelease the Hall & Oates version of "She's Gone" in 1976, and it belatedly conquered the Top 10.)

The sinuous Hall & Oates sound has customarily been described as "blue-eyed soul-pop" or "rock 'n' soul," but actually it's a bit more distinctive than that. Greater than the sum of its influences, the pair's best output, from signature smashes ("Rich Girl," "One on One," "Say It Isn't So") to FM standards ("When the Morning Comes," "Back Together Again," "It's a Laugh"), has a curious mood of apartness

"The danger with rock is that its rituals become formalised — and therefore empty of personal meaning"

that eludes facile categorisation, an enticingly spooky undercurrent that lends it a quirky, even surreal gleam.

For Hall, the music he composes is indistinguishable from what he has come to call soul.

"Soul," he says evenly, leaning forward on the couch in his living room, "is *not* about black or white music. Soul is a physical manifestation of a higher consciousness. It's a gong from the right lobe straight out to the world, using the physical body as a springboard for an insight.

"In terms of the black musical experience, it comes from gospel music and preaching, but in every culture there are those feelings. Soul is howling at the moon — and having the moon respond. When I'm singing and in touch with the energy I'm generating, I sometimes literally have no awareness of where I am. The ego disappears, and me and my surroundings with it. I've learned how to be able to do that in public, but I do it in private, too. And, frankly, that's the reason I'm in music — to achieve that feeling."

Daryl says it'd be a dreadful mistake to dismiss rock 'n' roll as a mere form of decadent frolic.

"I think that rock 'n' roll, in its best, purest, and most positive form, is a completely different way of composing, one that after 30 years has achieved some maturity," he relates, lifting his willowy frame from the couch and strolling pensively before the bookshelves as the sunlight fades.

"The end of World War II and the way the world changed in the wake of those cataclysms is what caused rock 'n' roll — *not* the other way around. After seeing what happened during the last World War, the antihuman madness of Hitler's holocaust, and the ghastly nuclear legacy of Hiroshima, the world could never be the same again. Its people, especially its youth, had to and did go through a change in human perceptions. When you combine that with a complete revolution in technology, communication, and the thresholds between science, physics, and metaphysics, you've got a new kind of renaissance.

"Rock 'n' roll deals with the acting out of your emotional, conscience-oriented, and sexual feelings in front of someone," he continues. "That's a big step in self-realisation, because once you get in touch with your body that way, you can't go back, whether you're the performer or the audience reacting to it. And feelings expressed that directly can prove offensive to some people.

"These things have always been built into tribal society, but they were never before part of mass society. In his time, Bach did it for people in a drawing room on a portable clavier because there was no way to do it bigger. But Liszt did it in concert halls, from his *Faust Symphony* to his *Christus* oratorio, and Paganini was the Jimi Hendrix of his day, rolling around on floors during his dazzling, virtuoso violin performances. Unfortunately, at the time such works could not be recorded for future generations to witness. You had to set it all down later on paper, on sheet music, where it fell prey to endless analysis.

"Now," Hall exclaims, "paper isn't necessary — and music no longer has to be overly analytical, subject to formula — even in its acceptance by others. True rock 'n' roll has no form; it's nebulous. And if rock 'n' roll happens to sometimes also be a rebellion or a reaction to something, that is never its primary purpose. The main purpose of rock 'n' roll is celebration of the self. And the only evil in rock 'n' roll is deliberately directed [mindlessness] — which is a good definition for evil in general.

"The danger today with rock is that, as with religions, it can lose its power when its rituals become formalised — and therefore empty of personal spiritual meaning."

So would Daryl Hall attribute his success in rock to dedication — or to magic?

"Well, the answer may be in a line from 'For You,' a song on *Three Hearts In The Happy Ending Machine*, where I say, 'Attention's essential, analysis not.' Maybe," he chuckles, "I'm reaping the rewards of paying very close attention." 



LOOSE ENDS

BRUSHES WITH FAME



For want of a better way to start this column may I say that I once headbutted Rupert Murdoch in the guts. Damned hard, too!

That's no lie. The top of my head did come into forceful contact with the stomach of the world's most powerful media baron. My bonce — biff! — into his breadbasket. My cranium — kapowee! — straight into the diaphragm of the Dirty Digger. He grunted, I grunted. Then I followed it up by banging him on the head. Pardon me carrying on about it, but it was probably the most auspicious moment of my life.

There was really quite a simple explanation but I haven't let that worry me during the past decade I've been dining out on the incident. It doesn't take much to get me to trot it out. Sometimes when I've let it slip while in my cups at a dinner party I've gone to the sickeningly elaborate lengths of re-enacting the scene with the chardonnay bottle playing me and the port bottle in the role of Citizen Rupert.

What really happened was that I was an 18-year-old *Sydney Daily Telegraph* copygirl collecting a pile of interstate stories from copytakers in the days before computerisation of News Ltd. Zipping along briskly on my way back to the news desk I had my head bowed reading the latest about a tug-of-love baby. Murdoch was travelling in the opposite direction, head also bowed in contemplation, I like to think, of the *London Times* takeover. We collided and my papers flew everywhere. He sort of glared at me in surprise, then we both said sorry at the same time and as I bent down to pick up the tug-of-love baby the great man did too and we cracked heads. Papers gathered, I hastily decamped on foot, thinking that for all the pain I had caused him, he was really quite nice about it.

That was my best ever brush with fame. I've been a party to

a few more minor skirmishes, but none that has involved physical contact with an international personality and none that has allowed me to bask so warmly in the glow of reflected glory. It's funny how contact, however brief or obscure, with someone renowned can spark that thrill of importance. A tiny sprinkling of stardust can do wonders for the ego. Few are immune. Even famous people get a kick out of meeting other famous people, so they can name-drop like the blazes on their next chat show. Recently I saw Paul McCartney on TV recalling his excitement at being invited to Dustin Hoffman's place for a meal and how Hoffman got all nervous when McCartney fronted. That wasn't really a brush with fame — more like a brunch — but it does indicate that we're all in this fame junkie bizzo together. I bet the Queen gets a royal rush when she meets all the stars after a command performance.

I mourn the passing of the ABC radio program *Brushes With Fame* hosted by Bob Hudson and Janise Beaumont. For two years they ran an open line for callers to tell of their turn playing moth to the fame flame. Their criterion for a true brush didn't involve close encounters of the third kind — actual contact — so my Rupert Murdoch story wouldn't have rated. They preferred those of the "I danced with a man who danced with a girl who danced with the Prince Of Wales" variety. In this sense the person who does Bob Hawke's hair isn't brushing with fame *per se*, but the person to whom Hawke's valet delivers his suits for cleaning is. That's what they wanted and that's what they got. Thousands called up with tales of travelling on the same escalator as a soapie star, stopping at the same traffic lights as a politician or owning the discarded possessions of someone who'd appeared on TV or in the *Women's Weekly*

more than once.

I listened enthralled as the stories were told, thinking how poignant it was that the high points of some people's lives were those moments spent within cooee of people who had made something of their own lives. I imagined someone saying, "Oh, never mind the birth of my first child. Did I ever tell you I once sat in the same theatre row as Bryan Brown?" I thought of a lot of things as I hung on the phone trying to get through.

Life's been kind of dull around here lately. Haven't had a fame fix in donkey's and I'm hanging out badly. I've stooped to living off my boyfriend, who's had heaps. He's seen Iggy Pop's dick. (Ig got changed in front of him during an interview. It's a big one! When ever name-dropping is the order of the

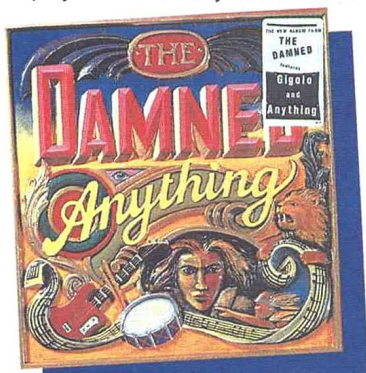
occasion Iggy Pop's penis is never far from my boyfriend's lips.) He's also shaken Johnny Cash's hand and appeared on *Sale Of The Century*. We sleep on the sheets he won on the Fame Game! The fact that he came last didn't matter to people who stopped him in the street for a week after the show was aired. A milkbar proprietor even gave him a free cappuccino and introduced his kids.

When I'm really low I cheer myself up remembering that I used to see Mel Gibson on the train station when he was at high school. Never talked to him, just perved on him. I also met a well-known newsreader building a dam in the gutter. No matter. What really counts is that I've been close to fame. I've smelled it. I've touched it. Hell, I've headbutted it. — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

If you always thought that Punk was just another four-letter word then there are two albums with accompanying films that will do little to redress the situation for you. The local release *Dogs In Space* (Chase) has music from late Seventies overseas acts like **Iggy Pop** and **Gang Of Four** in the original form. Local bands that never made it to a decent studio, or any studio, have been faithfully recreated. Complete with dialogue from the film, between and over the tracks, the record captures some of the anger and thrash of the period. It reminds us that some bands of that time had a real power and many were just tedious nihilists. This collage of the era never really escapes being a soundtrack album, while the music from *Sid And Nancy* — *Love Kills* (MCA) stands more on its own merits. Old punks like Joe Strummer (the **Clash**) and Steve Jones (the **Sex Pistols**) bring historical authority to the music's sentiments but deal it out in a style that benefits from modern music technology and their own maturity as players. Chronicling as it does the journey of two fairly unsympathetic characters on a junk-driven downward spiral of their own making, the album manages some positive sentiments.

What do you do with a punk persona once you've lost track of anything to be vehement about except perhaps fascist room service? If you murder your girlfriend and then commit suicide then you might manage to be the subject of a canonising film. If you have the misfortune to survive you can either cut your losses and stop or play the essentially conservative



Top 40 game. Last year the **Damned** shored up the threadbare leathers of their flagging reputation with the verbatim rendition of Sixties classic "Eloise" — the song that was a Top Ten hit for Barry Ryan; 18 years later it performed

a similar function for the Damned.

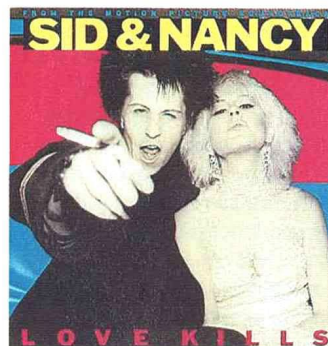
It's unfair and untrue to assume that any artist starts out with a preordained grip on history — despite what Madonna would have us believe — and it's only the terminally jaded (and record reviewers) who require new, relevant, breathtaking groundbreakers with every release. Quite simply, however, with *Anything* (MCA) the Damned have had their day (though this obviously doesn't prevent them from having hits).

A survivor of radically shifting music trends and personal indulgences, **Eric Clapton** is in fine form on *August* (Duck) — which comes complete with early morning photos of him drinking tea to prove he's alive, awake and well. Phil Collins is again present on drums and production and his handiwork is in strong evidence, especially on the rampant samba drums of "Hold On." However, despite the accompanying brass arrangements and some Tina Turner vocals, it is definitely Clapton's album. His singing is gutsy and he festoons most tracks with his classic bluesy guitar licks. There are no surprises, just a very self-assured Clapton making some very safe choices.

Lone Justice inject some wailing power, mainly via the gospel holler of Maria McKee, into their country-tinged rock and roll *Shelter* (Goffen) — what Stevie Nicks could have been without the acres of chiffon.

Sydney power trio **V.Spy.V.Spy** have an *AO MOD. TV VERS.* (WEA) which has all the committed hallmarks of their first album *Harry's Reasons*. Their music has a pounding, defiant sound but they seem to be less global than Midnight Oil, preferring to be peeved about daytime television, credit cards and the destruction of elderly buildings. Oh well, you've got to aim your righteous indignation at something.

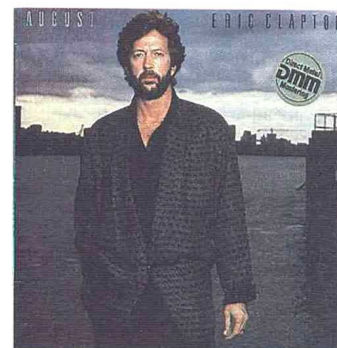
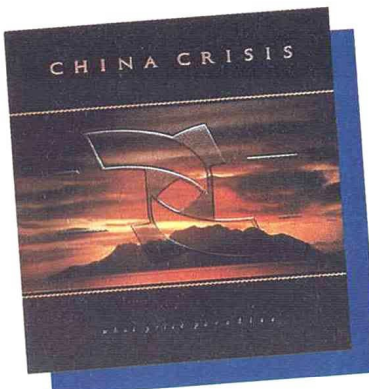
Another TV version of life as we mightn't want to be reminded is **Spitting Image's** *Spit In Your Ear* (Virgin). Delivered by the body



puppets of the English TV satire show, the humor is somewhat dissipated without the accompanying poke in the eye.

Often on the verge of being pleasantly forgettable, **China Crisis** has nevertheless maintained a mumbled, esoteric edge in previous albums with melodies you could hum along to, if not remember. *What Price Paradise* (Virgin) still has the air of China what Crisis? but with the added galvanising oomph that touring can provide a band. Some choruses approach a near Celtic soul push but generally China Crisis don't provide music of searing meltdown potential. Smooth grooves with some cheery brass tart up the arrangements without the pyrotechnics of jazz funksters like Level 42. The Crisis centre haven't succumbed to a "road album" as such. The arrangements recall Supertramp at their more listenable while songs like "June Bride" owe a legacy to noted mind-numbing rockers like Herman's Hermits. Gary Daly's singing has lost none of its wistful falsetto and their writing has moved into a stronger song mode. A previous disc, *Working With Fire And Steel*, was subtitled "Possible pop songs Volume Two." With this release they've wisely dropped the apologies. Now, if they can just be persuaded to stop taking those bland pills.

Theatre and film soundtracker **Peter Westheimer** has joined with actress/singer **Zoe Carides** for *Sooner Than Laughter* (Session) to work the musical turf bearing the hoofprints of Kraftwerk, Ryuichi Sakamoto and the Flying Lizards. — *Jeremy Cook*



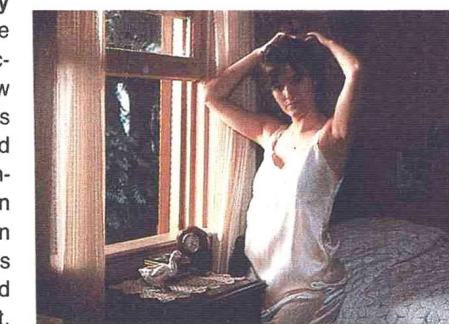
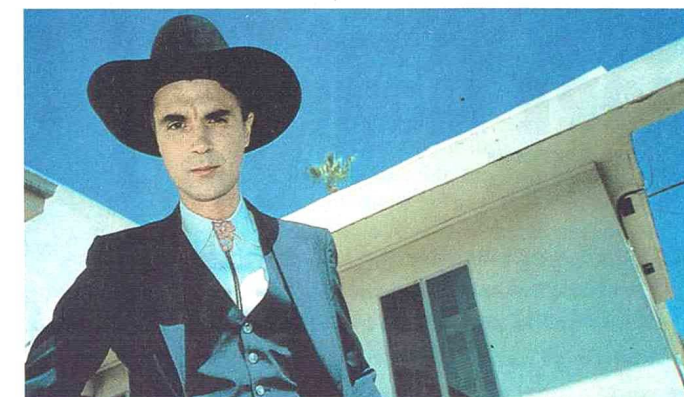
PUNK PATHOS

Clockwise from left: Historical collage on the Sid And Nancy soundtrack; The pleasantly forgettable *China Crisis*; **Eric Clapton** alive and awake; The Damned have had their day.

FILM

TALL TALES AND TRUE

From the top: Lancaster and Douglas in *Tough Guys*; The mesmerising *True Stories* of David Byrne; *The Whoopie Boys* beyond the pale; Sizzling *Betty Blue*; *Beware of Brighton Beach Memoirs*.



Director and narrator David Byrne has set **True Stories** in a small, go-ahead Texas town in the process of celebrating 150 years of Lone Star "specialness." He snatches a couple of days out of the lives of ordinary people and watches them so closely that they become extraordinary. His characters are types — people Byrne had read about in *National Enquirer*-style newspapers — and so most don't have names. They're called things like the Lazy Woman — a woman so rich and indolent that she never has to get out of bed; The Cute Woman — obsessed with pink frills, hearts and stuffed toys; The Lying Woman — an inveterate fibber who takes time off porking Burt Reynolds to pen award-winning country and western songs; and The Lonely Man — looking for love in all the wrong places and advertising for true love on prime time television. There's also an Hispanic factory worker who picks up radio vibes by grabbing people's noses, and Byrne himself, in a big cowboy hat and western shirt cruising around in a rented caddy telling stories to camera or standing to the side of the action watching everything with a birdlike cock to his head.

Reckon it sounds like it should be rated "W" for "wank"? Well, it works in a bizarre, Beam Me Up Scotty kind of way that defies description. I didn't want it to end. Stars John Goodman, Spalding Gray, Swoosie Kurtz and the flat, featureless Texas landscape. Music — good music — by Talking Heads, of course. Rated "M" for Mesmerising.

Hey, enough of the sublime already — how about a little ridiculous? If you're the kind who likes your celluloid entertainment lower than Ian Turpie's toenails, check **The Whoopie Boys** for size. In which two guys go to charm school to win over a fair lady who runs an orphanage threatened by developers. It scrapes beyond the bottom of the *Porky's* barrel, less powerful than *Private Popsicle* — man, it takes a lot of beating. I took the trouble to memorise one of its lines which might come in handy some day. It goes like this: "As long as I've got a face, sweetheart, you've got a

place to sit." Stars Michael O'Keefe, Paul Rodriguez and Denholm Elliot. Directed by John Byrum. Rated "LFF" for Lower than a Ferret's Fart.

Talking about memorising lines, try this one from Richard Pryor's new film **Critical Condition**: "I'm so tense you could use my asshole for a bottle opener." Well, I laughed. That's the kind of sophisticated son of a gun I am. I cracked it for quite a few laughs through this film that tells the unlikely story of a hapless criminal who becomes a hero when he takes over a hospital during a crisis. A Ted Field/Robert Cort production directed by Michael Apted. Stars Richard Pryor's free-basing scars and Rachel Ticotin. Rated "GBNTG" for Good But Not That Good.

One to be lain down and avoided. Neil Simon's **Brighton Beach Memoirs** may have an interesting title but that's about as far as it goes — unless you happen to be Jewish. It's a semi-autobiographical number set in New York in the Forties and focussing on a teenage boy in a Jewish household where everybody argues and whinges all the time, as they always seem to do in Jewish households in the movies. Characters are well played by Jonathon Silverman, Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Stacey Glick and Judith Ivey, but the film is tedious and suffocating. Produced by Ray Stark, directed by Gene Saks. Rated "GB" for Goys Beware.

A film I wish I hadn't seen — one I wish had never been made — is **Tough Guys**, starring Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. You'd think that pair were old enough to know better than to prostitute themselves in an ordinary, mildly amusing caper tale about two old gangsters who get out of prison and have a tough time settling into modern society. Lancaster manages to retain a touch more self-respect than Douglas, but both inspire a level of embarrassment that taints the movie's comic impact. Produced by Joe Wizan, directed by Jeff Karew. Rates "SOB" for Silly Old Buggers.

If you're in the mood for some-

thing foreign you might try **Betty Blue**, starring Beatrice Dalle, the sensuously beautiful French actress they're calling the new Bardot. Sizzling sex scenes abound in this film as Dalle and leading man Jean-Hugues Anglade leave escargot trails on sheets all over France. When they're not making love, Dalle is lunging at people with cutlery and literally pulling her eyeballs out. She's a couple of centimes short of a franc and the movie is basically the story of a high voltage but doomed romance. For serious students of foreign starlets this may qualify for a "NMTQFYD" rating. Never Mind The Quality, Feel Your Dick. — *C.J. Mackay*



MORE MONEY THAN SCENTS

Here's a gift idea for the lady who has everything — but she'll want to be worth it. This is the most expensive bottle of perfume in the world. It's about \$1100 for a bottle of Happy Diamonds. Made by Chopard, one of the world's most exclusive watch and jewellery makers, the idea of a floating diamond inside the bottle gives the price its cutting edge. What's it smell like? Good question. Visit Manzo Park Lane Diamonds under the Sydney Hilton for a sniff or ring them on (02) 267 7322 for a vivid description. Truly a stunning gift idea.



HOLD THE PHONE

Mitsubishi's cellular telephone is a new system for mobile and portable communications in Australia, though it has been used overseas for a few years now. It makes telephones completely portable, increases the call range, gives better quality and increased service availability. One model also has a "hands free" remote microphone to ensure safe driving. The Telecom phone network itself will be gradually introduced, starting in the Sydney 02 area with full STD and ISD facilities, but it will get around the country soon enough. Ring Mitsubishi in Sydney on (02) 888 5777 if you want to learn more.



YOU'RE THE VOICE

User-friendly" is a strange concept when you think about it — as if every other microcassette recorder on the market will tear out a chunk of your jugular if you dare to push the wrong button. "Comfortable, stylish, and eminently practical" might be a better description of the user-friendly GE 5336. Flick the switch that says voice-activation and it'll record only what is said. No more pregnant pauses wasting tape. Guaranteed for a year, less than 13cm long and at around \$160, it's the right stuff for executive types.

COLOR CODE
Color co-ordinated wallpaper and bed linen is nothing new, but this new range called Men Only is definitely something different. Designed by Linda Beard, these stylish arrangements are made in Australia by Coloroll. Furnishing fabrics are 100 percent cotton and bed linen is 50/50 poly cotton in single, double, queen and king sizes. You can be sure to find something in the range to cater for your tastes. To find out more ring Coloroll on (02) 452 5022.

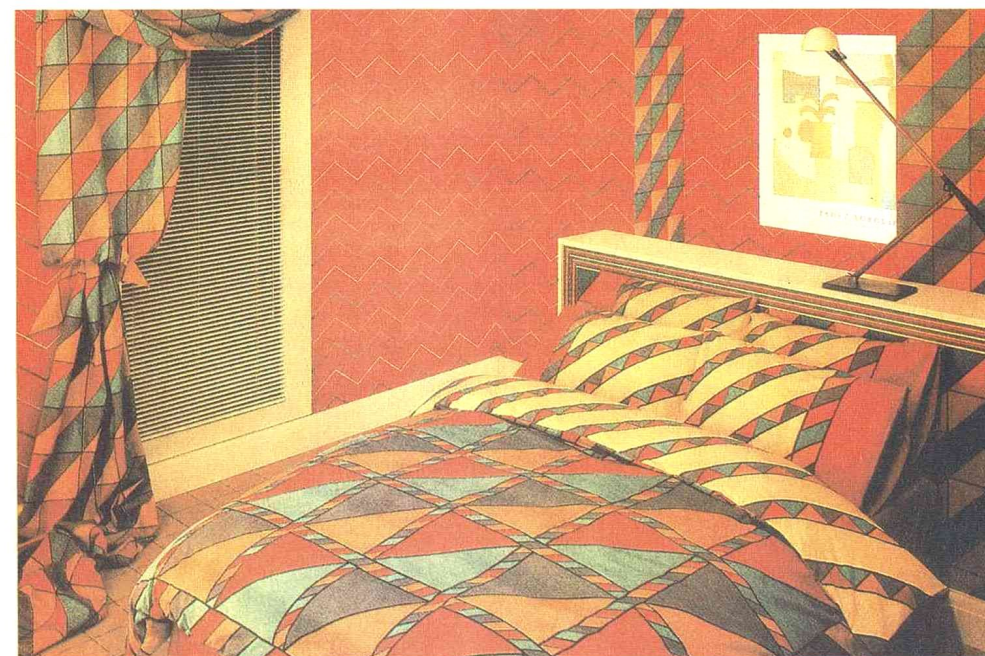


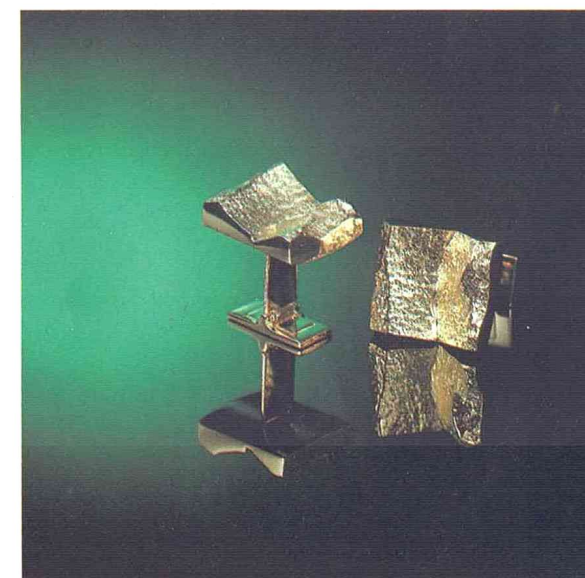
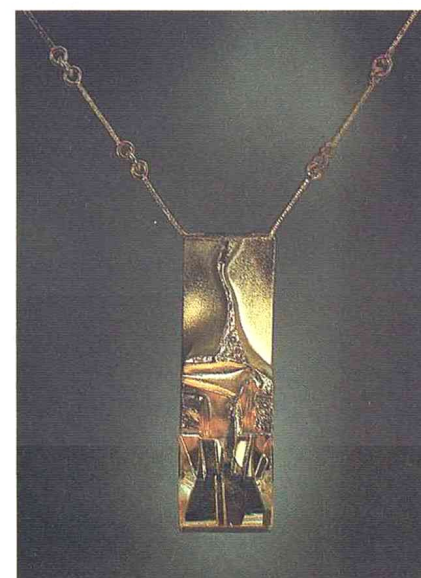
Photo by Geoff Howden

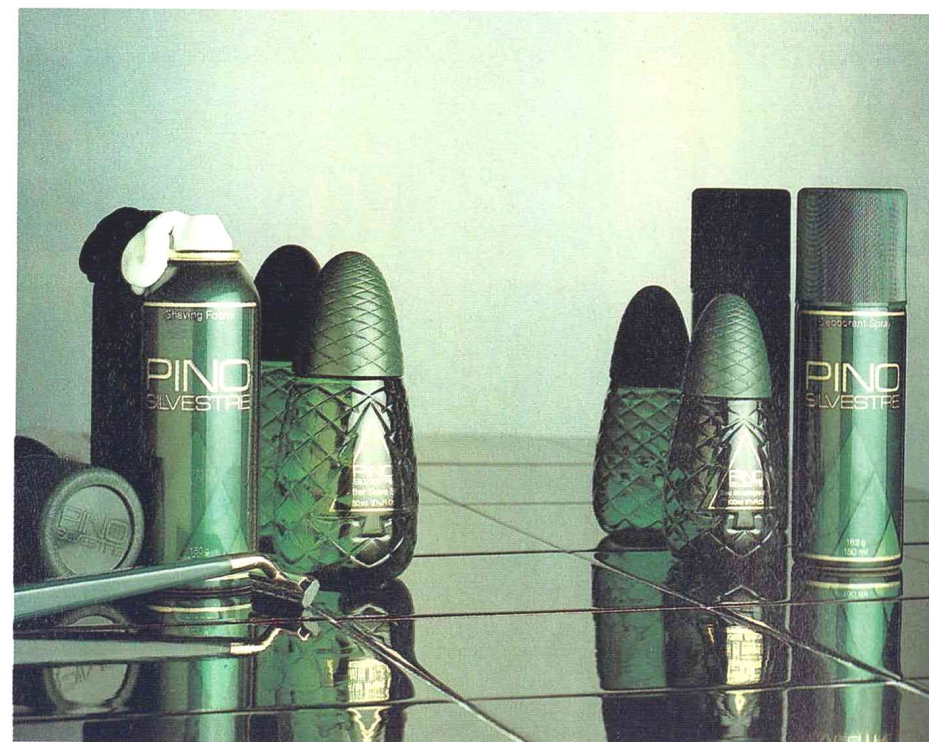
SOLE FEELING

At first glance a pair of Maseur sandals might look like little more than portable beds of nails. However there is far more to them than meets the eye — or feet. Based on foot reflexology, a theory which the Chinese seem to have the most clues about, they capitalise on the fact that feet are rich in nerve endings which reflex to particular parts of the body when stimulated. This works specially well for the internal organs out of reach of a masseur's magic fingers. Converts swear by these sandals, and although it might take a few days before you're comfortable in them, you may find you're soon walking six inches off the ground.

JEWEL OF THE STYLE

Small gold nuggets found in Lapland served as inspiration for an entirely original style of jewellery. The rough natural surface and glow of real nuggets are part of the unmistakable Lapponia concept in men's jewellery. Imported from Finland, exquisite pieces such as the ones pictured are now available in Australia. These are internationally acclaimed designs — certainly no trinkets. Lapponia's stunning creations — sculptures, if you will — are also made in silver and platinum. For more on the very finest in men's jewellery, visit their shop in the Queen Victoria Building in Sydney or call them on (02) 261 2938.





ODOR COLOGNE

Eau de Colognes are nothing new — they've been around for thousands of years. These days, however, things are more difficult than ever before — somehow you must choose between the hundreds of brands on sale. You can start to narrow the field if you know that there are three main categories: classic, cool and warm. Of the "cool" types, you'd be hard-pressed to do better than Pino Silvestre, the Vidal brand from Italy. This Eau de Cologne is made of the finest raw materials with the distinct Mediterranean flavor. You can also splash out on some of their other matching products (pictured) for a co-ordinated and very Mediterranean bathroom shelf. Give it a go.

PURE VIBE

Ha! And some people think sailing is about as exciting as watching grass grow. Obviously these poor souls have never had the privilege of hanging out on a wire and flying a hull on a sawn-off catamaran. And probably the fastest production cat of all is the Nacra 36. There's nothing particularly tactical about racing one of these mothers. Just point it in the desired direction and hang on for grim death. Reaching across the wind, and in the right hands, they'd leave any other boat on the water eating dust. Others in the Nacra stable, such as the Nacra 5.8, make for high performance fun. All are available from Wind-sports Cat Centre at Mona Vale. Ring them on (02) 997 4787.



GUN SHOE



On the recommendation of numero uno champ Ivan Lendl, tennis buffs could do themselves a favor and check out the Lendl Autograph shoes from Adidas. This is top quality stuff, with full grain leather uppers and dual density non-marking sole unit which provides the durability and shock absorption sought by any player worth his vacuum backpack. They're a hit on the trendier disco floors, too, especially if you wander round faking a Czech accent.



BLACK LABEL

Johnnie Walker purists testify there's only three ways to imbibe the precious Black Label version: straight, on the rocks, or with a drop or three of water or soda. What they may fail to realise is the potential for some great mixes. There's the Mountain Skier (JW mixed with Drambuie, lemon squash and Angostura), the

Sparkling Aerobic (JW with Cointreau, lime and soda), the Board-sailor (JW with Curacao, orange juice and egg white) or the Jogger (JW with Cointreau, Amaretto and lemonade), just to give you a few ideas. And that's just for starters. Test your barman out on them the next time you feel like something special.



SEA EAGLE EYE

Tasco's Explorer waterproof binoculars can be counted on for reliability. Made in Japan, each pair comes with a lifetime warranty. Features include lenses with 7x50 magnification, a tripod adaptor for prolonged use, and rubber eyecaps. Its built-in range-finder gauges distances, while the illuminated compass determines position. These should be standard safety apparatus for any outdoor explorer types. For the dealer closest to you, ring Tasco in Sydney on (02) 938 3244.

SURROUND SOUND

These days, *nobody* just goes to the cinema to watch a movie. You go to get right in the thick of it — mainly due to some of the stunning sound effects which the Spielbergs etc love to bounce around a theatre. Now you can recreate the same recreation in your own living room, courtesy of Pioneer's SPX 707 Dolby Surround Sound Processor. The effect is created by a delay in the sound moving from the front to the rear speakers. Each video these days has a specially recorded track that is accessed by this Surround Sound component. (Where there's no special track, the device simulates it closely.) Comes with full remote control to vary balance and sound for around \$600. Ask your favorite Pioneer person for a demo.



FAST SHOOTER

Innovation is the name of the game in National's NV-M5A Video Camcorder. While the shooting speed of standard models is 1/50th of a second, this is the first model to be able to shoot at 1/1000th of a second. This provides brilliant clarity in capturing fast-action sporting events, and vastly improved quality for slow-motion replays. It's got much more, too, and your friends from National will be only too happy to give you the lowdown.





Rebecca Rhodes ... undressing to impress

COMING IN JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Stripperama — In 1987, the art of strip tease has become strip sleaze. The glittering strip acts which once drew huge crowds to the Cross and St Kilda have degenerated into squalid live sex shows. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* documents the demise of strip and presents a pictorial which shows that some girls can still undress to impress.

Paradise Lost — Over 30,000 Australians visit the Philippines every year and few are there just to see the sights. Is the heyday of this X-rated fantasyland over? The end of the Marcos regime, the introduction of AIDS, and an emerging Filipino feminist movement indicate that the good old days may soon be gone. Don't miss this important report on the state of sex in the Philippines.

The AIDS Panic — The AIDS public relations push is underway. Those who stand to profit the most are handing out stories to the ever-hungry media. And in the moralistic hysteria, very little attention is given to the positive and practical approaches. Is the AIDS panic justified? This important story has the answers.

Dr Shock — Is he a witchdoctor or a miracle worker? It depends whether you ask the conservative authorities who condemn him or the patients who'll wait for months for an appointment. Dr John Harrison's theories and therapies on sex, disease and sanity provoke extreme reactions. But the bottom line is that they work. Find out why in June *Australian Penthouse*.

BROTHERHOOD

Continued from page 39

moner. As a first step, the wife of the Prince had been committed to a lunatic asylum by the Royal Physician, Sir William Gull (a Mason). Then the Prime Minister of the day, Lord Salisbury (a Mason of exalted degree), appealed to Gull to help keep the other witnesses quiet. Gull concluded that the women should be killed and, as a personal touch, decided that the women should be mutilated according to Masonic ritual.

Five prostitutes were killed by a demented physician and his two cronies. And the Commissioner of Police, Sir Charles Warren (another Mason of exalted degree), deliberately concealed the truth about "The Ripper" when he personally destroyed the only clue The Ripper ever left.

After one of the murders, a message was chalked on a wall above the body. It was copied by a conscientious Police Constable and Warren was notified. He rushed to the scene and then *washed the message away*, telling the PC to ignore it. Fortunately, the copy was placed in Scotland Yard files, where it remained hidden for 90 years. Finally, under a Freedom of Information request, Knight obtained a copy, which read:

The Juwes are
The Men That
Will Not
Be Blamed
For Nothing

According to Masonic Legend, Hiram Abiph — the Architect of Solomon's Temple — was killed by three apprentices: Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum. Collectively, the killers are known to Masons as JUWES. In Masonic lore the JUWES are hunted down and killed, "by the breast being torn open and the heart and vitals taken out and thrown over the left shoulder." That method very closely resembles the killing technique of "Jack The Ripper."

Commissioner of Police Warren recognised that the writing on the wall would tell the world that "Freemasons are the men that will not be blamed for nothing." It's interesting to note that the "exalted" 32nd Degree in Masonry is called "Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret."

Freemasonry obviously contains very many good men in its ranks. But why doesn't it operate more openly? It professes high moral aims yet it worships a very strange "God" indeed. It is clear that membership of the "Brotherhood" confers many unique privileges, but how can the rest of us — "the profane" — be sure that these privileges are not abused?

Most importantly, does a secret society with such a large and powerful membership have a place in modern democratic society? 

Jack Newton: "The world doesn't owe you a living"

GOLF

A U S T R A L I A

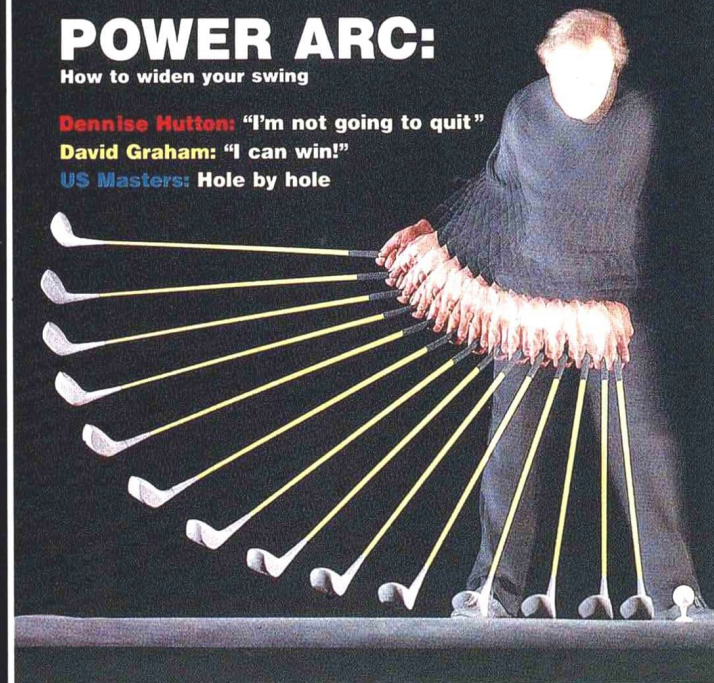
POWER ARC:

How to widen your swing

Dennise Hutton: "I'm not going to quit"

David Graham: "I can win!"

US Masters: Hole by hole



IN THE APRIL/MAY ISSUE

PLAYERS:

Can David Graham win another major?

Why one of Australia's top female amateurs turned pro

COURSES:

A close look at one of the most exciting new courses in Australia and the man who built it

INSTRUCTION:

Exclusive instruction from the world's best players

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AT SELECTED NEWSAGENTS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION DETAILS SEE PAGE 25

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